

**THE KEEPSAKE
1845 WITH
BEAUTIFULLY
FINISHED
ENGRAVINGS, ...**

Charles Heath



2/8/9



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1870



THE VISCOUNTESS JOCELYN.







THE GARDENS OF THE
 HOUSE OF COMMONS
 IN THE CITY OF LONDON
 BY J. H. P. & SONS
 PRINTED BY J. H. P. & SONS

THE
K E E P S A K E

1845.

WITH BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,

FROM

DRAWINGS BY THE FIRST ARTISTS,

ENGRAVED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF

MR. CHARLES HEATH.

EDITED BY



THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS;
APPLETON AND CO., NEW YORK; FISHER, SON, AND CO., PARIS;
T. O. WEIGEL, LEIPZIG.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM WILCOCKMAN, 4025 BULLDOZER, FIFTH LANE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<u>Lines on the Portrait of the Viscountess Jocelyn</u>	1
<u>Un Ouvrier Poète</u> M. EUGENE RUE	2
<u>A Legend of Eileen Mohr</u> E. A. H. O.	11
<u>Sent with Flowers</u> WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR	12
<u>The Island Bride</u> W. H. HARRISON, ESQ. . . .	16
<u>The Vision of a Picture</u>	32
<u>The Ruined Squire</u> NICHOLAS MICHELL, ESQ. . . .	34
<u>The Fairy Ring</u> S. C. HALL, ESQ. . . .	42
<u>The Fair Client</u> MRS. S. C. HALL	50
<u>The Old Seaman</u> J. R.	63
<u>Les Deux Jumelles</u> M. LE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT	65
<u>Lord Byron's Room at Venice</u> THE COUNTESS OF DORRINGTON	73
<u>Lions of Looristan</u> CHARLES WHITE, ESQ. . . .	76
<u>Sonnet</u> MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN	88
<u>God Encompasseth Us</u> THE HON. G. F. BERKELEY, M.P. . . .	89
<u>The Withered Leaf</u> MISS POWER	99
<u>Once too Often</u> THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA	91
<u>The First Lily of the Season</u> MAJOR MUNDY	102
<u>Clarice Devereux</u> MRS. MICHEL	110
<u>The Wounded Conscript</u> J. W. DENISON, ESQ. M.P. . . .	134
<u>Charles the First at Hampton Court</u> R. M. MILNES, ESQ. M.P. . . .	136
<u>To a Child</u> MISS ELLEN POWER	140

	PAGE
<u>The Portrait of Mrs. Alfred</u>	
<u>Montgomery</u>	141
<u>Stanzas</u>	142
<u>Secrets of the Confessional</u>	143
<u>Prayer in Paradise</u>	150
<u>The Convent at Aspezia</u>	151
<u>The Poet's Crime</u>	152
<u>The Bridal</u>	162
<u>Pantasia</u>	163
<u>The Faith of Love</u>	166
<u>The Glen of the Grave</u>	168
<u>Soliloquy of a Fine Lady</u>	165
<u>The Disinherited</u>	187
<u>The Rendezvous</u>	190
<u>Mabel's Dove</u>	212
<u>Vine Dresser's Cottage</u>	226
<u>Faith</u>	239
<u>The False Grave</u>	240
<u>The Alps</u>	270
<u>The Boy Pygmalion</u>	271

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

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LIST OF PLATES.

	ARTIST.	PAGE
WIGNETTE TITLE	C. BATCLYFFE	
VISCOUNTESS JOCKLYN	C. E. LESLIE, R.A. . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE ISLAND BRIDE	EDWARD CORBOULD . . .	27
THE FAIR CLIENT	F. F. STEPHANHOFF . . .	56
LORD BYRON'S ROOM	LAKE PRICE	73
THE LOVE LETTER	J. W. WRIGHT	107
MRS. ALFRED MONTGOMERY	F. GRANT, A.R.A. . . .	141
THE GONDOLA	COTTEAU	158
THE GLEN OF THE GRAVE	H. WARREN	183
THE RENDEZVOUS	LOUIS DAVID	204
THE LAST FAREWELL	COTTEAU	237
THE FALSE GRAVE	EDWARD CORBOULD . . .	246
THE HEIRESS	J. HAYTER	271

LINES ON THE PORTRAIT

OF

THE VISCOUNTESS JOCELYN.

FAIN would my pen attempt to praise
The loveliness that here I see ;
Fain would my tongue a tribute raise,
Although unworthy all of thee,

But that I feel how vain the task
To seek for some new form to tell,
Of charm's in Beauty's sun that bask,
And round thee weave their magic spell.

Many have praised that blooming cheek,
That fair young brow, those violet eyes ;
For all who see thy beauty seek
For words to tell their ecstasies.

Be *mine* the worthier task to praise
The virtues of thy mind and heart ;
Time fails *these* beauties to efface,
With life alone can *they* depart ! P.*

•

UN OUVRIER POÈTE,

PAR M. EUGÈNE SUE.

IL existe, au coin de la rue Saint Louis en l'île et du quai, une assez haute maison de modeste apparence.

Après avoir monté quatre étages, on arrive à un long corridor, on ouvre une porte, et l'on entre dans un petit cabinet dont l'unique fenêtre-mansarde donne sur le quai.

De cet endroit, la vue est splendide; au loin, ce sont les coupoles de Sainte-Geneviève et du Panthéon; sur un plan plus rapproché, les masses d'arbres de l'Entrepôt des Vins et du Jardin des Plantes; puis la Seine qui se déroule large et majestueuse jusqu'au pont d'Austerlitz; enfin, à l'extrême horizon, les coteaux de Charenton se dessinent dans une vapeur lumineuse.

Un lit occupe la plus grande partie de ce cabinet; aux murailles nues et badigeonnées à la chaux, sont accrochés plusieurs cadres de bois, des aquarelles représentant des fleurs et des oiseaux; deux lithographies sont clouées sur le mur: le sujet de l'une d'elles est sinistre, c'est l'asphyxie d'un jeune homme et d'une jeune femme.

La porte d'un placard, à demi ouverte, laisse apercevoir quelques hardes. Deux chaises de paille et le lit, tel est le mobilier de cette demeure.

Une planche, servant d'établi, occupe toute la largeur de la base de la fenêtre. Sur cette planche sont plusieurs souliers à demi confectionnés.

Un jeune homme d'une physionomie ouverte et spirituelle, au regard vif, au front haut, est assis devant cet établi; le dos

courbé, la tête penchée en avant, il tient un soulier entre ses genoux, il travaille avec autant de célérité que de précision ; car cet ouvrier cordonnier est l'un des meilleurs artisans de sa profession ; il est cité parmi les compagnons pour avoir fait en un seul jour sept paires d'escarpins, et une autre fois quatorze paires de chaussons, somme de travail presque incroyable.

Assise non pas à ses côtés (le cabinet est trop étroit), mais un peu derrière lui, est une jeune femme, d'une figure douce, gracieuse et jolie, ouvrière non moins adroite, non moins laborieuse que son mari ; elle est occupée à coudre un petit soulier de satin blanc, soulier de bal et de fête.

De temps à autre, cet ouvrier cordonnier, tout en maniant son poinçon, son aiguille et son marteau, s'arrête un instant, murmure quelques paroles, lève les yeux au ciel, regarde à travers la fenêtre les nuées courir sur l'azur du firmament. Puis, après un moment de silence et de rêverie, il courbe la tête, reprend son travail avec une activité nouvelle, et semble vouloir regagner ainsi les quelques minutes qu'il vient de perdre dans une contemplation oisive.

D'autres fois, pour se délasser un peu de ce travail presque douloureux qui l'oblige à se tenir le dos continuellement voûté, tandis que sa poitrine touchant presque ses genoux est appuyée sur une forme de bois dure et anguleuse, l'ouvrier redresse son front baigné de sueur, se penche, s'accoude sur le pied du lit, auquel il adosse son tabouret, et d'une voix sonore, un peu précipitée, il dit à sa femme :

— Ecoute !

Et tantôt avec un accent doux et triste, il lui dit des vers tels que ceux-ci :

Mère, ne sortez pas : les feuilles sont fanées
Et sous le vent qui passe on les entend frémir.

Tout est silencieux dans nos tristes vallées :
 L'aquilon seul mugit. Hélas ! tout va mourir.
 Oh ! non, ne sortez pas ; car les frimats, ma mère,
 Pèsent sur les vieillards et les brisent soudain ;
 Avec la tendre feuille ils tombent sur la terre,
 Infortunés ! comme elle, hélas ! sans lendemain.
 Mère, dans nos jardins plus de fleurs, plus d'ombrage ;
 Le vent froid de l'automne a déjà tout flétri.
 Ah ! que ma mère encore échappe à ce ravage
 En restant dans les bras de son enfant chéri.

Le voile du trépas
 Nous couvre de son ombre,
 J'ai peur d'un ciel si sombre :
 Mère, ne sortez pas !

Ou bien, d'un ton bref et énergique, cet artisan récite des vers tels que ceux-là :

Ecoutez, écoutez, ô nos législateurs !
 Retenez le couteau de vos exécuteurs ;
 On tue un homme ici ! Justice du prétoire,
 Pour qui dois-je brûler un vers expiatoire ?
 De quel droit osez-vous, vous les juges d'en bas,
 Légaliser la mort dans vos subtils débats ?
 Et briser au banquet que Dieu, pour tous, fit stable,
 La tête d'un convive à l'angle de la table ?
 Tout acte qui détruit laisse après soi le deuil :
 Avant de l'exiler au désert du cercueil,
 Interrogeons la voie où s'égara son âme.
 Eh ! comment se fait-il, qu' étant fils de la femme,
 Cet homme ait tout à coup pris la nuit pour le jour
 Pris le mal pour le bien, la haine pour l'amour ?
 D'un tel renversement, étudions les causes,
 Suivons l'esprit humain dans ses métamorphoses,

Et voyons quel destin, à l'ombre de l'erreur,
A pu faire égoutter tant de fiel dans son cœur.

Hier je regardais, au banc de la justice,
Ce malheureux pour qui se dresse le supplice,
Et seul, me recueillant, je vis dans le passé,
Pendant que la justice enlaçait l'accusé,
Une mansarde ; au fond, un berceau solitaire
Où dormait un enfant, pauvre petit sans mère,
Qui gardât son sommeil ; plein de convulsions :
Il dormait là, roulé dans un tas de haillons ;
Car, pour gagner son pain, au dehors, sa nourrice,
D'un hôtel somptueux faisait le lourd service ;
Et lors qu'il s'éveillait, pauvre enfant, le soleil
Seul, souriait parfois à son morne réveil.

Ce fut tout le bonheur qu'il eut, dans ce silence
Que ne troublaient jamais les doux jeux de l'enfance.

Alors il emplissait la chambre de ses cris,
Où déjà l'abandon aigrissait ses esprits ;
Où rien ne répondait à ses inquiétudes,
Que l'apparition, fille des solitudes.
Pourtant il grandissait, mais farouche et hargneux.
Quand sa mère en partant lui faisait ses adieux,
L'enfant ne pleurait plus ; la rage, en sa prunelle,
S'allumait et mourait ainsi qu'une étincelle ;
Puis il allait rêver dans un coin du logis ;
A quoi ? C'était encor le secret des lambris.
Enfin, quand il fut grand, sous ses pieds rachitiques,
Il battit le pavé de nos places publiques.

C'est là qu'il vint s'abattre, ainsi qu'un bel oiseau
Dont le nid pend, défait, aux flancs du chapiteau.

Sans songer, cher petit, qu'aux fanges des ruelles,
Il laisserait un jour le duvet de ses ailes.

Il passait tous les jours riant, jouant, courant,
A nos impuretés allant se déchirant ;
Se penchant, pour saisir dans l'air où l'âme souffre,
Les vices, chardons vils en fleurs au bord d'un gouffre.

Et puis, sous le soleil qui l'avait tant hâlé,
Sa vie, à flots fuyait du cœur, vase fêlé
Par le choc véhément des passions brutales,
Miasmes qui, le soir, rongent les capitales.

Hélas ! l'oisiveté, dévorant ses instans,
Sans état, sans savoir, il atteignit vingt ans ;
Et l'on put entrevoir, dans son regard atone
Quels fruits il mûrissait pour son précoce automne.

Son amour, papillon qui toute flamme suit,
Autour d'un flambeau vil, dont la lumière rouge
Montait en s'écrasant sous le flambeau d'un bouge
Tournoya, se brûla par une affreuse nuit.

Il trafiqua l'opprobre à ces sources impures,
Où de notre cité tombent les égouttures ;
Ennemi du travail, avide de plaisirs,
Le vol fut le courtier soumis à ses désirs.

Puis, un jour, la justice et ce qui l'accompagne
De la société balayant les chemins,
Dans cet égoût sans fond qu'on appelle le bagne
Le poussa brusquement les fers aux pieds, aux mains.

Si bien que s'enfonçant dans sa route fétide,
De voleur qu'il était, il devint homicide,

Et là, le désespoir lui forgea le poignard,
Qui, dans l'ombre, devait frapper un peu plus tard.

Voilà ce que je vis, quand l'homme autre Saturne
Pour dévorer un fils mit le trépas dans l'urne.

Oh ! vous tous, les savants ; oh ! vous tous, les penseurs !

Oh ! vous tous qui lisez dans l'alphabet des cœurs !

Vous qui savez traduire en un langage austère,

L'argot des penchants vils qui désolent la terre,

Allez, et dites-leur, à ceux qui, sans regret,

Chevillent l'échafaud, lèvent le couperet,

Que l'on peut du cerveau dissoudre les viscères,

Puisqu'ainsi que le sang, l'esprit a ses ulcères ;

Que la science enfin doit, tendant ses ressorts,

Redresser la raison comme elle fuit du corps.

Oui, quand l'homme a failli, trompant toute prudence

Au fond de son erreur, plaçons la Providence ;

Couvrons-le de nos soins, ainsi qu'un exilé

Qu'on rend à sa patrie. Alors, désaveuglé,

En voyant le pardon, trôner seul et sans armes,

Pour laver son passé ses yeux auront des larmes !

Eh quoi ! l'on n'a pas mis dans le fatal plateau

L'isolement qui prit cet homme à son berceau ?

Et voici le grand jour, voici la foule en masse,

Le fer des lois qui brille au-dessus de la place ;

Et voici le soleil qui semble s'étonner

Du spectacle effrayant qu'on ose lui donner :

Sous ses feux le reflet d'une humaine hécatombe,

Pour premier chant le bruit d'une tête qui tombe !

Et dans les airs légers, aux rayons doux et chauds,

Gît un tronçon sanglant, ce fruit des échafauds

Que la justice cueille, altière souveraine,

En rougissant les pieds de l'aurore sereine.

La jeune femme interrompt aussi un instant son travail, et, les deux mains croisées sur ses genoux, elle écoute avec une admiration ingénue. Son timide et doux regard ne quitte pas celui de son mari ; elle est heureuse, elle est naïvement fière, car ces vers sont de lui.

Oui ce laborieux et habile artisan, cité comme un des meilleurs ouvriers de son état, cet artisan est un poète, et un poète éminent. Il se nomme Savinien Lapointe.

Cet homme que la nature a fait poète, à qui le plus heureux instinct a révélé les délicatesses du style, le coloris des images, l'harmonie du nombre, n'est pas une de ces organisations contemplatives et rêveuses qui se bercent et s'endorment au concert de leurs chants, c'est encore un homme d'action au cœur chaud, à la tête ardente, au caractère énergique, qui s'est intrépidement battu, et a versé son sang dans deux campagnes populaires, l'une absoute par le succès, celle des jours de juillet, l'autre condamnée par la défaite, celle des 5 et 6 juin.

Et cet homme d'une intelligence remarquable, d'un talent justement et généralement aimé, d'un caractère bouillant et valeureux, accepte avec une noble et fière résignation la condition que le sort lui a faite. Il demande à son travail manuel le pain grossier de chaque jour, et il conserve indépendante, pure et chaste, la sainte poésie qui l'aide à oublier parfois de douloureuses réalités ; car sa vie est rude, pénible, inquiète. Il a deux petits enfants ; et son labeur, joint à celui de sa femme (travail injustement et misérablement rétribué, comme tout travail fait par une femme), ne suffit pas toujours aux modestes besoins de ce pauvre jeune ménage ; et puis il a un père vieux et infirme, une mère âgée, valétudinaire, dont le zèle laborieux dépasse souvent les forces. Et le poète ressent plus vivement encore que les siennes les privations de ces êtres aimés.

C'est donc avec ses bras d'artisan qu'il gagne noblement le pain quotidien. C'est à sa tête de poète qu'il demande de ces rêveries mélodieuses qui rafraîchissent le cœur et la pensée, ou ces mâles accents qui disent avec tant d'énergie une de ces sombres et sanglantes biographies du prolétaire, si souvent voué fatalement au mal et au crime par l'ignorance, le délaissement ou la misère.

Cela est touchant, cela est noble, cela est grand : et l'on ne sait ce qu'il faut le plus admirer du poète qui reste artisan malgré l'enivrement de la poésie ou de l'artisan qui reste poète malgré les rudes exigences de sa profession manuelle. C'est ainsi que l'on honore, que l'on glorifie, que l'on sanctifie le travail ; c'est ainsi que l'on appelle forcément la sympathie des plus égoïstes sur cette classe d'hommes doublement intéressante ; car loin d'employer le développement toujours croissant de leurs facultés à maudire leur rude tâche de chaque jour, ils la chantent, ils l'ennoblissent par l'ardeur même avec laquelle ils s'y livrent, eux, esprits si fins, si cultivés, si poétiques. Loin d'abandonner leur frères moins privilégiés, ils continuent de partager leur vie laborieuse et dure, afin de pouvoir au moins signaler au monde, tantôt avec une amère indignation, tantôt avec une tendre charité, les douleurs et les privations, les droits et les espérances des prolétaires.

Et ce rôle est d'autant plus beau, d'autant plus sacré, que malheureusement les moyens de réclamation sont toujours en raison inverse de la somme de souffrances et de besoins des individus. Plus une classe est élevée dans la hiérarchie sociale, plus elle a de facilité pour défendre ses avantages ou imposer ses privilèges. Toutes les aristocraties, tous les intérêts matériels considérables n'ont-ils pas des organes qui les représentent ou qu'ils achètent ? tandis que les classes pauvres et laborieuses sont dans l'impossibilité complète de défendre ou de réclamer des droits vitaux pour elles.

Comment la masse des travailleurs peut-elle faire parvenir ses justes doléances dans la sphère de ceux qui décident de leur sort ? L'artisan qui, brisé de fatigue, accablé de soucis et de privations, a sous les yeux le spectacle déchirant de la profonde misère des siens, trouvera-t-il en admettant qu'il ait le temps, le courage et le talent d'écrire, trouvera-t-il une publicité assez puissante pour que sa réclamation soit efficace ? Qui se chargera de faire entendre aux heureux du monde cette pauvre voix plaintive et isolée, ne demandant que le droit de gagner un pain bien amer ? Le peu d'esprits élevés qui sympathisent profondément aux douleurs des masses, mais qui ne sont pas nés ou qui ne vivent plus parmi les artisans, ignorent, malgré leur zèle ardent, malgré leur généreux dévouement, mille faits, mille douleurs, qui, exposés avec autant de dignité que d'impartialité par les travailleurs, peuvent et doivent seuls donner à leurs réclamations une autorité irrécusable.

Nous le répétons, rien ne nous paraît donc plus touchant et plus beau que de voir des hommes d'une intelligence, d'un talent aussi remarquable que M. Savinien Lapointe, rester ouvrier comme ses frères, vivre de leur vie de rude labeur, afin d'être toujours l'écho de leurs douleurs, de leurs vœux, de leurs espérances, et, à défaut de *représentation politique*, créer ainsi une sorte de *représentation poétique*, à laquelle la puissance de sa voix donne autant de retentissement que d'importance.

A LEGEND OF EILEEN MOHR.

I.

In the cold Atlantic billows
Where they toss on Jura's shore
Rousing all the ancient caverns
With the fury of their roar;
Where thy rocks, old Corryvrekan,
Vex the downward speeding main,
Like a passion-torrent stemless,
That returneth not again;
Where the wind with fitful howling
Through the mountain-gully drives,
And the crew that breast the current
Row in silence for their lives,—
There thou stretchest, black and rocky,
Weed and shingle cumbered o'er,
With the cross of stone downfallen
On thy summit, Eileen Mohr.

II.

Once an impious robber landing
Stole that holy cross away,
In his vessel straight he bore it
While the billows sleeping lay;
On a sudden woke the tempest
Like a tiger from repose,
And the guilty robber trembled
When the angry sea arose,

Then he cast the cross, imploring,
From the frail and sinking boat,
And at once the waves were tranquil,
And the massive stone, afloat
On the firm sustaining waters,
Glided backward to the shore,
Till it rested on thy bosom,
Ever hallowed Eileen Mohr !

III.

Where the ground more gently slopeth
To the shelter of a cove,
With dark Jura's peaks in distance,
And the dim grey sky above,
Sleeps a convent, old and ruined—
Half the roof is torn away
Letting in on cell and cloister
The unbidden light of day—
Long did priests from hoar Iona
Call the Islanders to prayer,
In a chapel rudely hollowed
'Neath the Cross-crowned hillock there.
(Now in sand to ruin crumbling,
For tradition's awful lore
Every wand'ring footstep scareth
From thy chapel, Eileen Mohr).

IV.

Then it was a Danish Pirate
Held those western seas in sway,
In the castled walls of Sweno
He was wont to store his prey.

While the bastions, nightly guarded,
Scorned surprisal from the foes,
In the richly garnered chambers
Riot rang till morning rose.
He had one fair child, whose meekness
Still could soothe his maddest ire ;
And for her his callous bosom
Owned a spark of human fire.
But her spirit, vexed with evil,
Turned for shelter unto heaven,
And the church her vows accepted,
In that lowly chapel given.
When the Pirate heard, he trembled,
Pale with anger, and he swore
" We shall find a day of reck'ning
Wait thou ! Priest of Eileen Mohr ! "

v.

'T was a day of solemn service ;
From the Isles and from the coast
Thronged the seamen and the landmen
To adore the sacred Host ;
In the holy mass they chaunted,
When a barb'rous shout behind
Scattered all the crowd asunder,
Withered leaves before the wind :
" Fly ! the Danes ! the Danes are on us ! "
With a coward speed they ran
Leaving only in the chapel
One undaunted holy man :
" Back ! pollute ye not God's dwelling ! "
Rang his soul-appalling cry,
Stopped the Danes upon the threshold
Quailing at his steady eye :

"Dastards, on!" the Pirate shouted;
Then in wrath he strode alone
To the Priest beside the altar,
And he dashed him on the stone!
Bruised and dying lay the aged,
But he raised his arm to heaven
Saying, "Lo! a sign prophetic
Hardened one! to me is given;
Thou hast sullied God's own altar,
Thou art childless from this hour,
For the guiltless dies the guiltless,
Bear me witness, Eileen Mohr!"

VI.

In the deep'ning glow of sunset
Homeward soon the Pirate hies,
But a darker gloom is o'er him
Than now falleth on the skies!
Many a soul his hand remorseless
To its last account had sped,
And his heart had never sickened
With the pressure of the dead;
But those dying eyes are glaring
Through the darkness of the seas,
But those fearful accents haunt him
Shrieking sharply in the breeze.
Late at night he nears the castle—
Moors his bont, the walls below—
Sees unwonted lights are gleaming
At the windows to and fro—
Hears within a voice of wailing—
Now the Pirate's cheek is white,
And he bends the mast beside him
In the anguish of his might!

Soon the menials cluster round him,
 Not a word of doom is said,
 But he looks into their faces
 And he feels that she is dead!—
 Ages since have swept the Island,
 But a curse still hangeth o'er,—
 “Whoso entereth thy chapel
 Shall be childless, Eileen Mohr!”

E. A. H. O.

Note.—“Eileen Mohr” the large island, *par excellence*, in a cluster of very small ones, in the Jura Sound, at the back of the Mull of Cantyre.

The tradition of the stone cross floating back to the shore, and of the curse of childlessness hanging still over the little chapel, was repeated to me on the Island, by an old Highland peasant.

SENT WITH FLOWERS.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TAKE the last flowers your natal day
 May ever from my hand receive!
 Sweet as the former ones are they,
 And sweet alike be those they leave.

Another in the year to come
 May offer them to smiling eyes;
 The smile that cannot reach my tomb
 Will add fresh radiance to the skies.

THE ISLAND BRIDE.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

WHEN I first saw Frank Forester he was a Woolwich cadet, from which chrysalis state he, one fine summer morning, emerged into a second lieutenant of engineers. He then, as a matter of course, was transferred to the tutelage of Colonel, now General, Pasley, under which excellent and, notwithstanding his propensity for blowing up, amiable officer, he dug, delved, and practised sundry other handicrafts, for eleven months at Chatham; and after a brief display of his scarlet coat, and handsome person, to the belles—brown, fair, and neutral tinted—of Woolwich, he was transported—not by their charms, but beyond the fascination of them—to one of the Greek islands.

He had not been an hour settled in his new quarters, when his solitude was broken by the entrance of an officer, upon whose face every climate under the sun might be traced as distinctly as on a map. His head, if we except a silver fringe extending from his poll to his ears, was as bald as a billiard ball; but his laurels, gathered in every quarter in which they were grown, superseded the necessity of a wig: independently of which he was so tall, and so erect, that his baldness was a profound secret to half the world.

"My name," said the veteran, as he observed Forester glancing at the card he still held in his hand, "may not be altogether strange to you."

"My father——"

"Right," said the other, interrupting him, "he was my friend and commanding officer; and I have seized the first moment to pay my respects to his son."

Forester bowed his acknowledgment of the kindness and the compliment.

"I see you," continued the Colonel, "for the first time, but I have long had you in my eye—my mind's eye, I mean; and from time to time have made inquiries about you, which have been satisfactorily answered; you owe the substitution of a red coat for a blue one to your steady conduct at Woolwich; and it would be a pity that you should be spoiled by bad company."

"I hope," rejoined the young officer, "that my past conduct, for which you are pleased to give me credit, may be some warrant against the contingency you apprehend—besides, if I am rightly informed, the officers of the garrison are a steady set of men."

"Nay," said the Colonel, "it is not of the men I speak, of whom, bating a slight proclivity to tea-totalism, I have nothing to say to their disparagement."

"Then your caution," was the rejoinder, "can only apply to the ladies of the garrison, who, I am told, are the most delightful——"

"Too delightful by half," interrupted the Colonel, "and therefore bad—the very worst—company for a subaltern of engineers, who has nothing but his profession to look to. You are new to the service, and especially to a small garrison. In a large town, or the neighbourhood of the metropolis, you were secure enough, for there is safety in numbers; but here the case is very different. You are a likely-looking young fellow—nay, I do not mean it as a compliment, for I think it a great misfortune. This is a small island, and there are not many families in it, but unfortunately they are all large, and

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principally women. Why, sir, there is one widow with six marriageable daughters and a fighting son. If you were to dance twice on the same evening with one of the former, you would be sure to be questioned as to your intentions, if not asked to name the day, by the latter. It was but the other week that a civilian, who picked up the handkerchief of the seventh daughter at a ball, was, the next morning, offered the alternative of matrimony or a bullet; and he was fool-hardy enough to choose the former."

"The coward!" exclaimed Forester.

"By no manner of means!" returned the Colonel, "I have respected him as a man of courage ever since, inasmuch as he rushed upon by far the more perilous horn of the dilemma."

The conversation was interrupted by the Colonel's servant with a message, and the veteran took his leave, not, however, without his young friend's cordial thanks for his good advice, and a promise to keep his "weather eye open."

It happened that, a few mornings afterwards, Forester, who had taken a fancy to a pony chaise, which an officer about to quit the island was anxious to sell, was examining his intended purchase in front of his quarters, when the Colonel came up to him. The Lieutenant asked his opinion of the bargain.

"It won't do—it is not safe," was the reply.

"How so," was the rejoinder, "the pony——"

"Is as steady as a bishop, and sure-footed as a cat."

"And the carriage——"

"Strong as a waggon," was the reply.

"And yet," said Forester, "you maintain the turn-out is not safe."

"And I say so again," returned the pertinacious Colonel; "I never knew a single officer who started a carriage, that would only hold two, who was not married within six months of his purchase."

"Then," remarked the subaltern, half in jest and half in earnest, "you would advise me to decline the bargain."

"No," said the Colonel, "because it is a cheap one, and you can the better afford a few pounds to make it a 'safety carriage,' which an additional seat behind—made to ship and unship, as sailors say—would accomplish. I know how it can be done, and a clever fellow in the island who can do it."

The bargain was accordingly concluded, and the safety valve adapted to what, according to the veteran's notions of things in general, was far more dangerous than those ingenious contrivances, used on the lakes and rivers of the United States, to reduce their redundant population.

Forester, as we have already hinted, was rather a taking person, and with his other taking ways, he took advice—as he took physic, not because he liked it, but because he thought it would do him good. His plan of defence was worthy of an officer of engineers. He was not insensible to the charms of society, and resolved so to use as not to abuse it, or, if he could help it, be abused by it. Making love was one thing, making himself agreeable another, and, in the eyes of lookers-on at least, a very different thing. The young ladies of the garrison were very partial to evening drives. Forester determined to gratify their taste to the best of his ability, and with the utmost impartiality. He made out a fair list of them, numbered them from 1 to 24 inclusive, and drove them out in their order on his roster. No. 1 and 2 were his companions on Monday; 3 and 4 took their turn on Tuesday, and so on until the list was completed, and then he began again. In fact, he adhered with such arithmetical precision to the numerical arrangement, that at last he knew the damsels more by their figures than their faces.

The plan succeeded to admiration, and the young Lieutenant became extremely popular. The sex, however, are proverbial

for tender-heartedness, and one or two of them, with a sensibility worthy of the Cruelty to Animals' Society, ventured to suggest that three were too many to sit behind so small a pony, and that two would be more suited to its powers. Forester's answer was an appeal to Silvertail's fat sides, and if that failed of conviction, he connived at an occasional runaway with "three insides," as a demonstrative proof that the powers of his pony were not overtaxed.

He was not long in making a discovery, confirmative of the Colonel's caution, that bachelors were at a considerable premium in the island. He accordingly eschewed, with becoming horror, poetry and picnics, recollecting, with reference to the latter, that stragglers from the main body have often met their doom, in green lanes, and other bye places, before succour could arrive. He never ventured to talk sentiment to any woman under sixty. Albums he regarded as a well-disguised species of man-trap, and never saw one opened before him without a shudder, well knowing that a sonnet may be twisted into a promise of marriage; and as for drawing, although he could not plead ignorance of an art which formed part of his professional education, he was aware that love may be made with the pencil as well as with the pen, and therefore confined himself to landscape. We ourselves knew an historical painter of high eminence, who in his early days was wont to make love to his landlady's daughter by poking her into every picture he painted; and we have, even at this distance of time, a distinct recollection of a subject, in which the aforesaid damsel was driving sheep in the foreground, while the artist was peeping at her through a rose-bush.

Now, we think it more than probable that some of our readers, the fairer half of them at least, will set all these precautionary resolutions on the part of our hero, to the account of his conceit. Alas! for the motives, even of the best and

purest of us, if the world be our judge. That which the little community of the Greek Island—the theatre of our drama—ascribed to the vanity of the young Lieutenant, was the result solely of his diffidence. Like a skilful engineer, he had carefully examined his own garrison, and the result was anything but favourable to its impregnability; and he dreaded lest a steady fire from a pair of bright eyes might demolish his breast-work and leave his heart no alternative but a surrender at discretion. Handsome as he was, and clever withal, he was conscious of possessing no other distinction than a red coat, and that, like the impress of royalty on the coin, gave currency to the baser metal as well as to the pure.

Well, time passed on, and the pony chaise, in its full triplicate usefulness, was in daily requisition, and Forester may be said to have driven himself, if not into the hearts, at least into the favour of every damsel in the garrison; as well he might, without the aid of four wheels and a pony, for he was accomplished, handsome, as we have already hinted, and perfectly good humoured.

A change at last, however, came over the spirit of his dream; the regularity of his evening drives was interrupted; the pony, whose post had previously been anything but a sinecure, (honourable though it were, inasmuch as he had had half the fair population of the island at his heels), now spent the better part of his time in the pasture, where, to the chagrin of the said damsels, he grew more fat and frisky every day. His master, meanwhile, had given himself up to evening walks, rarely returning until a late hour. Some ascribed his wanderings to a newly-born passion for botany; others, to the reigning taste for geology; at last, curiosity, that quickly thriving plant in small communities, dogged his steps, and he was traced to the mountain-home of a Greek girl, whose history was hunted out, with the same keen scent.

Her name was Eliodore. She had been, when a child, adopted in an English family, by whom she was educated in the Protestant faith, and had attained the age of sixteen, when, on the death of her father, she was claimed by a relative, one Demetrius, to whose guardianship her parent had bequeathed her.

Eliodore had all the charms with which our English imaginations are wont to invest a Greek beauty. She lived a rose in a wilderness of vines and olive groves; and, like other roses, was guarded by thorns. Demetrius, for the sake of her little patrimony—insignificant in itself, but a fortune to a Greek—was anxious to secure her for his son, who was equally desirous of the prize, and the result was, that she was watched with a jealousy which infringed her personal liberty, and was especially directed against anything in the shape of a rival in her affections. The son was a happy compound of idleness and ruffianism; and the father a cunning, avaricious, and unprincipled man.

As Forester never made the slightest reference to the subject of his evening rambles, it would not have been altogether safe for his brother-officers to rally him on so delicate a point; but his fair friends, not having the fear of hair triggers before their eyes, did not fail to make sundry malicious allusions to the classic taste displayed in his admiration of the Grecian contour. And, it must be confessed, it was sufficiently amusing to see a man who had been intrenching himself against one foe, thus successfully taken in flank by another. The old Colonel, however, saw little amusement in the matter, but not having any tangible facts upon which to attack the Lieutenant, he could only exhibit his dissatisfaction by the coldness of his manner, and the discontinuance of his visits at Frank's quarters, where he had previously spent much of his leisure.

On a glorious evening, within an hour of sunset, an officer in undress was making his way up an olive-crowned acclivity, towards a ruined chapel at the top. He entered by one of the windows, and descended into the body of the building, and, after looking around him as if for some one he expected to meet, he sat down upon some broken steps, and, having hummed or whistled all the tunes in his memory, began to draw angles and segments of circles in the dust with the point of his sword-sheath. In this interesting occupation he was interrupted by a footfall, and looking up he perceived the figure of a Greek maiden at the window by which he had himself entered, and immediately making his way towards her, he assisted her in the rough descent into the centre of the ruin.

"In tears again, Eliodore!" exclaimed Forester, for, as our readers will guess, it was he, as he seated her beside him. "Some fresh collision with that accursed miser or his ruffian son, I suppose."

The Lieutenant had evidently touched the right key, for fresh tears began to flow, while her companion continued—"Why, dear Eliodore, do you not at once break from the thralldom which the avarice of the one, and the loathsome love of the other have flung around you? Behold me here, again, to offer you a home—such home as a soldier may offer—but an honourable, and if affection can make it so, a happy one."

"O believe me," exclaimed Eliodore, "I am not insensible to the generous feelings which prompt the offer; for to be so would be to be ungrateful to the kindest and most disinterested of men; but you altogether forget my position; the law has given this man a power over me which it would be madness to provoke."

"If he have any power over you at all," was the reply, "and I have reason to believe that he has little or none, it is

clear that he can have no moral right to force your inclinations with regard to his son; in fact, I am convinced that his rights of guardianship, whatever they be in reality, have been greatly exaggerated by himself, with a view to drive you into this hated connexion; and sure I am that the law of England would, if properly appealed to, protect you from the intended outrage."

"It may be so," said Eliodore, "and I hope it is; but in the little circumscribed world of this valley, Demetrius is all-powerful. There is not a peasant who has not injunctions to watch my movements, and to obstruct my egress were it attempted. In fact, it is scarcely possible to move in any direction a hundred yards from our dwelling, but, from its elevated position, some curious eye would be upon me."

"Nay," remonstrated the Lieutenant, "that contingency would be provided for, if you would but consent to trust yourself with one who has no wish but to call you his own, and to devote a life to your happiness."

"You know not," replied Eliodore, "the jealous vigilance of Demetrius, and those whom he has won to his interests, if you imagine escape from my present thralldom so easy a matter."

"Only consent to your own deliverance from worse than Egyptian bondage," said the Lieutenant, "and I will show you how easily it may be accomplished."

"I should be at once both unjust, and disengenuous," rejoined Eliodore, "if I did not frankly own that if I saw before me the probable means of escape, and an honourable refuge, I would not hesitate for a moment."

"As to the letter," said Forester, "you would not, I am sure, inflict upon a heart that loves you with all the truth and fervour of a first and passionate love, the pang of a doubt; as to the means of escape, listen to me for a moment, and you

will have as little reason for apprehension on that score, as you should have for doubt on the other. You know the ruined fountain at the foot of the Eastern hill, which bounds the hollow commanded by your guardian's residence?"

"Perfectly well; it is a favourite haunt with me," replied Eliodore.

"It is held in great veneration by the peasantry, whom if you will believe, St. Spiridion himself was the founder of it. However," continued Forester, "the adjoining thicket covers an entrance to a natural tunnel, which issues in a ravine on the other side of the hill. Now, on any morning on which you think the attempt may with the greater safety be made, I will provide you with a guide, who shall meet you at the fountain, and conduct you through the subterranean passage to the mouth of the ravine, beneath which (the descent is easy), I will be in attendance with a safe carriage and a fleet horse, when an hour will convey you, at once and for ever, beyond the power of your persecutors."

"To speak frankly, if other motives were wanting for embracing your generous offer," responded Eliodore, "I should find it in the long and secret consultations which have of late occurred between Demetrius and his son; and which, from their sudden silence at my approach, I have reason to believe have reference to myself. There is a mystery——"

"To which," replied Forester, "I can furnish you with the key, and I have it from a sure hand. Demetrius has a vineyard, with a cottage, in one of the adjacent and least populated islands; thither, his suspicions having been aroused by recent circumstances of which I need not remind you, it is his intention to remove you; the danger and the means of escape are before you."

"And I will hesitate no longer, but am willing to take the step you propose, and will wait your summons," said Eliodore.

"Thanks! dear Eliodore," returned the Lieutenant, "for this generous confidence. To-morrow—yet not to-morrow—for some brief preparations are necessary; but on the following morning repair to the old fountain, an hour after sunrise; there you will be met by a peasant, one of your own sex, who, in token of her mission, will present you with a branch of myrtle; commit yourself to her guidance, and I will not fail you at the mouth of the ravine. Farewell! Angels guard you till we meet again!"

They parted, and Forester, with a quick step, retraced his way to the garrison. The next morning found him closeted for nearly an hour with the chaplain, his visit to whom, not having been made unobserved, was the subject of no little comment among the gossips, male as well as female.

On the day following, the Colonel, who was an early riser, was shaving himself at his window, which commanded a view of the front of Forester's quarters, and there he witnessed a phenomenon, which if it did not make his blood run cold, caused it to run in a pretty continuous stream from his upper lip to his chin. "Horror on horrors!" there was the pony-chaise, with the back seat "unshipped," while, spread over the seat beside the driver's, was a woman's cloak with an ample hood or calash, (do, that's a dear good lady, tell us the orthodox term), while our friend, the Second Lieutenant of Engineers, was walking round the equipage, and making a critical examination of every strap and buckle of the harness. The investigation appearing to be satisfactory, he mounted to his seat, and taking the reins, moved off at an easy pace, and giving by the way, a sly look out of the "tail of his eye," as he passed under the window of the Colonel—an impertinence which tended in no degree to soothe the gallant veteran's exacerbated feelings.

The Colonel's first impulse was to order his horse, and





The Island of the

"follow to the field," albeit in the condition in which many a man has quitted it, bleeding like the ghost of Banquo. The recollection, however, of some point of duty, caused him to countermand his direction, and he was fain to content himself by marking the flight of his bird.

Leaving the Colonel to acquit himself of the military duties of the morning we will, with the reader's leave, and his company, if he pleases, follow the fortunes of our Lieutenant, who jogged on at a rate not calculated to distress his steed, until he arrived within sight of the mouth of the ravine to which allusion has been made. A slight glance served to assure him that he was somewhat too early for his appointment, for the ravine was untenanted. Of course it was no part of his plan to excite suspicion by loitering about the vicinity without an apparent object; and accordingly he drew a hammer from beneath the seat of the chaise, and, with an earnestness betokening the enthusiasm of a geologist, began to lay about him with such vigour that he speedily ascertained the "cleavage" of every rock within his reach. He, however, in military phrase, "kept his eye upon the corporal," and no sooner did he perceive that the time for action had arrived than, not suddenly, but gradually, he relaxed from his labours; nearing, however, at every blow of his hammer, the mouth of the ravine. And with what enthusiasm of admiration did he regard that glorious girl! She was habited in the graceful costume of her country. She had a pelisse of rich silk, over a loose robe of lighter material, confined at the waist by an embroidered sash or belt, through which was passed a scimitar-shaped dirk, in a velvet sheath; the handle studded with rare gems, and glittering in the sun-light. The blade, though probably of Damascus steel, might, for aught that gentle creature knew or cared about its use, have been of wood. The loose trowser set off the ankle—the prettiest in all the world—round which it was tightened.

A pang of doubt, for doubt has its pangs, thrilled through his bosom as he reflected that he was about to draw that fair and innocent girl from the land of her fathers, to trust her little argosy of happiness to the uncertain sea of man's love—uncertain alike in its depth and its purity. The recollection, however, of her guardian and his son, banished the feeling; and, perceiving that her advance was impeded by a small mountain-torrent, he hastened to her aid. The peasant girl, who had guided her to the spot, was dismissed, and, the next moment, Eliodore was seated in the carriage beside him; having been previously wrapped in the non-descript garment to which our ignorance denied a name, and in the hood of which her face was completely concealed.

Her reply to his brief greeting was—"I have been watched to the fountain, and by one who, I fear, is familiar with the subterranean passage to the ravine, for no sooner did we begin to descend, than he retraced his steps, with the speed of light, doubtless to give information of my escape."

"They'll have swift steeds that follow," rejoined Forester, gaily quoting a line of an old border ballad: and suiting the action to the word, he flourished his whip over the pony, the application of the lash being an act of supererogation which Silvertail uniformly resisted—and they found themselves proceeding in the direction of the garrison at a pace which justified Forester's quotation.

With the blindness, however, so characteristic of frail humanity, in avoiding a fancied Charybdis, they were rushing upon a real Scylla, for as they arrived at a part of the road, which was so rugged that they thought it prudent to slacken their speed, their progress was suddenly arrested by two men, who, starting from a thicket in which they had lain in ambush, seized the head of the pony.

Forester, recognizing in the two individuals Demetrius and his son, had no difficulty in guessing their design, which,

from the pistols in their belts, it was quite evident they were prepared to carry by force.

"What mean you?" inquired Forester, the blood mounting to his temples as he spoke.

"To ease your pony, Signor, by relieving him of half his burthen," was the reply of the elder assailant.

"And by what warrant?" asked the Lieutenant.

"By this;" responded the younger one, producing and presenting a pistol, "which, even by your English laws, we are permitted to use against a robber."

Forester's first impulse was to leap from the carriage and take the villain by the throat, but more prudential considerations restrained him, and he rejoined,—“Your words are somewhat of the roughest, and not too intelligible withal, and therefore, I ask again, what want ye?”

"Restitution of the maiden beside you to one from whose care and protection you have thus lawlessly torn her."

"To say nothing of this outrage on an officer, wearing, as you see, the British uniform, how know you that the lady beside me is the object of your search?" asked Forester.

"That point is soon settled," exclaimed the younger of the assailants, as, quitting the head of the pony, he approached the side of the carriage, and made a spring towards the lady with the design of divesting her of her disguise.

Forester, however, was a thought too nimble for him, for by a vigorous back-handed application of the butt-end of his whip, he sent the intruder staggering to the bank beside the road, and then, by a dexterous use of the other end of his weapon, he laid the lash so smartly over the eyes of Demetrius that he was fain to loose his hold of the pony, while the latter, feeling his head free, dashed forward, reckless of the roughness of the road, at a speed which caused Eliodore to grasp convulsively the arm of her companion.

"Nay, Eliodore," he exclaimed, "if sure foot and stout tackle can avail at such a pinch, we have little to fear."

At that instant the report of a pistol, and the whistling of a bullet over their heads, while convincing them that their pursuers were men of their word, and did not stand upon trifles, stimulated the speed of Silvertail, who soon conveyed his master and his charge beyond the reach of pistol-shot, and about an hour before noon they were within half-a-mile of the garrison, and were just turning into an unfrequented road which led to the hymeneal temple of the island, when, to the exceeding chagrin of our Lieutenant, whom should they encounter but the Colonel. The veteran, who was on horseback, drew up directly across the narrow road, and effectually barring their further progress, said, in no very conciliatory tone—

"Mr. Forester, you will please to repair to your quarters, where you will find instructions which will require your immediate attention."

"Perhaps, Colonel," replied the subaltern, respectfully, "you will permit me first to dispose of my charge," and he glanced at Eliodore.

"I will relieve you of the charge altogether," returned the Colonel, "by directing my servant to take your place in the chaise, and drive the lady back to her friends, from whom you have abducted her."

"But really, Colonel," remonstrated Forester, "I think—"

"Think!" interrupted the other, "a subaltern has no business to think at all—obedience is the word that sums his duty."

Eliodore's perplexity and confusion, during this dialogue, are not to be described. The arrival of another party on the scene of action somewhat altered the aspect of affairs. It was an officer—a Captain in the same corps—at whose ap-

proach Forester alighted from the chaise, and assisting the lady to descend, he transferred her to the Captain, saying—"Mansfield, I am sorry that I cannot witness your happiness, and give away the bride, but fate and the Colonel forbid it."

"So," exclaimed the veteran, who began to see the true position of affairs, and whose brow cleared under the effects of his enlightenment, "you have only been the cat's-paw in the matter after all. Well, better so than worse. As for Mansfield he is rich, and can afford to play the fool; and if he especially desire you to be a witness of his folly, why, perhaps you may as well accompany him to the place of execution; who knows, but that his untimely fate may act as a warning to you?"

A few words of explanation and our tale is told. Mansfield had become acquainted with Eliodore during her residence with the English family, from which, as we have shown, she was reclaimed by Demetrius. The Captain found—not, perhaps, until she was removed beyond his power—that her society was essential to his happiness. He followed her to her new home—pleaded his cause, successfully with the damsel, but unsuccessfully with Demetrius, who had other views in the disposition of her hand, and who finally forbade him the house, and took such precautions to prevent their interviews, that Mansfield had recourse to the friendly offices of Forester, which were exercised in the manner we have related.

The wedding over—the bridal visits made and returned—things settled down into their previous state of monotonous regularity. Silvertail and the supplementary sent were again put into requisition; and Forester, our last accounts inform us, is a general favourite, and, his friend the Colonel devoutly hopes, will die a general officer, and—a *bachelor*.

THE VISION OF A PICTURE.

IN a House, where grace abideth
(Where else should such picture be?)
Amidst many a pleasant likeness,
There is one—of Thee !

Fain would I again behold it,
Fain see *thee*—thou painter's prize,—
Ask him why he drew the fringes
O'er those rich soft eyes.

Wilt thou not return and tell me?—
Hither come,—like Southern Night,
When, arrayed in stars and darkness,
It bewildereth human sight.

Ha ! SHE COMETH,—at my beck,
The Hebe with the arching neck,
With a bird upon her finger,
On whose eyes her soft eyes linger !
Shall I fly ? I will not. "Dare,"
Is the word to win the fair !
So, good Muse, for once befriend me !
Some brave touch of courage lend me !

Forward, heart !—Let others sing
Rhymes for conqueror or king,—
Beauteous queen, all crowned with flowers,
Wasting thus the golden hours,
I, a tenderer theme have found,—
Love, indeed, but all uncrowned,
As is fit ; for Love, like Truth,
Should come simply to my youth—
YOUTH !—ah, gentle girl, forgive !
I forget, that thou wilt live
When my heart and song are cold.
Pity me : for I grow old !
Eighty years are on me. Look ;
As thou wouldst upon a book,
And listen :—

 If my white-haired age
May bestow its counsel sage,—
To thy feathered favorite cling !
Keep thy thoughts upon his wing !
If he fly, thine eyelids deep
May unload their pearls and weep ;
But,—except a *little* smart,
Pain shall not come near thy heart,
Nor shall sigh be ever heard,
Whilst thy love is on a bird !

OCTOGENARIUS.

THE RUINED SQUIRE.

BY NICHOLAS MICKELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," ETC.

A PICTURESQUE village was Ivybridge, in that garden of England, Devonshire. Yet all pretty villages have about them certain points of resemblance ;—green hills ; a brawling stream, spanned by an old dilapidated bridge ; a mill, with its ever-revolving wheel ; and the moss-grown spire of a church, the date of whose building is lost in the mists of by-gone centuries,—such are the general features and characteristics of English villages, as described in a thousand and one tales, romances, and local itineraries.

Some sixty years ago, in the neighbourhood of Ivybridge, a little ragged boy, without shoes or stockings, might have been seen roving over the hills in search of birds' nests, or—a more common diversion—building castles of sand upon the shore, and storming or defending them against his comrades, as the humour seized him. His parents were of the poorest description of peasants, and worked as day-labourers on the lands of the Squire of the parish. Mark Dalton, for such was the lad's name, was possessed of singular talents, although, as a matter of course, they were neither understood nor appreciated by the humble parties among whom his lot was cast. His mind had a peculiar bias, which seemed to have displayed itself from the time when he first heard, in the village ale-house, a London newspaper read by a political blacksmith, detailing the particulars of a battle which had just been fought on the Continent. From that moment he thought of

little else but marches, sieges, guns, banners, and all the paraphernalia of "glorious war."

It appears to be pretty generally agreed, that "genius" is innate—not acquired; one is said to be born with a genius for oratory, another for inditing verses; a third for painting, and a fourth for the mechanical arts: so we must conclude that our little peasant-boy came into the world with a genius for fighting; or, in other words, was designed by nature to be a successful destroyer of his species.

The ploughman, Dalton, ordered his son to pick stones in the fields adjoining the manor-house; but Mark only collected the stones to pile them like the cannon balls which he had seen in the little fort on the sea-coast; and then he thought what a delightful thing it would be to point a few guns against the stately brick mansion, and batter the Squire's dwelling to pieces: and so, when his father came up to him, and saw him sitting idly on the little pyramid of stones which he had raised, he flew into a passion, and flogged him with a carter's whip.

Mark grew ambitious; yet without ambition and its inseparable companion, discontent, few men, we believe, ever achieved memorable deeds, to say nothing of mounting the rounds of the tall ladder of Fortune. He was already wise enough to know that he was profoundly ignorant,—and this, by the way, is not a very inconsiderable advance in real knowledge. He solicited his father to place him in the school of a certain pedagogue who had just opened his "academy" in the place; but the honest peasant having no money for such an useless purpose, gave him sundry hard cuffs, and ordered him to weed the potatoes in their little garden. Mark's spirit was irritated, but not cowed; and in order to enjoy the advantages which the village schoolmaster's reputed learning held out, he had recourse to a plan, the boldness of

which, when it became known, astounded and shocked his rustic companions.

One fine morning, the sturdy lad, now twelve years of age, presented himself at the hall door of the Squire's house; had he knocked at the back of the dwelling, the servants, he well knew, would have driven him away. He had washed his face, and, an unusual luxury, had procured somewhere a pair of shoes, and, nothing daunted by the great oak door, and bronze knocker, he boldly rang the bell. The porter, in high indignation, was about to thrust him down from the steps on which he stood, but the Squire, spying him from his library window, ordered the boy to be admitted.

Mark stood on the library carpet, with his leather cap in his hand. The good Squire was seated in his Morocco-covered chair, and by his side was a beautiful little girl, whose age might have been somewhat less than the peasant boy's: Mark had seen her before at the church, and her beauty, compared with that of the village lasses, seemed to him more of Heaven than earth; she was as a peerless star in the sky when no others are shining; a little goddess, before whom he could fall, and worship for ever.

"Well, my man," said the Squire, good humouredly, "what brings you here?"

"The feeling, your honour, that I am ignorant—the feeling that I am not come into the world to be a clod of the ground. I can't write or cipher; and father says he's too poor to put me to Mr. Snookes's school;—will your honour treat me with one quarter's schooling?"

"'Pon my life, Master Mark Dalton, you are a bold fellow."

"Father," said the little girl, creeping close up to him, and blushing, "do let him go to school; they say he is a 'genius,' though what that means I scarcely know."

The worthy squire indulged in a fit of loud laughter; he was not philosopher enough to speculate on the thoughts which might, even at that early age, be passing in the breast of his daughter. But the sharp ringing of his laughter had the effect of attracting to the library the lady of the mansion.

"What is going forward here?" exclaimed Mrs. Barrington, who, we may observe, was a haughty and extravagant woman; "good heavens! how came this dirty child in the library?"

"It is the 'genius' of the village;" said the little girl very seriously.

"The genius—ha! ha! but I hope our house is not to become a temple for such geniuses. Go away! you vile brat!"

"Then am I to understand," said Mark, nothing intimidated, "that your honour refuses to favour me with one quarter's schooling at Mr. Snookes's?"

The Squire penned a hasty note, while Mrs. Barrington walked up and down the room, laughing and fanning herself alternately.

"Take this, my little man, to Mr. Snookes," said the Squire; "and he will give you a twelvemonth's tuition at my expense."

Mark murmured his thanks, and was gone.

Time fled on, and Mark Dalton had attained his twentieth year; a wild and eccentric youth he was, and far too discontented and aspiring, the simple villagers said, "to come to any good." He would spend hours in company with a one-legged superannuated soldier in the neighbourhood; every night, his weapon being an old rusty rapier, he would perform the sword-exercise with an imaginary antagonist; and every morning practise pistol-shooting on the beach. Moreover, not satisfied with all the learning which the sage Snookes had imparted to him, Mark, much to that gentleman's indignation, set up "teaching himself," borrowing,

begging, and, when he was able, purchasing sundry books at the neighbouring town.

The person of Mark Dalton was remarkably in his favour; unlike the honest broad-backed, sec-sawing peasant, whose characteristics are only attractive in poetry, his feet neither grew large, nor his hands red; his features were delicate yet manly, his limbs were finely moulded, and his eyes, the mirror of his feelings, were almost capable, like diamonds, of flashing forth their rays in the midst of darkness.

The village lasses strove hard to win the heart of this rustic Crichton, but his love, it was said, was as unwarrantably bold and ambitious as were his aspirations in other matters. He had been detected carving on divers trees in the Squire's park, a certain lady's name never even mentioned by his brother peasants without a feeling of awe and respect; indeed the beautiful Cicely Barrington promised to be immortal, as far as oak, elm, and beech, could render her so. Rumour even circulated more than what we have stated; that the lady, far from scorning her humble admirer, had been seen to cast many melancholy glances towards him from her crimson velvet pew in the church; but whether she had absolutely met him, conversed with him, and walked in his company under the solitary trees behind the manor-house by moonlight, were questions not quite decided. Be that, however, as it might, the health of the Squire's daughter gradually declined; and some report of young Dalton's being found lurking in an arbour near the house, and what Miss Barrington said to her incensed mother, throwing that haughty lady into fits, gave rise to various surmises as to the real state of the girl's heart. It was certain that, on the ensuing day, the Squire called at the humble cottage of Dalton's father; and the result of all was, that Mark shortly disappeared from the village. Whither he had gone none precisely knew; and when the old one-

legged veteran was questioned respecting the fate of his young friend, he would only answer with a prophetic shake of the head, "the 'Genius' will be a great or a dead man in ten years."

But the wheel of fortune turns around; all things in the moral as well as the physical world are in a state of mutation; the lowly climb, the lofty descend, and without this perpetual alternation of cloud and sunbeam—of prosperity and adversity, what a dull aspect to the philosophical speculator would life afford!

The proud and extravagant Mrs. Barrington had at last consummated the ruin of her husband; at the manor-house, where lately all was festivity and splendour; where the costly dinner had been spread to the *élite* of the county, and the drawing-rooms crowded with the young and gay, a melancholy scene presented itself; old servants were dismissed, horses and carriages assigned to other hands; and—that most distressing of all sights to the ruined family—there was the auctioneer taking his inventory of the furniture, and valuing every thing from the buhl cabinet of curiosities down to a bird-cage and a carpet broom.

* * * *

Gentle reader, after an interval of certain years, we must present to you a picture of the fair Cicely Barrington, and the once hospitable and wealthy occupant of Ivybridge Manor-house.

Evening and fog were, by their united influence, enveloping in thick gloom a narrow and obscure street in the great metropolis of England. A few oil lamps, however, were struggling to keep up their existence in spite of a sharp wind which threatened to extinguish the paper-encased candle at the costermonger's shop. We must ascend to the third floor of a house, the appearance of which is anything but attractive; the

small sitting-room has a carpet of coarsest Kidderminster, and a little pembroke table, and two or three chairs are the only furniture. A female is working diligently at her needle, and in that plain dress, and pale sorrowful countenance, we have some difficulty in recognising Cicely Barrington. Her proud mother, unable to support the bitter buffetings of fate, sleeps the last sleep of misery and broken hearts: but her aged father is there; he is leaning over a sheet of paper, on which he hastily traces a few words, and as hastily blots them out again; the feeble rays of the candle fall on his white head, and reveal the furrows ploughed by anxiety and sorrow on his brow. Yet is Mr. Barrington supported by his better principles; he does not pass his hours in unavailing complaint; slightly acquainted with the editor of a newspaper, and being well versed in the politics of the day, he is engaged to supply the journal with a few articles weekly, for which he is remunerated, provided the matter meet the editor's approval, at the rate of one penny per line.

Cicely plied her needle, and the poor gentleman bent over his papers; alas! it was late in life for such as he to turn author for the first time, and write for bread! He now threw down his pen, and cast on his daughter a look of distress.

"I cannot succeed—I can make nothing of the subject on which Mr. L— wishes me to write."

Cicely spoke encouragingly, and the old man shook his head, and faintly smiled.

"Ah! my dear child, I do not know what I should do without you;—you always fill me with hope, and support my spirits in a way I cannot account for; I will, then, endeavour to complete my task."

Mr. Barrington for some time wrote very busily; but age, weariness, and sorrow, weighed down his thoughts, and cramped his naturally active mind; his head drooped, his

hand remained still, and in a few minutes more he was fast asleep.

Cicely regarded her father with feelings of anguish mingled with inexpressible affection. Care, even beyond years, had furrowed that drooping brow; his left hand supported his silvery head, and his right lay on the table, mechanically grasping the inactive pen. The girl thought of his former affluent situation, and the state to which he was now reduced in the winter of his days. And would gladness no more warm his withered heart? would smiles never again light up that hollow cheek? She crept softly around the table, and, kissing his forehead, whispered an inaudible prayer. Heaven! in thy mercy look down on that weeping girl! can angels shed purer, holier tears than those which diamond her soft cheek, and fall on the head of that woe-begone man?

Mr. Barrington, after a while, opened his eyes. "What! was I asleep, Cicely?—Ah! I know it now, for I have had a dream, a strange dream. I thought I was sitting in the library at Ivybridge-house, as I did years, years ago; and a little peasant-boy stood before me—I forget his name—nay, now I have it—the lad was Mark Dalton."

Cicely turned her head aside—Oh! did the memory of years steal back? was not the imprudent love she had once dared to cherish for the peasant's son, extinguished yet?—no, the fire burned; her first passion was in her heart's core, though that heart was the sepulchre of hope.

"Well," continued Mr. Barrington, "there stood little Mark, with his cap in his hand, boldly asking me to pay for his schooling; you were at my side, Cicely, pleading for the urchin; another also was there—my poor, my unforgotten wife!—no, I cannot pursue the picture!" and the old man rocked himself to and fro in his chair, covering his face with his hands.

"Cicely," said he, suddenly looking up, "more than eleven years have passed since that extraordinary youth, Mark Dalton, was, through my means, sent away from the village of Ivybridge. I thwarted you; yet I acted as most parents would have done; for a peasant was no mate for the daughter of the then courted and rich Squire Barrington."

"Father, let not these remembrances grieve you; my folly I have long repented of; and my thoughts never now revert to one who, for all we know, is in his grave."

The tear that sprang to her eye, and the wild throbbing of her heart, entirely belied the fair speaker's assertion.

"Cicely," said the old man, after a pause, "long is it since we have beheld the spot where our happy and prosperous days were passed. I have always felt that the sight of the Manor-house now in other hands, would excite only feelings of unavailing anguish; but I think, after all, I should like to gaze on the old building once more, and take another look of that sweet valley nestling among the hills, before I die. Will you gratify your father's wish? will you accompany me to Ivybridge?"

The girl expressed her pleasure at the proposal, and the journey was accordingly decided on.

* * * *

The afternoon was far advanced when the two travellers alighted from the stage coach at a short distance from the village of Ivybridge. They stood upon the well-known hill contemplating in silence the scene beneath them; nothing in the landscape appeared changed since they last beheld it; the warm sun, shining obliquely from the west, tinged the tops of the trees with yellow light, and threw its lustre on the stream which, flowing past the cottages, turned the wheel of the mill at a little distance below.

Mr. Barrington and his daughter walked into the village;

every step they took awoke some old remembrance; but faces were altered; the little wild urchins that had gamboled under the elm-trees, had grown into sturdy peasants, and the old slept in the village churchyard. They entered the cottage where Mark Dalton's father had lived; he and his wife were no more, and the Sexton occupied the hovel. We may remark, that Mr. Barrington differed so materially in appearance from the jovial and rosy Squire of a former day, that a recognition by any one who once knew him seemed very improbable: Cicely was as beautiful as ever; but the lithe fairy creature of seventeen years had little in common, saving the expression of the soft intellectual eyes, with the commanding and elegant woman of eight-and-twenty.

"You seem tired, sir;" said the Sexton; "and will the lady be pleased to rest on this stool;—any business, sir?"

"No, my visit is merely one of curiosity; I knew this sweet village well in former years."

"That was, may be, in the old Squire's time. Heaven bless him, be he dead or alive. Ah! sir, he was a man loved by us all."

"Who," said Mr. Barrington, checking his emotion, "who occupies the Manor-house at present?"

"Why, you see, it has passed into two or three hands since Squire Barrington left us. A few months ago a very rich man came into these parts, and bought up the Ivybridge estates, the Manor-house and all; and a main curious gentleman he is, though kind to the poor, nor proud either."

"And why is he curious?" asked Mr. Barrington.

"You see, he's come from the East Indies, is Sir Frederick Grenville; though some call him General as well: a fine handsome man, though burnt up by the sun, and cut about the face with a great many scars. He was the first, they say, who mounted the walls of Seringapatam, while he killed Tippoo with his own hand."

"But why does this render him curious good Sexton?" asked Cicely, speaking for the first time.

"Bless my heart! whose voice is that?—Oh! *you* spoke, ma'am. Well, you see, General Sir Frederick is not married; and all bachelors are 'centric and queer. He'll walk by moonlight for hours by himself under the trees behind the Manor-house; 'twas there once the old Squire's wife had a fit, for in the arbour which is still standing, her dear lovely little daughter, and a wild young peasant—but no, I won't talk scandal now. Then he has begun to build a house at the top of the valley, nobody knows why or wherefore; some say, too, that he wants to find the old Squire, and put him again in possession; and that for an utter stranger to do for another, is, I think, the oddest thing of all."

Quitting the garrulous Sexton, Mr. Barrington and Cicely proceeded to the grounds attached to the ancient mansion, and in which, they were informed, they had liberty to walk. Many a sigh did old familiar objects call forth from the breast of the ruined Squire; and they wandered on until they found themselves in front of the house. They were now about to retire, when Cicely, whose quicker eye had been directed towards the library window, perceived a gentleman within, who was apparently engaged in reading.

"Father, look yonder! that is Sir Frederick Grenville, no doubt."

Mr. Barrington saw him. Strange, at that moment, his thoughts flashed back on an incident which had happened long ago; there, just in that position, nineteen years before, had he been studying, when he perceived on the door-steps the little Mark Dalton, who had come to entreat him to place him in the village school. But his retrospective meditations were disturbed, for Sir Frederick, having evidently seen the strangers, rose to ring his bell, and the

next minute the hall door was opened, and a footman approached them.

"Sir, my master says, if you wish to see the inside of the house, and the old paintings in the gallery, you are quite at liberty."

Mr. Barrington glanced at his daughter. "Do as you please, father," she said; "we are not, I believe, pressed for time."

"Thank you; we will avail ourselves of Sir Frederick's kind permission."

As Mr. Barrington and Cicely entered the hall, the former started at seeing the portrait of his grand-father, which, he thought, had long ago passed into the possession of strangers. But Sir Frederick Grenville, attracted, perhaps, by the venerable appearance of the old gentleman, now introduced himself to them, as if for the purpose of being their *cicerone*. He was a man in the prime of life, and, in spite of the scars on his forehead, and the change which the burning clime of the east rarely fails to effect on the countenance of an European, remarkably handsome.

"You seem struck by that portrait, sir," observed Sir Frederick.

"I am," answered Mr. Barrington; "for I knew the original."

"Indeed! then come into my library, and see whether you are acquainted with any of the pictures there. To tell you the truth, I have taken some pains, since my purchase of this property, to collect all the old family portraits that belonged to a former owner; for they had been sold without reserve to Jews, and picture-dealers."

"This is one of his eccentricities, father, alluded to by the Sexton," whispered Cicely, as they followed the Baronet into his library.

Several portraits were hung around the room perfectly familiar to Mr. Barrington ; but Sir Frederick presently came to a cabinet picture, carefully veiled by a curtain ; he removed this, and an exquisite painting was discovered of a girl, about fifteen years of age.

"Do you know who this is ? asked the Baronet, with no little anxiety in his manner, for he believed he had met at last, in the old man before him, with some member, or at least acquaintance, of the lost family so long sought by him in vain.

"That," said Mr. Barrington, sinking into a chair as if through fatigue, "that picture, I have reason to believe, the former occupier of this house would never have parted with, had it not been taken from him almost by force ;—it is Mr. Barrington's daughter."

"You know all, my dear sir, I see you know all !" said Sir Frederick, with increased warmth ; "I hope you may be able to give me a little further information concerning this respected, but most unfortunate family."

"They *are* unfortunate," said the old gentleman, with a deep sigh.

"I have written letters, and employed lawyers to no purpose. Mrs. Barrington, I know, is dead ; but I cannot ascertain that such is the case with her husband, or her—her daughter."

"No, they are still alive ; but it is not at all extraordinary that you should have failed in your endeavours to discover them ; they are but lodgers in an obscure house in an obscure part of the metropolis."

"Bless my soul ! what is their address ?"

Women are not, perhaps, so easily deceived as men, and their memories are usually more lively and retentive. Whether Cicely were affected by a strange misgiving as to the identity of Sir Frederick, or by other feelings, we cannot say ; but her

agitation was increasing to such a degree, that she retired to a recess in a window, and pressed her hands against her throbbing temples."

"If, Sir Frederick Grenville," said Mr. Barrington, "you will be candid enough to tell me your motive for wishing to discover, or drag these unhappy people into notice—for though unhappy, they are proud—I may assist you in your search."

"Then, my dear sir, I *will* be candid; and to gain your confidence, while I expect communicativeness in return, I will state the fact that, though I am a soldier, the wealth which has enabled me to purchase this property, was not all acquired by the sword. Three years ago, I had but an officer's pay, and also bore another name. It was after returning from the Mysore Country, and the defeat of Tippoo, that my patron at Calcutta made me his heir, on the proviso that I should assume his name. That patron dying, I returned to England, and this, sir, is my native place."

"Your native place?—impossible! There is no other mansion but the manor-house in the neighbourhood."

"Nay, nay," said the Baronet, smiling, "I was not born in a mansion; but this is no matter; my object in finding the old Squire is simply to place in his hands a packet."

"This is strange," said Mr. Barrington, in surprise and agitation; "I confess I am interested in his affairs; what may the packet contain?—shall I take it to him?"

An extraordinary expression broke over the countenance of the General, as if while he witnessed the old man's emotion, a sudden light had flashed upon him.

"Sir, be not offended," he said, taking the poor gentleman by the hand; "but I am no longer to be deceived. Thank heaven! my search is finished at last; this packet is for yourself—for, honoured and respected sir, you are Mr. Barrington!"

"What does this mean?—how should you know me?—the parcel, too,—why, these are the title-deeds of the Ivybridge estates, and—and—you mock me, Sir Frederick."

But as the open-hearted soldier regarded him with moistened eyes, Cicely, who had retired to the window recess, was heard to sob violently, and, the next minute, overcome by her conflicting feelings, she sprang towards her parent.

"Father! father!—look at him!—do you not know your generous friend?"

"Yes, Mr. Barrington," said the General, "you see before you the once poor ploughboy, who, many long years ago, you kindly consented to place in the village school."

"I know it—I see it now!" cried the old man; "brave, noble-hearted Dalton! Heaven then has smiled on you indeed."

"Not more, I hope, than heaven will from this hour smile on you, my dear sir; for surely Providence means well in having thus, when we little expected it, brought us together again."

The sequel may be imagined; there were explanations of past events, pressings of the title-deeds on Mr. Barrington, and their final acceptance; then followed allusions to early affection, and long years of love and constancy, with the consent of the father to the General's suit, and the trembling, tearful yielding of her who had loved Dalton as a peasant-boy, but was now to receive him as one who would raise her to wealth and a title. As soon as it was known through the village of Ivybridge that the good 'Squire and his lovely daughter had returned to them once more, old and young, linked together, walked up to the manor-house to welcome them back; and, for days afterwards, there was nothing but weaving of garlands for triumphal arches, feasting, and ringing of bells.

THE FAIRY RING.

BY E. C. HALL, ESQ., F.R.S.A.

MERRY hearted Norah, sleeping
In a fairy ring one day,
Where the elves their watch were keeping—
Ah!—they stole the maid away!
And, beneath Loch Ina's water,
All their pretty tricks they taught her;
Then, with magic spells around her,
Left her—where her lover found her—
In the fairy ring!

Like a fawn, away she started,
And her laugh was loud and clear;
Leaving Dermot broken-hearted,
When the sighing youth drew near.
Down he sunk, as she forsook him,
And a weary sleep o'ertook him;
When a chorus of sweet voices
Sing a song—his heart rejoices—
In the fairy ring!

"Up," it says, "your day's declining—
Up, and woo her—like a man;
You are far too sad and pining:"
Up poor Dermot rose and ran.
And when next he stood beside her,
In some other way he tried her;
For their faith and truth they plighted,
Standing—heart and hand united—
In the fairy ring!

THE FAIR CLIENT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"I TELL you once more," said Frank Moreton to his pretty cousin, Dora Leslie—"Mrs. Leslie," indeed, she ought to be written, for she was not only a wife but a widow—"I tell you once more, you might as well talk to a stick or a stone about justice or mercy, as to old Ned Linch. A stick or a stone," he repeated, "better—better ten times talk to *them* than to *him*, for they wear no semblance of humanity; you expect nothing from stones and sticks. And——"

"I beg your pardon, Frank," interrupted the pretty widow, "I expect the stick you are twirling about so vehemently will break my looking-glass."

"Psha!" exclaimed the young man, "you may expect that, but what *can* you expect from a pettyfogging attorney?"

"A great deal, Frank—an amount of costs—a multiplication of falsehood—a perversion of truth—a perplexing of facts—a discolouration of objects—ruin as the result—ignorance as to common honesty—a proficiency in dishonesty. In short, a combination of evils which no other human being could gather together—by which *he* lives, and *we* die. You have only to tell me that a man is a pettyfogger, and I vanish; and, as to old Linch, in addition to his bearing the plague-spot of his 'profession' about with him; smelling of parchments, and looking latitats, he is old and ugly; so spare your invectives, Frank; abridge your censure, and just tell me what I can do in the matter—paint law in soot, and shall I swear it white as snow?"

"Upon my word, I believe I had better leave it to you, my dear Dora, to paint it; your colours will not be over delicate, nor your sketch *coulour de rose*—what in the world has made you so bitter against the men of law?"

"Psha!" she replied, laughing—"don't you know? A suit in chancery bequeathed me by my grandfather, and another in 'the Pleas,' besides the disputed 'Will cause.'"

"But you triumphed in the two last, and surely there is a prospect of the Chancery suit being brought to a conclusion."

"As to the triumph," replied Dora, "the triumph simply was, that my lawyers were greater rogues than those employed by my adversary—and so—I triumphed! I have not the least objection to continue the Chancery suit. I really think it contributes to keep me in health—it gives me excitement—something to think of and to do; something to vent my spleen upon when I am splenetic, and my laughter, when I am mischevous; but you are not so easily circumstanced—you, my dear Frank, are of a peace-loving, gentle nature, and so seek peace—even with law! Nay, I think you would go a little further, and expect—love!"

"Really, Dora, you are too provoking!" answered her cousin, while his cheek flushed and his eyes sparkled. "You know it is a matter of life and death with me. You know that I love his niece with my whole soul—you know that by the terms of her father's will, she cannot marry before she is of age, without having her uncle's consent, for, if she does, she forfeits her inheritance. And she is now only——"

"Nineteen," said Mrs. Leslie.

"No, Dora, only eighteen and three months," replied the lover.

"What a wicked thing of fathers to prevent their daughters becoming the prey of mercenary spendthrifts," observed the lady, jirking off her netting stirrup, and rolling it up with great deliberation.

"You know I am not mercenary, nor am I a spendthrift," he answered seriously.

"You look sharp enough after your fair one's fortune at all events," persisted Mrs. Leslie.

"My own means would not give to Anna the luxuries, or even the comforts she has been accustomed to," said Frank Moreton, still more seriously. "And I should feel ashamed of myself if I induced a young and affectionate girl to abandon her birth-right, and embrace comparative poverty for my gratification. No; if her uncle persists in refusing his consent, I have made up my mind to wait until she is of age. Three years and nine months! Three centuries of a lover's life. I shall be an old man by that time."

"Nearly eight and twenty!" laughed his cousin; "And Anna a very old woman."

"Besides, there is no knowing what may happen between this and then "

"Very true—you may fall in love with some one else; nay, with half-a-dozen."

"Impossible—quite—quite impossible," replied the lover, fervently.

"Ah! Frank," said his cousin, with one of her most mischievous looks, "so you told *me* about twelve years ago, under the cherry-tree at Burnewood. You were a great lubberly boy, a week escaped from a jacket, high shoes, and nankeens, and I—just going to be married—and my head divided between love of my *trousseau*, and love of poor dear Leslie. You said then, while the tears ran down-a-down your fat cheeks, that you were miserable, and should never love any one but your cousin Dora. And you wrote some verses, comparing my heart to a black-heart cherry. I think I have them somewhere, and will show them to Anna, as a proof of your constancy. You are certainly improved since then."

"I am sorry I cannot return the compliment," said Mr. Moreton, bowing; "and as you only seem inclined to laugh at what I fancied you might have sympathised with, I will wish you good morning."

"Nay, cousin," exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, "I did but jest—I thought you knew me too well to mind my jesting—there—I will not tell Anna, lest she should be jealous of the first love-fancy, of a boy of fourteen for his cousin of four-and-twenty—twelve years ago, to boot!—but this Linch—this grit of granite in the wheel of love—this hunk—this sweep-faced, hard-hearted curmudgeon—how shall I manage him?"

"He knows you very well—if you were only to go and tell him how much we love each other——"

"You mean Anna and you, I suppose," said Mrs. Leslie, unable to conquer her desire for jesting.

"To be sure I do," he replied, "just tell him how devoted we are to each other."

"No—that he would not care for."

"How respectably I am connected!"

"That is nothing to him."

"How happy we should be!"

"Destruction at once to your suit—those who are not happy themselves, never promote the happiness of others."

"Well, then, how grateful we should be!"

"Gratitude bears no per centage—that won't do."

"I am sure I do not know what to say, Dora," answered her cousin, who was anything but fruitful in expedients; "he can make us happy if he will at once—if not, we will wait, and when the time comes, be happy in spite of him."

"You throw me completely on my own resources," said the widow; "but the first step is for me to become his client."

"A fair client, most certainly," answered her cousin; "but

you have no law-suit at present—you would not surely turn your chancery business over to his hands?"

"No, certainly not."

"But you are not engaged in any law-suit?" persisted Frank."

"No, but I may be if I like, I suppose, cousin-mine; we manufacture our own misery, why not our own law?"

"But, I confess, I do not see what that has to do with my marrying his niece."

"I do," she replied; and wishing her perplexed cousin good morning, the lady withdrew, returning the next moment to add—"Now keep up your spirits, Frank, do not do any thing desperate, do not even take an over dose of champagne. I remember when your love for me took a despairing turn, you, boy-like, *eat it off*; your mother declared you spent a fortune in cheese-cakes. I feared you might, in a spirit of manliness, endeavour to *drink* this off; but do not, Frank; rely upon me—I will put every thing *en train* before the sun sets." And again she vanished, leaving Frank Moreton half offended, half amused, and most anxious as to the result; comforted, nevertheless, because he had faith in the contrivance and spirit of Mrs. Leslie.

There are a great many amiable, gentle-hearted men, who get through life to their own credit, and the comfort of others, by the aid of a fortune which places them beyond the necessity for thought or exertion; but if any event occurs, any obstacle is discovered, which cannot be at once overcome, or to overcome which something more than money and connexion are requisite—where tact is even more needful than talent—it is in vain they turn to their banker's-book, or seek precedents for conduct in a like extremity; they are utterly at sea—dashed from one billow to another—helpless as infants—and very apt to consider themselves placed under circumstances of straight

and difficulty, in which no one was ever placed before. Poor Frank Moreton was perfectly amiable and gentle-hearted, and *ought* to have been raised above the necessity for exerting his wits—for certainly his wits never would have exalted him. He once considered "Cousin Dora" the most lovely creature in the world, and only changed his opinion to believe her the most astonishing; and like those who never manufactured a project, or have what may be considered a genuine idea of their own, was perpetually wondering, "how such odd things could come into Cousin Dora's head"—frequently indulged in reveries as to "how she came to be so clever"—could not devise "what her brain was made of"—wish he "knew the world but half so well"—and so forth—and then remained content with wishing—satisfied in his own mind that do what he would he should never have the head of Dora Leslie. In truth, the widow had run away with the ready wit and invention of the whole family; and in return was always willing to exercise it for their benefit; and her own amusement—besides, she really loved Frank as a brother, and desired his happiness with more earnestness than she usually bestowed upon any single object or person; a woman is always interested in the fate of a *cadet* lover, particularly if she understands human nature sufficiently not to be displeased—at a man's forgetting a first love in a second—a third—a fourth—or even a fifth! She could not have forgiven a mere coquet—but Frank, poor fellow! was quite in earnest with the sentiment as long as it lasted; and this made her esteem him far above the love-seeming men of fashion—who never feel, or if they do, whose feeling is affectation: she thought that a union with Anna would make him happy—that money is always an advantage in a family—and she most particularly desired to set her wit against what she called "English *Linch* law."

Mrs. Leslie drove up to Mr. Lynch's office in her carriage, and having learned that he was at home, took sundry letters and a parchment or two, tied with the "professional red tape," from her servant's hands, and entered his sanctum. Nothing could be more unpromising than the opening of the campaign; it was evident that the old man expected she came to press her cousin's suit; and upon every wrinkle of his face was written "denial"—his mouth drawn into a hooting "no"—his brow contracted, his feet firmly set upon the ground—his hands rigid to the very tips of his fingers—he looked as if steeped in the very essence of perverseness—and not even when his fair client commenced explaining the business upon which she came, did he change; nor was the change sudden; despite her desire to draw him away from his suspicions, he seemed to consider her the embodiment of a proposal for his niece and her money; and she had gone a long way with her "statement," before he forgot the uncle in the attorney, and at last became oblivious to all considerations, save the prospect of a "suit at law!" Slowly the muscles of his mouth relaxed—his features fell into their usual places—his monosyllables extended into penetrating inquiries—every expression was set on the keen, cutting, investigating edge of the law—he rubbed his hands in perfect ecstasy when Mrs. Leslie pointed out, what if not weak points in her adversaries cause, might, by the usual inverted proceedings of a "good man of business," be turned into such; and absolutely pressed her arm with his vulture-like fingers, when he assured her nothing was needed but to bring the cause into court. She felt as if her wrist was encircled by a viper—but she remembered her cousin, and her desire to free Anna from the domination of such a master increased tenfold.

It was at once evident to Mr. Lynch, that if what his fair client stated was true, she would be entitled to a vast addition



J. P. Doyle del.

W. H. Fox sculp.



to her income. As the very anticipation of such an event trebled his respect, she became his "dear lady;" and this feeling rapidly increased when she entreated him to keep their interview a profound secret, particularly from certain members of the profession, whom she named, stating that she should leave the entire conduct of the suit in his hands, without further anxiety. She managed the interview with the skill and the grace of an accomplished actress; and the shrewd attorney accepted an invitation to dine with her the next day—of course Frank was not of the party. Now, the idea that Master Linch turned over and over in his mind as he plunged his receding chin into his red comforter and journeyed homeward was—"I wonder how she came to think me honest?" "I never was thought honest before." "She certainly thinks me very honest;" and he nestled his chin still more deeply into the warm red wool, and chuckled like a fiend over the prospect of pillaging the fool who could think him "honest" as he let himself into his hall with his own latch key, and struck a light; but he had strange dreams that night; more than once the bright eyes of the fair widow flashed across his slumbers, and he felt as if struck by lightning; and then he thought strange reports had gone abroad concerning him—that rogues considered him "honest," and honest men called him "rogue," and that he lost all his practice, scouted alike by both.

Frank became desperately impatient—an entire week had past, (a year of a lover's life), and to all his enquiries the widow replied with badinage and laughter; her intimacy with Mr. Linch grew into a nine days wonder; on the tenth day, the miser made a feast!—and she dined with him—again he dined with her—and the next morning the fair and faithless client presented Frank with Mr. Linch's written permission for his marriage with his (Mr. Linch's) niece;

the following day it was determined that the lawyer and his niece, Frank Moreton, and a few select friends, were to form a reunion round the widow's hospitable board. Mrs. Leslie would answer no questions—she confided the secret of her influence to the most faithful of all councillors, herself—and received Mr. Linch with a *graciousness*—if the expression be permitted—peculiarly her own. A most strange change had passed over the attorney's outward man; but for the twinkling of his cold grey eyes, that glittered like stars in frosty weather, and the croaking of his hard voice, you would have scarcely recognised him as the brown-coated shrivelled dweller of the Inns of Court—his features had expanded—he was dressed by a skilful tailor, and his wig might have been envied by the royal wig-fancier of past days. The incorrigible widow leaned, almost lovingly, upon his arm; and after dinner, when she withdrew, consigned her table to his care. Frank could not make it out; but that was not much to be wondered at; he had not what people call a “discovering mind.” Anna was almost as mystified as Frank—but woman, if they do not understand at once, are given to regard each other rather through a microscope than a telescope, not drawing the object much closer, but getting at its exaggeration. And little gentle Anna, who knew nothing of the world, thought she could see through the veil of the woman of the world. Quiet little Anna!—much as she had suffered, she did not greatly like her uncle's being made a fool of—her eyes filled with tears more than once, when she noted the arch looks of her lover's cousin, and heard the half-murmured derision that trembled on her lip, when she spoke to her of her nearest living relative. She owed him neither love nor kindness, and when Frank was present, she was too happy to moralize; but still, she thought, that he was an old man, and when her father

lived, and she was a little child, she had often sat upon his knee, while he cut soldiers for her out of old parchment. She remembered he was kind to her then—never since, certainly,—but then he was, and she dwelt upon that, forgetting his unkindness, until the harsh tones of his grating voice, or the coldness of his eyes, when they looked on her, forced her to remember how much that is harsh and cruel, can be forced into a few short years.

It was evident to Frank Moreton, that his cousin was wearying of the toils she herself had woven; the novelty of her position bewitching what she loathed—the metamorphosis that witchery had wrought on the old man—the necessity for bringing the matter to a speedy termination, rendered her more restless, more capricious, more teasing and tormenting than usual, and when she withdrew her cousin into one of those shut-up sort of obscurities, half-room half-closet, which ladies in their fantasie, drape in pink calico, and coarse muslin, and then pronounce—"a boudoir," he thought the spell would have been broken, the mystery explained to his entire satisfaction—but he was quite at fault.

"Frank," said Mrs. Leslie, "you must manage to marry Anna within a week—within three days, in fact. I am tired to death of Linch, and want to get to Brighton; he may revoke, so get married at once; but it must be in three days; it was vastly amusing at first—but I cannot keep it up—I must avoid seeing him again until the knot is tied."

There was no use in asking questions. Mrs. Leslie yawned, and remained silent. Frank took her advice, and pleaded his cause—the cause of both—so successfully with Anna, that the ceremony was performed, and confessed a few hours afterwards, on bended knee, to the Lady's uncle. Mr. Linch was very angry—his fair client had not received

his visits, or replied to his notes during the last two or three days, and he determined to be both heard and seen; he almost forced his way into the little pink boudoir. She held out one hand to greet him, and covered her face with the other in a half coquettish sort of way, as if ashamed of her "naughtiness."

"I knew you would forgive them," she said, "and, after all, it could not make much difference to you; for they would have waited, and you only lose the turning of the money for three years."

The old man shuddered at the loss; but endeavoured to turn it off with a complimentary phrase or two, that came out very slowly. He evidently determined to avoid that subject, but cling to the other, and rushed into the intricacies of the projected suit at law with as much zeal and activity as if it had been *the* opportunity of his life for legal distinction.

"He had," he said, "taken counsel's opinion upon the statement she committed to his care, preserving the secrecy she had enjoined as to name, and avoiding those in the profession whom she had desired him to avoid. From all that passed, he felt assured that, in a short time, he should have to congratulate her on a splendid addition to her income, and hoped she would remember the gratitude she said she should ever feel towards him who might have the good fortune to advise and direct her proceedings."

The speech was set and clear enough; but the positive faltering of the old man's voice—the memory of a blush—of a purple tone, certainly, but still a blush—that overspread his features, and the earnestness of his last words, would have led to the belief that Cupid had really been at his pranks, and added another to his list of ancient fools—hard, world-grubbing, musty fools—surprised into a feeling, whose very existence they had disbelieved for three score years, and which

revenged itself by pranking the withered tree in the mocking garlands of sunny May.

It really was something to make Mrs. Leslie feel embarrassed—something to see her pause for a reply—something to perceive that perplexity was as new to her as was love to Mr. Lynch, and, that for once, to her capricious nature, novelty failed to be delightful. At last, she said,

"I hope, my good sir, you will forgive the little jest I ventured to practise upon you, just for the purpose of making those young people happy. I told you I had a suit at common law, and a disputed will cause, and you were so good as to feel greatly interested therein. You saw at once how just my causes were."

"Certainly—certainly," repeated Mr. Lynch.

"The documents I showed you were the documents that accompanied my suits into court; upon them I received my verdicts, and I have now the satisfaction of knowing that you perfectly approve of what has been done. The fortune you promised me *I have enjoyed these ten years!* I sought to interest you in my own affairs, that you might—in short, that you might take pity upon your neice, or, rather, I should say, *render her justice!* Frank's eloquence, and her tears, had alike failed to produce the desired effect, and I sought to gain a temporary influence over you by the temptation of a double law suit."

Mr. Lynch trembled from head to foot. At last he exclaimed,

"Worse than that, madam—worse than that. There was another temptation which you did not disdain to hold out; the possession of that hand, madam—of that hand upon which, the very last time I saw you, *I counted eleven rings, and all of value.*"

The widow could not resist this climax. She laughed

mightily, and became quite herself, when the old gentleman threatened to sue her for breach of promise of marriage. Instead of endeavouring to dissuade him from it, or showing its absurdity, she did all she could to urge him to bring the action at once.

"I really," she said, "did not think you were half so great a darling as you are ! If you will do so at once, I will put off my journey to Brighton ; it would be a fresh celebrity—a renewal of my youth—and then the evidence, and the cause of my hoaxing you, so romantic, and you pleading the excess of your tender passion for me, to the positive loss of the use of Anna's fortune for three years, and being induced to give your consent in exchange for the pickings of two old law suits. Only fancy——"

But Mr. Lynch brought no action. He did not even charge the widow with the fee he had paid for counsel's opinion. He abandoned his new finery, resumed his old suit, withdrew his forgiveness from his niece, and registered a vow in Westminster Hall to have nothing more to do with FAIR CLIENTS !

THE OLD SEAMAN.

i.

You ask me why mine eyes are bent
So darkly on the sea,
While others watch the azure hills
That lengthen on the lee.

ii.

The azure hills—they soothe the sight
That fails along the foam;
And those may hail their nearing height
Who there have hope, or home.

iii.

But I a loveless path have trod—
A beaconless career;
My hope hath long been all with God,
And all my home is—here.

iv.

The deep by day, the heaven by night,
Roll onward, swift and dark;
Nor leave my soul the dove's delight,
Of olive branch, or ark.

v.

For more than gale, or gulf, or sand,
I've proved that there may be
Worse treachery on the steadfast land,
Than variable sea.

vi.

A danger worse than bay or beach—
A falsehood more unkind—
The treachery of a governed speech,
And an ungoverned mind.

VII.

The treachery of the deadly mart
Where human souls are sold;
The treachery of the hollow heart
That crumbles as we hold.

VIII.

Those holy hills and quiet lakes—
Ah! wherefore should I find
This weary fever-fit, that shakes
Their image in my mind.

IX.

The memory of a streamlet's din,
Through meadows daisy-drest—
Another might be glad therein,
And yet I cannot rest.

X.

I cannot rest unless it be
Beneath the churchyard yew;
But God, I think, hath yet for me
More earthly work to do.

XI.

And therefore, with a quiet will,
I breathe the ocean air,
And bless the voice that calls me still
To wander and to bear.

XII.

Let others seek their native sod,
Who there have hearts to cheer;
My soul hath long been given to God,
And all my home is—here.

CHRIST CHURCH,
OXFORD.

J. R.

LES DEUX JUMELLES.

PAR M. LE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

I.

Au fond d'un vieux château situé dans les montagnes au nord de la France, deux nobles orphelines vivaient inconnues et en paix sous le règne de Louis-le-Grand. Filles du Marquis d'Arinval, elles avaient atteint leur dix-huitième printemps. Frûches comme les fleurs du mois de mai, jolies comme les nymphes du temps fabuleux, Alix et Blanche étaient jumelles.

O caprice de la nature ! Alix et Blanche avaient les mêmes traits, la même taille, les mêmes cheveux, le même accent. Qui voyait l'une, voyait l'autre. Le ciel s'était tellement plu à les créer exactement pareilles, qu'il leur avait donné au moral la même ressemblance qu'au physique. Gaies à la fois, tristes ensemble, elles étaient joyeuses ou affligées à la même heure, au même instant. Sitôt qu'Alix était malade, Blanche, soudain, l'était aussi. Conformité de principes, analogie de sentimens, accord de sympathies et d'aversions, harmonie de volontés et de goûts, mêmes plaisirs, mêmes douleurs : c'était un seul être en deux corps, c'était un seul cœur sous deux formes.

Une vieille tante les avait élevées avec soin dans le manoir héréditaire. La dame de Clamore adorait ses nièces ; mais, âgée de 80 ans, elle sentait ses forces s'éteindre ; et marier les orphelines était son unique pensée.

II.

Une grande nouvelle s'est répandue au château d'Arinval. La dame de Clamore a réussi dans ses desirs : deux mariages,

négoziés par elle en secret, sont au moment de se conclure ; et les époux vont arriver. L'un, destiné à Alix, est le Comte Rodolphe d'Hermigny ; l'autre, destiné à Blanche, est le Baron Raoul d'Aigreville. Tous deux sont jeunes, beaux et riches.

— Ma sœur ! disait Alix à Blanche, nous allons voir Rodolphe et Raoul, les maris que l'on nous destine. Je ne sais pourquoi, mais j'ai peur.

— Et moi aussi, répondait Blanche.

— Toujours les mêmes impressions : fidèle et touchante habitude !

— Alix ! tu épouses Rodolphe : moi, je serai la femme de Raoul. Crois-tu que nous pourrions les aimer ?

— J'allais t'en faire la question.

— Et si le mien me déplaisait ?

— Il me deviendrait odieux.

— Cela ne pourrait être autrement.

— Aussi, par la même raison, si Rodolphe, uni à mon sort, me faisait mourir de chagrin ! . . .

— Il me tuerait aussi, ma sœur.

— Blanche ! d'où vient que je m'alarme ? . . .

— Hélas ! c'est que je suis effrayée.

— Mais s'ils sont aimables tous deux ! s'ils rendent leurs femmes heureuses ! L'amour est, dit-on, chose douce. Je voudrais aimer !

— Moi aussi.

III.

Le comte d'Hermigny et le Baron d'Aigreville, montés sur de superbes coursiers, et suivis d'une nombreuse escorte, sont à la grille du castel. Guerriers vaillans et renommés, Rodolphe et Raoul sont revêtus d'armures brillantes. Leur front est martial et fier ; leur stature est majestueuse.

Les sœurs sont au balcon du manoir, et leurs regards se dirigent avec admiration sur le tableau offert devant elles : c'est le luxe de la cour de Louis XIV, que déploient les nobles seigneurs. Leurs chevaux caparaçonnés d'or, leurs livrées de pourpre et d'azur, leurs feutres surmontés de plumes, leurs décorations chargées de pierreries, leurs écharpes et leurs épées, toutes les magnificences du grand siècle éblouissent les orphelines.

— Blanche ! dit Alix à sa sœur : regarde celui-ci ! Qu'il est beau ! . . . Je voudrais que ce fût Rodolphe, celui que le sort me réserve. Ce doit être lui, je le gage.

— Oui, ma sœur, oh ! oui, c'est Rodolphe. J'ai entendu quelqu'un l'appeler. Tu as raison, c'est le plus beau.

— Je n'avais pas dit : *"le plus beau."*

— Mais tu l'avais pensé !

— Oui : c'est vrai.

— Nous ne pouvons rien nous cacher.

IV.

Les futurs époux, présentés par la dame de Clamore aux héritières d'Arinval, ont passé plusieurs jours au manoir ; et charmés de la beauté des jeunes filles, ont tout essayé pour leur plaire. Parties de chasse, carrousels, musique, danses et plaisirs de tout genre, se succèdent au vieux castel. Partout du bruit, partout des joies : chaque jour de nouvelles fêtes : le tendre et gracieux Rodolphe était l'âme de ces magies.

Aucun des moyens de séduction que donnent la nature et la fortune n'a été négligé par les deux chevaliers pour charmer les sœurs d'Arinval. Doux et fier, élégant et beau, Rodolphe gagnait tous les cœurs. Non moins brillant que son rival, Raoul était aussi l'objet de l'admiration publique ; mais son œil était parfois sombre, et son humeur souvent farouche. Aussi, lors que, dans la contrée, quelques voix s'élevaient

pour demander lequel du comte ou du baron était l'homme le plus aimable, personne ne disait : "*Raoul*."

V.

La dame de Clamore touchait à sa fin. Son grand âge affaiblissait sa raison ; elle ne quittait plus son fauteuil ; et déjà chacune de ses facultés l'abandonnait l'une après l'autre. Sa tombe s'ouvrait peu à peu.

La mariage des orphelines venait d'être publiquement annoncé à l'église du hameau. Alix s'est levée à la pointe du jour. Elle aime avec passion Rodolphe ; elle songe avec transport que l'aimable et beau chevalier ne tardera point à être son époux : elle se dit : "*mes vœux sont comblés* ;" et pourtant son cœur a des palpitations douloureuses ; son esprit, de noires visions. Son sommeil a été tourmenté ; une fièvre ardente l'a saisie ; et ses traits sont décomposés.

Alix a couru vers sa sœur.

Mais Blanche, sortie de son lit, est dans les jardins du manoir. Pour la première fois, l'une des jumelles accourait à l'autre sans rencontrer l'autre accourant à elle. Alix, enfin, aborde sa sœur ; elle la regarde, et frissonne. Blanche était pâle et défaillante : assise sur un tertre de gazon, froide, silencieuse, immobile, elle avait, empreinte sur sa physionomie, une expression vague, recueillie, mystérieuse, extraordinaire ; elle a fixé sur sa compagne chérie un œil surpris et consterné qui semblait lui dire tout bas : "*Ne sais-tu donc pas ce que j'ai ?*" Alix pousse un cri d'épouvante.

— O ma sœur ! s'est-elle écriée, ma sœur ! que nous arrive-t-il ! Je devrais être la plus heureuse des femmes : celui que j'aime, je l'épouse : tout me sourit, je suis aimée : Rodolphe m'appelle, il m'attend D'où vient donc mon affreuse angoisse ! parle ! explique-moi ce mystère ! Ah ! m'y voici ! c'est que tu souffres : il est quelque tourment

qui t'accable ; oh ! oui, j'en suis certaine, tu souffres, et c'est à en perdre la vie . . . Ne me contredis pas ! . . J'en suis sûre : car j'ai des pleurs au fond de mes joies : je sens la mort dans mon bonheur.

Blanche, vivement attendrie, presse la main de sa compagne.

— Hélas ! je l'avoue, répond-elle, ma vie est cruellement frappée. Pardonne, Alix ! pardonne-moi. Je vais m'ouvrir à toi sans détour ; il le faut, l'heure en est venue. Destinées toutes deux à n'avoir qu'une seule existence, à ne former qu'un même vœu, à ne faire qu'une seule ame, nous devons préférer le même homme. Alix ! Alix ! je l'aime aussi : je l'aime avec passion comme toi : lui seul, nul autre, rien que lui. *Ton* Rodolphe est *notre* Rodolphe.

— O mon Dieu ! dit Alix en joignant ses mains vers le ciel, je le savais avant de l'entendre, mais je me refusais à le croire. Eh quoi ! cette douce ressemblance avec elle, cette tendre fusion de sentimens, cette unité de volontés et d'amour, ce que j'avais regardé jusqu'ici non-seulement comme un phénomène divin, mais comme un merveilleux bienfait de la Providence, . . . hélas ! ce n'était donc qu'un double supplice que nous réservait l'avenir, une longue torture à deux !

— Chère Alix ! reprend sa jumelle d'une voix plaintive, nous aurions dû, connaissant notre étrange nature, nous consacrer au Tout-Puissant. On peut aimer, *à deux*, celui-là . . . sans crainte d'affections rivales. Il nous eût partagé son cœur ; et, sans nous ôter l'une à l'autre, il nous eût acceptées toutes deux !

Une longue pause a suivi.

— Ecoute ! poursuit Blanche avec calme. N'exagérons pas nos tourmens : ne te fais surtout nul reproche. Il faut que mes aveux soient complets. Je souffre, je gémis, c'est vrai : mais, au milieu de mes douleurs, j'ai ta joie qui vient, par momens, éclairer ma tristesse ; mes funèbres pensées s'en-

fuient, par intervalles, devant tes riantes espérances; et, jusque dans mon infortune, je sens se glisser ton bonheur."

Alix, les yeux mouillés de larmes, se jette dans les bras de sa sœur. O Rodolphe ! comme elles t'aimaient ! . . .

VI.

Le jour suivant, une lettre est remise à la fiancée du Comte d'Hermigny ; elle vient d'un couvent voisin, d'un couvent de Bénédictines. O ciel ! cet écrit est de Blanche.

" J'ai pris mon parti, chère sœur. Aimant trop Rodolphe pour pouvoir épouser Raoul, je me consacre à Dieu sans retour. Ne cherche point à combattre ma résolution : tu dois sentir au fond de toi-même que mon cœur ne quittera plus la route qu'il a prise. Hâte-toi d'épouser le Comte d'Hermigny. Tu sais où tes jouissances et ta félicité auront constamment un écho : tâche qu'elles soient assez fortes pour surmonter mes regrets, assez durables pour étouffer mon affliction. Dieu, qui a fait le miracle de nos ressemblances, est assez puissant pour opérer celui de ma guérison. J'espère que tu pourras penser à moi sans amertume, car je ne songerai à toi qu'avec attendrissement. J'ai en moi la certitude que tu ne te livreras pas au découragement, car je ne me laisserai pas abattre. Je me ferai paisible pour que tu sois calme. Ris, et mes pleurs se sécheront. Aie du bonheur, je serai heureuse. Nous aimerons encore toutes deux, toi l'homme, ta sœur l'éternel. Alix ! j'aurai la meilleure part ; quand la tienne te manquera, viens à moi, viens, sans nulle crainte . . . au même amour, au même autel !

" P.S. Préviens-moi du jour et de l'heure ou tu deviendras Comtesse d'Hermigny : je ne pleurerai pas, je prierai."

VII.

Peu de temps après cette missive, Alix, le front paré de la couronne nuptiale, suivait son fiancé à l'église. Le visage de

la jeune fille était mélancolique et rêveur: Rodolphe avait l'air radieux.

Mais, la veille, le Baron d'Aigreville avait quitté le castel avec la rage dans le cœur. Les causes de la détermination de Blanche, enfermée au couvent voisin, n'avaient pu échapper entièrement à son irritation jalouse. Il a juré de se venger.

La fiancée est à l'autel. Depuis le lever de l'aurore, elle se sentait faible et tremblante. Ses joues étaient décolorées. Ses pieds la soutenaient à peine.

Les époux sont agenouillés . . . et l'horloge marquait *midi*. Le prêtre interroge Rodolphe . . . L'anneau conjugal est passé au doigt de la future comtesse . . . O surprise! Alix, en ce moment, laisse tomber sa tête sur sa poitrine. Ses yeux se voilent et se ferment. Son corps se penche . . . elle chancelle. Rodolphe veut la soutenir, il passe son bras autour d'elle . . . Alix était évanouie.

VIII.

On emporte la mariée. La cérémonie interrompue n'a pu être entièrement achevée. L'alarme est répandue au manoir.

Alix, étendue sur son lit, revient peu à peu à l'existence. Une idée secrète l'occupe. Elle a rassuré son époux; et, calmant ses inquiétudes, elle supplie qu'on la laisse seule. Son désir a été rempli.

On croit que le sommeil est venu clore ses paupières. On a écarté toutes ses femmes. Point de mouvement, point de bruit: plus de serviteurs autour d'elle. La dame de Clamore, malade depuis la semaine précédente, et presque tombée dans l'enfance, ignore la scène de l'église; elle est renfermée dans sa chambre. Il était soir: Alix se lève. Les ombres descendaient sur la plaine; elle s'échappe du castel sans être vue, traverse à pas pressés le jardin, et vole au couvent de sa sœur. C'était à deux lieues d'Arinval.

IX.

— Ma sœur ! s'écrie Alix hors d'haleine ; Mariée ou non, me voici. Tu as pensé mourir, n'est-ce pas, ce matin, quand sonnait *midi* ?

Blanche, confondue de surprise, ne pouvait en croire ses yeux. Alix était là, devant elle, sous les murailles du saint cloître, encore à demi-parée pour ses noces, les doigts ornés de pierreries, mais harassée par la fatigue, sa robe à moitié déchirée par les ronces de la forêt, les pieds déchaussés et meurtris, pâle, échevelée, l'œil fixe... comme un spectre évoqué des tombes.

— Oui... ce matin même... c'est vrai ; répond Blanche d'une voix entrecoupée par les sanglots. Tu m'avais prévenue de l'heure : à *midi*, j'ai failli mourir.

— Je le savais, je l'ai senti ; reprend Alix d'un ton solennel. Mais aussi, accourant à toi, j'étais sûre de te retrouver, vivante, au monastère : car, touche-moi, j'existe encore.

X.

Les heures de la nuit s'écoulent. Les deux jumelles sont encore ensemble ; les séparer est impossible. Oh ! que de longues confidences !... Dieu seul en a eu le secret.

Tout-à-coup un des serviteurs du château d'Arinval arrive, effaré, du couvent. Quelle affreuse nouvelle il apporte !... Raoul a provoqué en duel le Comte d'Hermigny. Les deux rivaux se sont battus, la veille, après le coucher du soleil ; et Rodolphe a été tué.

La foudre a frappé les deux sœurs. Tombées sous le même coup, et se relevant sous la même douleur, elles s'essaient à la même résignation.

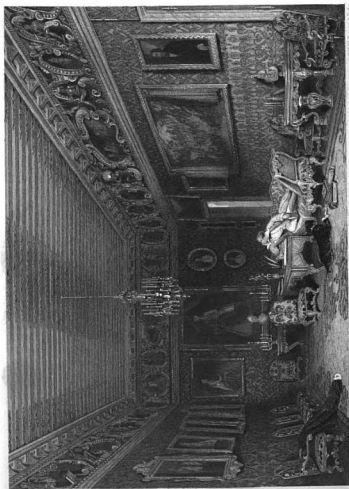
Alix a parlé la première.

— Qui nous consolera ? s'écrie-t-elle.

— Qui ? ma sœur ! répond Blanche : *Dieu !*

Une image sainte était là. Les jeunes filles se prosternent ; et, serrées l'une contre l'autre, elles s'embrassent au pied du Christ.





J. T. Whittier A.S.A.

Lib. Rev.

LORD BYRON'S ROOM

IN THE PALAZZO MONCENIGO, AT VENICE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Wo du das Genie Erblickst
Erblickst du auch zugleich die Märterkrone,—GOTTWE.

LONG years have pass'd since I this room beheld,
Yet doth it but appear as yesterday
Since there I sate, in meditation grave,
Gazing with pensive eye on all around—
So truly hath the limner's art pourtrayed
That chamber, where *he* dwelt whose presence lent
A mournful interest to each favored spot
Wherein he rested. Privilege of minds
Instinct with genius, Heaven's own attribute,
To consecrate what else were worthless deem'd,
And leave associations dear behind.
And as my eye glanced round where *his* had oft
Been turn'd—on pictures glowing on the walls,
And massive furniture of olden time
When Venice held proud empire on the seas—
I thought of him; and softened mem'ries came
Crowding into my mind, and fill'd the space
With his remember'd image, and his voice—
That low, clear, tuneful voice—was in mine ear,
As fresh as though I heard it once again,
'Till tears I could not check, bedew'd my cheek,
And cased the sorrow mem'ry had awoke.

* * * *

Ah ! who shall say what bitter thoughts were his
 Within this chamber, or how oft its walls
 Have echoed back the sighs that heav'd his breast—
 An exile from his land, and that fair child
 He yearn'd to see ? How, by injustice wrung
 His heart, that kindness could so swiftly move,
 Encased itself in coldness, or in scorn,
 To meet detraction, envy, jealousy,
 With pride that hurl'd defiance on his foes,
 But left him in his solitude, alive
 To fond regrets, and tender sympathies
 With all that's noblest in the human breast,
 Which calumny and wrong could ne'er destroy,
 Nor fame, with all its triumphs, e'er console.

• • • •

O Genius ! thine 's indeed a dang'rous gift !
 Allied with sensibility so keen
 That wounds, which common minds can scarcely feel,
 To thine bring torture, and when thy heart writhes
 With agony, the cold of blood deride,
 And marvel Poets are not wise as they !
 For aye, misunderstood, misjudged, men know
 No sympathy for minds above their own ;
 And though they prize the works that charm their hours
 They love the Author not, and readily
 Give ear to charges coin'd by envious hate,
 Anxious to lower what they cannot reach.

• • • •

And is this, Genius, then, thy meet reward
 For lonely hours, and vigils often kept,
 For winged thoughts that soar above this earth,
 And bring bright fire to warm the souls of men—
 Fire too consuming for the mortal frame

Of him who bears it, to know health or peace,
As the pale check and wasted form can vouch,
And early graves of God's high gifted—Poets?
Why hath the laurel not its fabled pow'r
To save from light'ning him who wears its wreath?

• • • •

But, Byron, thou at length hast found repose
Within the grave, and calumny no more
Can wound thy heart; and in thy native land
Thy name will live to ages yet remote,
Albeit denied a tomb in that proud fane
That holds the ashes of our glorious dead.
And pilgrims from our Albion to this room,
Shall come as to a shrine, their vows to pay,
And sighing pray that thou hast found above
The peace denied thee whilst thou wert on earth.

THE LIONS OF LOORISTAN.*

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES WHITE,

AUTHOR OF "DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE TURKS," "CASHMERE SHAWLS," ETC., ETC.

THE animosity existing between the rival sects of Sheah and Soony Mahomedans, is more intense, if possible than the jealousies that divide the Roman and Greek churches, in Syria and the Levant; more virulent and uncharitable even, than the ill will borne by Catholics towards Protestants in Belgium.†

Belgium is individualized, because there is no Christian land, where the intollerant and exclusive principles of the Roman Catholic clergy and leading aristocracy, so bitterly exemplified under Joseph II., have been perpetuated with greater acrimony than in that fertile and otherwise enlightened state.‡ More Papal than the Pope—more Catholic than the Roman Nuncio—both priestcraft and aristocracy not only seek to exclude Protestants from worldly enjoyments, even as they deny them all hope of salvation hereafter, but

* Looristan occupies a portion of the mountainous frontier between Turkey and Persia.

† Soony are those who consider the Prophet's heritage to have descended through Abon Becker, Omer and Osman, to the Omniad dynasty, and thence through the Abasside Kaliphs, to the exclusion of Ali, son-in-law of Mohammed; whereas Sheahs regard Ali and his posterity as lawful inheritors. The word Sheah signifies a sectarian; Soony an orthodox believer.

‡ In reply to the Emperor Joseph, who wished to accord equal civil rights to all his subjects in Belgium, the Synod of Louvain wrote thus: "Tolerance would be the source of dissensions, hatreds, and interminable discords, because the Catholic religion regards all heretics, without distinction, as victims devoted to eternal perdition. This is the maxim that the Catholic religion impresses upon her children, as an essential dogma and invariable article of their faith."
—WHITE'S HISTORY OF BELGIC REVOLUTION.

quarrelling among themselves—ultras abhor moderates, and would fain monopolize public education, tyrannize over private conscience, and throw all national institutions, manacled and besotted, at the feet of ambitious Jesuits, whose encroachments and exigencies were among the great predisposing causes, that led to the anti-religious re-action of the first French Revolution.

Mohammed, desirous to separate his followers and faith from all other creeds, declared that those who any way imitated infidel practices were themselves guilty of infidelity.* The Belgian priesthood have gone to equal lengths. They recently denounced all social connection with Protestants, as unorthodox; and, in a pastoral letter, declared that those who admitted heretics into their houses, or even saluted them in passing, were themselves aiders and abettors of heresy.

The superstitious credulity of a portion of the Belgic aristocracy, of which it would be easy to enumerate daily examples, lead all rational persons to draw comparisons, favourable to their ancestors in earlier times. In some instances these superstitions are fully as absurd as that of the Looristany mountaineer, whose adventure with a troop of yellow lions was narrated by Ali Hossein Khân, a powerful sheikh of one of these tribes.

To render the Khân's account more intelligible, it must be observed that a wide distinction is made by Soony and Sheah tribes, in their estimation of the character and appetites of the lions that infest the mountains of Looristan, or lurk among the small islands and jungle of the Tigris and Euphrates.

For instance, Soonys highly esteem black or dark-brown lions, whom they consider as participating in their own devotion, to the four perfect caliphs, and thence more

* The prophet's words were: "He who imitates other people, and follows their example, shall be considered as one of them."

disposed to be lenient to the persons and flocks of Soonys, than the yellow or tawny animals of this species, all of whom are regarded as their bitterest enemies. Sheahs, on the contrary, entertain opinions diametrically opposed. They respect yellow lions. They hold them to be generous in character and conduct, moderate in their wants, discreet in their behaviour, and endowed with admirable sagacity, especially as regards their connection with Sheahs. They assert that yellow lions never molest disciples of Ali, unless in self defence—that they refrain from destroying the lambs kids, or young camels of Sheahs, unless they be sore pressed by hunger, and that when compelled by absolute starvation to encroach upon Sheah folds, they will not wantonly gormandize, but limit their spoliation to the narrowest necessities of nature.

Should a yellow lion suddenly encounter a Sheah Looristany, the latter is certain of passing unscathed, providing he courteously salutes the prince of the forest, and proclaims his creed. Thus, when such events occur, Sheahs fix their eyes upon these animals, and offer them the *salâm* somewhat in these terms. "Peace be with you! In the name of Ali and the twelve Imâms, pass on my lord! We are brothers—like two apples growing upon one stalk. If thou art in want of food, satisfy thy cravings upon some heretic flock and spare mine! Nevertheless, by my beard and head, all I have is thine."

This invocation seldom fails to produce the desired effect. The noble beast swings his tail from side to side courteously, growls complacently, and, unless impelled by intense hunger, continues his quest, until he falls in with a Soony flock; then unrestrained by spiritual delicacy, he gives full scope to his appetite and sectarian prejudices. Matters, however, are widely different when Sheahs cross the path of dark-coated

lions; they recognise each other in a twinkling. A roar, that shakes the forest, announces the hostile sentiments of the one, shouts of defiance, or hasty retreat, proclaim the valour or discretion of the others. In all cases the whole tribe rush to arms, collect their largest and fiercest watch dogs, and hasten to the chace. Should the noble enemy succumb, the victory is celebrated by a feast, doubly grateful to the hunters, as these black lions are not only exceedingly ferocious, but gluttonous and wantonly mischievous to boot. Thus, when they burst into a fold, they are not content with gorging themselves to satiety, but, forgetting the homely maxims of "taste but not waste," and "eat but do not pocket," they slaughter ten times more than they can devour, and, although bursting from repletion, generally carry off enough for a subsequent meal.

But now for Ali Hossein's adventure. This will lose much of its force and originality by translation, and from the want of that energetic pantomime, wherewith the hardy mountaineer accompanied his narration.

"It has been our custom, from time immemorial," said the Khân, "to pass the winter months in the low lands, and to remove our camps for summer pasture to the flanks of the mountains. This migration takes place upon the first auspicious day immediately preceding *naurooz* (vernal equinox), which festival we celebrate, as ordained, with thanksgivings and rejoicings; but which those sons of burned fathers, the Soony heretics, pass over and neglect, as they do the solemn anniversary of *ashoura*, the feast of the blessed martyrs.*

* Sheahs celebrate *naurooz* with great rejoicings. They also commemorate *mîr djissan* (autumnal equinox), but all demonstrations of this kind are forbidden to Soonyes. Indeed, one of their most respected muftis anathematizes these rejoicings by saying—"Although a man may have recorded fifty years of unsullied righteousness, all will be effaced, if he should commemorate either of these heretical festivals." *Ashoura* is the solemn anniversary of the martyrdom of Ali's family, on the plain where Kerbala now stands. It always commences upon the 10th of Moharrem. At Constantinople, notwithstanding the

"In these refreshing summer camps our souls expand, and both men and beasts imbibe new life. The eminences are clothed with verdure, the ravines are shaded with umbrageous foliage, and the banks are enamelled with a thousand odorous flowers. There we can quench our thirst and perform ablutions at all hours, with water gushing from inexhaustible springs—sweet and transparent as that of the heavenly lake (*Al kavoor*), whence those who drink shall never thirst again. There our ears are regaled with songs of countless nightingales, and our senses are enchanted with the balmy odours of the prophet's rose (the violet), more fragrant than the richest attar of the holy cities.*

"Whilst our tribes are in the hills, our elders devote their time to council, and to training our children to ride, shoot, and wield the spear and scimitar. Our young men, when not occupied in guarding our flocks, or in predatory excursions against hostile tribes, pursue wild beasts into the deepest recesses of the forest. Our women spin, weave, prepare *yaoort* (curds) and food, and perform their harem duties until third prayer; then they assemble beneath the shade, and either listen to the songs of their companions, or turn the ear of admiration to the voice of our *meddah* (tale teller), who narrate mirthful stories, or recount the soul-stirring exploits of our forefathers. Our flocks, meanwhile, luxuriate upon the rich herbage, and thus speedily recover from the ener-

above anathema, visits are paid and presents made at *naurooz* (literally, new day), and visitors are offered a pleasant sherbet of herbs and fruits, called spring drink. *Ashour* is also commemorated privately. Marriages, circumcisions, and family rejoicings are interdicted, as essentially unfortunate during the ten days; and cakes, consisting of ten ingredients, are distributed. Practices not altogether dissimilar are met with in Christian lands. Thus we find the Rhenish Germans drinking "*May drink*," made of herbs and Moselle wine, at the commencement of spring; and we have our hot cross buns on Good Friday.

* A much esteemed rose oil is made at Mecca, and called *Attur Shesky* (imperial utter).

vating effects of stinted winter provender, or from the harrassing consequences of long marches across the desert, when we return from distant pastures.

"When our hands are not engaged in brandishing our lances over the heads of enemies, the chase is our duty and recreation. We do not lack game. Wolves, panthers, bears, lynxes, and lions abound. Lured by the bleatings of our flocks, these brutes descend from the upper regions, and prowl around us during night. Their roars are the music that cradles our children; their skins are the pillows and carpets of our women. Thus our youth are reared to despise the fear-inspiring effects of the one, and our harems encourage our ardour, in the hope of obtaining the other.*

"Bears, wolves, and panthers easily fall victims to our marksmen, but lions are more sturdy and dangerous foes. They are of two kinds, black and yellow; the latter are our allies, they are of our creed. The black are of the same faith as the Soony heretics, and our mortal foes. There is a perpetual blood-feud between us. If their presence be discovered in the forest, our men spring to their feet, grasp their weapons, and rush to the chase. We or they must die. When the trumpet of Israfil shall summon all things, animate and inanimate, before the judgment scales, these brutes will share in the torments destined for those who deny the divine rights of Ali and the twelve Imâms. As for Soonyes, all men know their fate: they will indubitably serve as beasts of burden, to carry *Yaoudy* (Jews) into the hottest place.†

"Now it came to pass, one day, that a huge black lioness

* Although some wild animals are impure, all skins, except that of the hog, become spiritually clean when cured. Some rigid orthodoxes will not pray on or in garments lined with furs.

† Having asked a Persian what would become of Osmanlis at the last day, he replied, "*Inshallah*! they will be used to carry Jews into the lowest hell. All the world knows that."

and her cubs were discovered in a thicket, contiguous to our herd of new born camels. The alarm being instantly given, our young men seized their arms, collected their dogs, and the forests soon wrung with the shouts of pursuit. The cubs were quickly overtaken and slaughtered, but the mother sought safety in flight. No dweller of the hill or desert could then compete with me in speed or endurance; none could surpass my skill with sword or firearms; I could cleave through a dozen folds of felt with the former, as easily as children cut through cucumbers; with the latter I could strike a horse-fly from the ear of my favourite mare Duldul, at the distance of an hundred paces.* But however much I had reason to thank Allah for the latter excellence, I had nigh having cause to repent the former. Forgetful of my superiority of foot I darted onwards, and soon outstripped all my companions, by nearly a *farsang*. Nothing daunted, however, I followed, and suddenly overtook the lioness, as she crouched to slake her thirst and lave her panting sides, in a mountain spring. Upon seeing me the brute rose, opened wide her jaws, shook the spray from her flanks, and with a roar of thunder sprung to destroy me.

"Recommending my soul to the Almighty, I uttered the *bismallah* (in the name of God), raised my gun and fired. The hand of Ali guided my aim; the bullet struck the devil-coloured brute in a vital part; it staggered, groaned, and rolled dead before me. Unsheathing my dagger, I quickly freed the skin from the body, and casting it over the branch of a tree, left it to be transported to our camp upon the following day. This done, I performed ablutions, uttered an *hamdillah* (praise be to God), and taking the nearest direction home-

* Duldul was the renowned and favourite mare of the prophet, and supposed to be descended from the studs of Solomon and David. The name is commonly given to horses in the East.

wards, plunged into the thickest of the forest. But, as Shaitan would have it, I shortly became bewildered and entangled amidst impervious thickets, and soon found myself hemmed in upon all sides, like an engaged bird.

"At length, after incredible efforts, I extricated myself, and, having obtained a clear view of the sun, corrected my course, and hastened to gain our camp before evening prayer. But who can foretel events? As I burst through a screen of matted foliage, a sight met my eye, that turned my bowels upside down. *Schukerallah* (God be praised), I was no coward—nevertheless, I thought my last hour was come.—Upon an open grassy space, flanked by stupendous rocks and yawning precipices, a party of some forty yellow lions and lionesses barred my passage. They were collected in a half circle, round the dead carcase of one of their species, a huge beast, the grandfather, probably, of their tribe. Some sat upon their hams, with downcast looks, and indications of intense sorrow; others hid their rugged faces between their fore limbs; whilst others, the harem, perhaps, of the defunct, moaned piteously, and brushed away the tears that streamed down their cheeks with their shaggy paws.

"Had Monker and Naker stood over my grave with uplifted hammers, I could not have been more powerless.* My feet seemed transfixed, my eye fascinated, my hands dropped heavily by my sides, and my heart beat as audibly as the drums of the Hadji on their pilgrimage to the blessed shrine of Kirbalah. However, I did not neglect my profession of faith, so that I might be prepared for death.† This inspired

* Monker and Naker are the two angels, who, it is supposed, visit and examine the dead immediately after interment. If the deceased be of those who have gone astray, these angels forthwith commence a series of horrible tortures, one of which is battering the condemned's head with red hot hammers.

† The profession of faith is the well known "*La ilah alallah*," &c. &c. The repetition of this at the latest moment before death, either by the departing

me with new courage; but as retreat or advance were equally impossible, I raised my arms to the branches of an overhanging sycamore, and bethought me of seeking temporary security amidst its foliage. But scarcely did I move my hands ere the whole body of lions started up—their eyes flashed fire, their manes stood erect, their tails were distended, and they uttered a succession of short, sharp roars; terrible as will be the blast of the summoning angel's voice at the last day.

"Thinking that a thread, narrow as the bridge Al Sirât alone divided me from eternity, I abandoned my soul to Allah and stood motionless to await my fate. It advanced with arrow-speed. Two of the largest and most vigorous lions sprung from the group, and rushed, like the desert wind, towards me. Although my tongue cleaved to my mouth, I retained sufficient power to exclaim—'In the name of Ali, the lion and favourite of God! I am no heretic. *Bak* (see) I am no Soony hog! By the thirst and anguish of the holy martyrs—*amân, amân* (mercy)!' Before I could utter another half-word the two monsters were at my side. Their fiery breath scorched me—I shut my eyes—and held myself as dead.

"But Allah is merciful and element! In lieu of felling me with their paws and tearing me to shreds with their fangs, one of the beasts seized the end of my girdle in his mouth, and dragging me gently onwards, led me to the side of the deceased lion. A pause ensued. During this the elders seemed to hold council. Seeing this, and knowing that yellow lions rarely committed cold-blooded murders, especially on true believers, I exclaimed—'By the bright eye of Ali, on whom be the blessing, I am your sacrifice. My blood is yours, if it be so ordained. If your father has fallen by Soony hands, I will avenge him. I will have his blood price from their necks,

or their friends, is as necessary to Mussulman salvation as the Viaticum to that of Roman Catholics.

though the sun on one side and the moon on the other, rise up against me. This I swear, by the graves of the twelve Imāms.'

"Whether the lions comprehended this appeal, Allah only knows. But presently my two guards approached the dead carcase, and, making signs with their noses and paws first to the earth and then to my dagger, signified that I should perform the duties of *mezarjee* (gravedigger). A blind kitten could not mistake their meaning; so, without delay, I drew forth my broad, double-edged poniard, and forthwith set to work. The ground being soft, I soon opened a deep excavation, and fashioned it according to prescribed rules, with the feet towards Mecca.* I then cut stout stakes from the neighbouring branches, so that I might lay them across the grave, to prevent earth from falling upon the body. The lions, in the meantime, watched my proceedings in tranquil silence. The sagacious brutes seemed to know that I was disposed to fulfil all proper ceremonies, as to one of my own faith.

"The grave being ready, I stood aloof, and waited further commands. Instantly four or five old lions advanced, seized the body, deposited it in the trench, and then made signs that I should proceed in the most orthodox manner. Thereupon, I laid the stakes diagonally over the corpse, and sprinkling earth upon them with my hand, began to fill up the excavation. At this moment, all the male lions approached, and, crouching round, put their muzzles to the ground, and aided my labour. When this was completed, they drew still closer, looked wistfully at the earth raised above the body, and uttered a few stifled groans; a last farewell, no doubt, to the

* Sheahs are buried with their feet towards Mecca, and somewhat slanting, so as to look in that direction at the resurrection. Soonys are interred with their right side parallel to the same place.

venerable departed. This being accomplished, they rose, and separating in different directions, all disappeared in the forest, save my two guards.

"Thinking that these animals had no further occasion for my services, and that I might demand instant freedom as my reward, I wiped the perspiration from my brow, cleansed my weapon, and, taking courage, said, 'My lords, it is within a twinkling of sun-down prayer. In the name of Allah, whiten my face and let me depart. May Ali reward you with plenty and increase!' But my tribulations were not terminated. In reply to this adjuration, one of the lions seized my hand in his mouth, and led me towards a cleft in the rocks.

"It is customary for our tribes to celebrate funerals by sacrifices, and by distributing curds and bread among the most needy. I therefore apprehended that the customs of the yellow lions were similar, and that I was doomed to be torn to pieces, and divided among the deceased's friends, in the same manner that the small cakes, called *lockma* (mouthfuls), are made for this purpose in our harems, and distributed during three days. Thus was I destined a second time to pass through the anticipated anguish of a terrible death. But knowing that man can only die once, and that no mortal can retard or advance the destined moment by a hair's breadth, I cheered myself, and ejaculating, 'God is Lord of all! Ali will protect me,' readily followed my conductor.

"Having reached the cleft in the rock, I perceived this to be the entrance of a large cavern, the abode of these animals. My courage was indisputable; but, nevertheless, my blood thickened, when I saw the ground strewn with the bones of camels and sheep, and, here and there, with those of my own species. My expectations of instant death increased, when I saw one lion stretch himself across the entrance to bar flight,

whilst the other pushed me before him into an inner cavern, lighted by a fissure in the vaulted roof. This cavern was strewn with money, human wearing apparel, and arms; some rotten, tattered, rusty, and broken; others in good condition, and fit for service. This was evidently the place of death; so I prepared to meet my end, as became one who places his faith in a better world.

"But, praise be to him—the giver of life!—the lion now released my hand, and pawing the various articles, made intelligible signs that lions were not ungrateful, and that I might select whatever I pleased from the liberal brutes treasury. *Mashallah*, I was not slow to obey. I therefore picked out a richly inlaid gun, two sabres, and as many poniards of the finest Khorassan steel. To these I added a couple of good waist shawls, and, as money could be of little use to lions, I filled my *shalwars* (trousers) and girdle with golden tonaums. This being done, the lion put his nose to my back, and drove me before him into the open air. Thence, without pausing, he led me through many narrow paths, until we reached a crag, whence the smoke of our camp was plainly visible below.

"Here the noble animal quitted me, and, bounding into the forest, disappeared. The moon being risen, I hastened downwards, and, ere long, came within the circle of our watchmen. Never did *mousofir* (guest) quit a king's palace more richly gifted than did Ali Hossein Khān the den of the yellow lions. That which added to the value of the generous brute's gift, was the discovery that the arms in my girdle were those of a Soony sheikh, who had slain my brother. Between his tribe and mine there was a blood feud. This sheikh, Mohammed Kanlou (the sanguinary), had disappeared some days previous, no man knew how. The yellow lions had anticipated our vengeance, and exacted the price of blood.

'Such was my adventure with these noble animals,' added sheikh Ali Hossein; 'on my head, it is no lie!'"

The solemnity and air of conviction with which the Looristany narrated this adventure, led me to think that he had told it so often, that he ultimately believed in its veracity—a climax common to "breeders of fiction" elsewhere. I leave the reader to deal with the tale as I did with the sheikh, by saying, "*Mashallah*, as God wills it, so it is! Nothing is impossible to him—the Creator!"

SONNET.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Another Noon—and still the sun rides high,
 Without the shadow of a gathering cloud;
 The parch'd blade withers on the earth; a crowd
 Of pale young flowers stoop down their heads to die,
 And lordly trees look up despairing!y!
 The streams have shrunk, like miser's store, whose heirs
 Awhile have revelled on their parted shares;
 And Nature faints beneath the fervid sky.
 So blighting hours pass on, till Evening comes,
 When lo! with Night ascending from the east
 See dark-fringed messengers, to glad the homes
 Of prince and peasant! Oh! of them the least
 Is sign and banner of a conquering train,
 For thirsty Earth drinks in the bless'd Rain!

July, 1844.

"GOD ENCOMPASSETH US."

BY THE HON. G. F. BERKELEY, M.P.

I.

How vain the unbelievers cry,
Who dares omnipotence deny,
When every moving form that lives,
A breathing illustration gives
Of that vast labour all may see,
Though wrapp'd in wondrous mystery !

II.

The airs that through the blossoms steal,
A perfumed incense to reveal,
The bird that sings from summer bough,
To cheer the mate who nests below,
Are each an evidence of One,
Who rules from ocean to the sun !

III.

Each night—each sound from hill and dale,
All serve to raise the awful veil,
And point the haven or the wave,
The proffer'd safety or the grave,
That wait upon the traveller's life,
So strangely strewn with dangers rife !

IV.

Be grace and mercy given then,
To guide and meet the steps of men ;
For though God dwells in all we see,
Yet still so vast the mystery
That mortal man may scarce control
A safety for the willing soul,
So strangely worded, and so dark,
The lore descended from the ark !

THE WITHERED LEAF.

BY MISS FOWER.

THE Spring-time saw thy birth, poor faded thing,
Blessed thee with balmy gales, fed thee with show'rs,
Placed thee amid a wilderness of flow'rs,
And fanned thee with the downy painted wing
Of the wild bird who sat by thee to sing
His roundelay throughout the smiling hours,
While all thy sister-leaves in greenwood bow'rs
With thee and Zephyr held sweet whispering.
How art thou fallen from thy bright estate !
Scoffed by the wintry-wind, low dost thou lie,
Shorn of thy greenness, now no more elate
To swing aloft between the earth and sky—
And yet thou are not more the sport of Fate
Than man who o'er the world holds monarchy.

ONCE TOO OFTEN!

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

DORINGCOURT PARK was situated in the rich and fertile county of Worcester; it was extensive and highly cultivated, and within its precincts, embedded in a wood, stood a red brick mansion, with its massive stone cornices, corbels and dressings—its deep bay windows and gable roofs. This mansion had been, for some centuries, in the hands of the Nugents—the great county family, whose ancestral honors might be traced back to the Normans, and whose arms may yet be decyphered in the blazonry of the Bayeux tapestry. Some hundred and fifty years ago the inhabitant of this mansion was a solitary lady—a Lady Clara Nugent—whose mode of life and character formed a frequent subject for conversation and conjecture amongst the surrounding gentry. Of the personal appearance of Lady Clara, it may be enough to say, that her age was doubtful—her usual aspect sombre, and that she might have been supposed past the meridian of life; but, at times, when a smile of benevolence, an expression of content, beamed on her faultless features, giving life and brightness to her eyes, she seemed scarcely to have numbered thirty summers. Esteemed and courted by a populous neighbourhood, she lived in great retirement; or, if she sought fellowship with any, it was with the poor and humble. Her village school was never neglected, and her most cheerful hours appeared to be those passed in the instruction of youth. In short, her beneficence was extended to all her poorer neighbours, among whom she was regarded with all the affection her bounties merited.

When she first came to reside at Doringcourt (for the property had only devolved on her by the death of two elder sisters, neither of whom had resided on the estate since their childhood), she was said to have received proposals from several gentlemen possessing fine estates in the county; but her determination never to marry was expressed with so much firmness that it was considered irrevocable.

Early one summer's morning, the people in the village of Doringcourt were surprised to hear that Lady Clara had given orders for her travelling-carriage to be got ready. Twelve years uninterrupted residence at the Park had induced them to fancy she could never leave it; but Lady Clara was going without saying whether her absence would be long or short, nor to what spot she was proceeding. She made every arrangement for the continuance of her charities, and left instructions with the clergyman and her own steward for the fulfilment of these plans.

Never could there have been a stronger proof of the inadequate value we are apt to set upon present blessings, than the aspect of Doringcourt village long after Lady Clara's departure. It was not merely the tribute of tears shed, as her carriage rolled rapidly through the assembled crowd, but a more lasting one in the overwhelming sorrow which seemed to paralyze their exertions. She whose counsel taught prudence and forethought—she whose smile of approval gladdened their hearts—she whose ready sympathy soothed the sorrows and dried the tears of the afflicted—she whose bountiful and judicious gifts took from the industrious the sting of failure; she was gone from them—her charities, her establishments were to be kept up, but the spirit which animated and rendered these things doubly precious, no longer dwelt among them.

After some weeks absence, Lady Clara returned almost as

suddenly and unexpectedly as she had gone; but she returned not alone. She was accompanied by a young man who called her aunt, and on whom she lavished the greatest kindness. Whatever Captain Mortimer desired, was to be instantly procured. Whatever he did seemed right in the eyes of Lady Clara; and, in truth, a mind like hers could not have had a fairer field for the indulgence of its tenderest sympathies. The young soldier's noble brow and honest bearing furnished him with a passport to every heart. He was in very bad health—five years' service on a West Indian station had robbed his cheek of its sunny brightness, and, in some degree, dimmed the lustre of his eye; and a low intermittant fever had prostrated, to almost childish weakness, his manly form.

Lady Clara tended and soothed him in his hours of pain and debility, and assumed a gaiety foreign to her disposition, when his spirits would bear it. At the close of a day, during which he had been unusually ill and depressed, she said—"My dear Harry, why will you not confide in me? Why not avow the cause of a grief which may not be, as you think, without remedy?"

"Oh yes, it is but too remediless," replied he; "but you have a right to my confidence, and shall not ask for it twice.

"Two years ago I became ardently attached to the daughter of General Sir Charles Dormer, and had every reason to suppose my affection returned. Eliza Dormer was beautiful and much admired; at times this admiration, which seemed pleasing to her, alarmed my tenderness, and, more than once, I ventured to tell her that her manner rather attracted than repelled, a mode of dalliance which I thought cruel to me. On these occasions Eliza would assure me that attentions were forced upon her—that her father's situation exposed her to them—that she could not be uncivil to any guest at the

Government House; and, if not convinced by her arguments, I was overpowered by her bright and sunny smile, as she added—‘you know, Harry, that I love only you.’

“Sir Charles Dormer was recalled to England, and, as Eliza would not cancel the promise she had exacted from me, of concealing our attachment from her father, I was forced to see her leave the island and trust to her assurance that, ere I could obtain leave to join them in England, all should be acknowledged by her, and that she doubted not her father’s consent would follow. ‘At this moment,’ said she, ‘he is overwhelmed with public affairs, his mind is harrassed, his temper soured by a recal which he thinks unjust, and believe me, Harry, it were to risk our future happiness to apply to him at present.’ Perhaps in this instance my own reason took part with her arguments, but I bitterly reproached myself for having consented to the previous concealment.

“I saw them embark, and instantly applied for leave. Of the difficulties thrown in my way you can best judge, for nothing short of your persevering kindness could have overcome them. But, during these negotiations, my health became much affected by the climate, and my unceasing anxiety about Eliza brought on that cruel attack of fever from which, under your good nursing, I am but progressing towards recovery.

“Had you not been at Liverpool to meet me, hardly should I have desired to be carried on shore, so completely had illness prostrated all my energies. From my agent, to whom I immediately applied on landing, I received two letters from Eliza, but they were not calculated to comfort me, for she persisted in the imprudence we should commit in acknowledging our attachment. This morning I have received another, through the same channel, for I have not given her

my address, not knowing whether you might not pursue your original intention of making a tour. This letter is, I think, more unsatisfactory than the former ones. She entreats me to make no attempt to visit her, and says she is leaving home with her father on a round of visits, and mentions, among others, that she is to spend some days at the Palace at Worcester."

While Captain Mortimer had been speaking, Lady Clara had remained silent, but evidently much agitated; at the conclusion of his recital, she said, "Harry, the story of your grief has much affected me—it arises from a serious cause. Eliza Dormer is a coquette, and better link your fate with an envenomed reptile than with such a being; let us hope that she may not be irrevocably one, for then would your sorrows be without avail. She may be but misled by youthful folly, and counsel may amend her. The Bishop of Worcester and his lady are well known to me, I will call on them, and invite Sir Charles and his daughter here. If I find, after a diligent search into her character, that her heart is sufficiently healthy to ally it safely with yours, I will do my utmost to obtain her father's consent; but if it be cankered by that loathsome vice of coquetry, not only would I sooner follow you to your grave than advance your marriage, but I will endeavour by every means to prevent it."

"My dear aunt, I must have done Eliza injustice; believe me, she is no coquette. What have I said to make you think so ill of her?"

"Alas! Harry, your description has left no doubt on my mind that hers is tainted by the germs of that dangerous vice; but let us hope that it may be but tainted, and not thoroughly diseased. I will go to Worcester to-morrow, pay my visit, and if I find Sir Charles Dormer, to whom my family are well known, I will invite him to visit Doringcourt ere he leaves Worcestershire."

Lady Clara was not one to promise and not perform, and early the next day she was on her way to Worcester. Her invitation to Doringcourt met with an immediate assent, and was fixed for that day week—their stay, Sir Charles said, could be but short, as they were expecting friends at home within a fortnight. Not a word was said of Captain Mortimer, and Lady Clara insisted on her nephew not apprising Eliza of his being resident there. She wished to judge of her conduct under surprise at meeting him. “You might, and I doubt not, would be easily deceived,” said she, “but I shall not be so; every turn of her countenance, every word she may utter, her very silence will enable me to detect the extent to which she may be a coquette.”

On the appointed day Sir Charles and Miss Dormer arrived, and Lady Clara watched the latter most assiduously. On first seeing Captain Mortimer, which her hostess took care should not be under the restraint of her father’s presence, she turned so pale, and was so violently agitated, that Lady Clara mentally exclaimed—“He is not indifferent to her, and all may be well.” On first perceiving him she had started forward, but remembering Lady Clara’s presence, stopped, trembling and irresolute. Harry, who was still feeble, and walked with some difficulty, caught her hands, and after a few indistinct words said, “Dear Eliza, my aunt knows all, I have told her of our mutual attachment.”

“Oh, how imprudent!” exclaimed Eliza; “but you will not, madam, you will not, I trust, betray me to my father.”

“We will talk of that another time,” answered Lady Clara, “for the present your secret, though an unwise and undutiful one, is safe,” and with these words she left them together.

Sir Charles Dormer’s meeting with Captain Mortimer was most cordial; he evidently harboured no suspicion of the existing attachment. At dinner a large party assembled; for

Lady Clara had purposely invited all the gay young men of which the neighbourhood could boast. Eliza passed that day's ordeal without incurring the slightest censure from her hostess, who was too just not to perceive the difficult position in which she was placed, and that if she permitted her attention to be partly engrossed by some of the visitors, it might be the better to conceal her real feelings from her father.

Lady Clara took an early opportunity of conversing with Sir Charles Dormer, spoke flatteringly of his daughter's appearance and manner, and then begged to claim the privilege of an old friend of the family, and inquire if any alliance was on the tapis for Miss Dormer.

"That, madam," replied Sir Charles, "is an inquiry somewhat difficult to answer. A marriage was settled for her before she could well have chosen for herself, and my word pledged to an old brother officer to bestow her hand on his son, should I find their characters not too dissimilar. Eliza was left in ignorance of this treaty, but on meeting the young man (whose name is Denham), she appeared so pleased with him, that I acquainted her with the promise I had made his father. Would you believe it, Lady Clara, from that hour her conduct changed; she took every opportunity of avoiding him, and received the attention of any one in preference. At one moment I suspected her of liking your nephew, but since we returned to England others seem equally to have attracted her; and as I never mean to force my child's inclinations, I can only hope that Denham's excellent character and amiable disposition may in the end prevail."

Lady Clara's fears became strengthened; but she said as carelessly as she could—"And so Miss Dormer's liking for my nephew was only transient; but had it been otherwise, Sir Charles, and there had been a mutual attachment, would the alliance have displeased you?"

"Certainly not, Lady Clara; I should have been sorry, as I shall be in any case, if my word to my old friend remains unfulfilled; but I know no one of whom I think more highly than of Harry Mortimer."

Lady Clara's next business was with Miss Dormer, who she invited to come and work with her in her private sitting-room. As soon as both ladies were engaged, Lady Clara observed—"I have been speaking to your father of you, Miss Dormer."

"Oh, you have not betrayed us!" exclaimed Eliza.

Lady Clara related all that had passed, reproaching her warmly, yet not harshly, for the levity and coquetry her conduct had displayed.

Deeply affected, Eliza Dormer sunk on her knees and entreated Lady Clara to counsel, to protect, and advise her. "I am young, I am weak," she said; "no mother's counsel ever fell on my ear; till this hour I never thought my conduct could bear such an interpretation; for in the midst of all my follies my love for Harry was omnipotent, and henceforth, I will strive to appear worthy of his."

Lady Clara raised the weeping suppliant as she said, "May I find it so, and then it shall be my business to promote your marriage; but as a protection against yourself, I enjoin you to relate to Harry the substance of our conversation—the conviction your past conduct had forced on me, and the determination you have made of acting more circumspectly for the future. Your father dines out, and this evening I will make you and Harry acquainted with a tale which will force you both to loathe, as I do, the name of a coquette."

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Faithful to her promise, Lady Clara repaired with her young guests to her private sitting-room, where she was sure of no interruption. "You have often asked me, Harry," she began, "why I supposed myself so well able to discover of

what a coquette is capable. Alas! alas! who should know better than myself? for I was a finished, a heartless coquette—Happiness in its brightest form wooed me; I was beloved by one on whom I doted, but the deadly sin of coquetry was too strongly interwoven in my nature. You, Henry, must, I almost fancy, remember some of the incidents I am about to relate, for your early years were past with us, and though my poor sister was not your mother, never did any one perform a mother's duties more conscientiously than my dear Mary did to her husband's motherless boy; and when, at that husband's early death, your uncles would have relieved her from the charge, she begged you might remain with her till you were ten years old. You must surely remember Chaworth Castle, its turretted walls, its moats, its fastnesses?

“But to proceed with my tale, I was the youngest of three sisters, we were left orphans at an early age. My eldest sister died very young, and when Mary married your father (then a widower), I was consigned by my guardian to her care. I loved her tenderly, and save on one point, her wish was my law; but vain were all her tender admonitions against my besetting sin. Not to be admired by all, not to be singled out from the crowd, was a position too painful to be endured, and no sooner did a new face appear than every art was used, every effort made by me, to attract attention—but, once secured, the charm was gone—conquest was my aim, its preservation I cared not for. I was in the very zenith of this disgraceful occupation when your father's sudden death for a time arrested me. I really shared my poor sister's affliction, happy would it have been had the retirement into which it forced me been productive of more salutary effects. Mary, ever thoughtful for others, would not hear of this seclusion being prolonged beyond the period of my mourning. At first I resisted her wish that I should again go out; but my

entreaties to remain with her became fainter on hearing that one of the stewards appointed at the approaching races, was a young, rich, and handsome nobleman. It was not in nature, at least, not in my wicked nature, to leave the field open to my former rivals, and fully armed for conquest, I departed with my chaperon, for the races. I had not been long in the grand stand when the stewards came up, one of them I recognised as an old admirer, the other was a perfect stranger; for the first time in my life my manner was confused, I felt a timidity quite foreign to my character, and when the stranger addressed me my voice trembled in giving the simple answer his question required. The whole time I remained on the course this feeling never left me, and during the drive home I scarcely spoke. On my return, my sister observed my agitated and reserved manner. 'My beloved Clara,' said she, 'how selfish has my sorrow made me, I have allowed you to share my seclusion so long that the first scene of gaiety is too much for your nerves, but this must not continue,' and turning to my companion, she added, 'dear Mrs. Chisholme, I depend on you to take Clara to the ball this evening.'

"I made a faint resistance to this proposal, but my sister would hear of no excuse, and by the time my chaperon returned to conduct me thither, I had conquered my unusual nervousness, and was again myself. My toilette that evening occupied more of my attention than it had ever before done; and when my sister with a burst of affection, pressed me fondly to her heart and called me her beautiful Clara, I again trembled from gratified feeling.

"On entering the ball-room the two stewards advanced to meet us, and the young and handsome stranger of the morning asked permission to lead me to the dance, which had been delayed till my arrival. That evening completed the

infatuation of the morning, and, seating myself on Mary's bed, who was awake on my return, I told her that I trusted, for my sake, that she would not deny admittance to Lord Ernest Malvers when he called next day.

" 'Assuredly not, my loved Clara,' replied that gentle sister, 'if you really are anxious to see him; but, dear one, you must not enlist me in your victimising plans, they are unworthy of you and——'

" 'Oh! say no more, Mary,' cried I; 'see Lord Ernest, and then tell me if he is likely to be the victim of any woman.' And Mary did see Lord Ernest; day after day he came, and my very nature seemed changed. I lived but in his sight, and even the civilities of other men were sickening to me.

" The summer passed away like a dream, the autumn tints had already clothed the fine old trees in the park. Our walks, our rides were curtailed in length, but by a bright and cheerful wood fire, our evenings glided on in peace and happiness. One night Ernest had been reading to us portions from Shakspeare's plays. 'What a conception of mental agony must that man have had,' said Ernest, 'ere he could have pourtrayed Othello's first doubt of his wife!'

" 'By-the-bye, Ernest,' said I, 'you have no jealousy in your disposition, I think.'

" 'Rather,' replied he, 'I have no suspicion; to me it would be impossible to suspect the woman I loved—for suspecting, I should cease to love.'

" 'Then you will never be jealous of me?' I asked, as my hand rested in his.

" 'Of you, Clara! Jealous of my affianced wife! No, no, not even were an *Iago* to come between us. You have taught me to love you fondly, and therefore must I trust you fully. None but yourself could break the bonds of love and trust you have forged.'

"Half laughing, I answered, 'Shall I try?' Mary frowned, and saying it was late, arose, and passing her arm through mine, bid Ernest good night.

"As soon as we were alone my sister lectured me for the silly speech I had just made. My besetting sin was once more roused, and fearlessly I replied, 'Not so silly as you may think, Mary. I have for some time perceived how very sure Ernest feels, I must give him some alarm or we shall, even before marriage, sink into absolute listlessness.'

"Greatly alarmed for my happiness, my sister warmly and tenderly expostulated against my folly, but in vain.

"Will it be believed, that from that hour my former acts were again resorted to? Just at that time, two visitors, Lord Beauvoir and his brother, Mr. Lister, came to pass some time with us, and I devoted myself to the task of captivating both. Ernest was so provokingly calm under my first outbreak, that I was piqued into a continuance of my folly. 'Your sister's guests engross much of your attention, my dear Clara,' at length he observed; 'and I am jealous of the time you feel it right to give them.'

"Fool that I was! this very speech, so kind, so confiding, which should have made me blush at my treachery, seemed to inspirit me to do worse. Ernest had pronounced the word 'jealous;' he said he was jealous of the time I gave; but he must also be jealous of me or my triumph would not be complete; and, in defiance of my sister's remonstrances, I rushed headlong into the vortex of folly I had planned. One night Ernest had besought me to sing, and I had made a thousand silly excuses, when Mr. Lister, ignorant of the subject of our discourse, for we were standing apart, came up, and with one of his blindest smiles, entreated me to try some manuscript music which had just been sent him by a professional friend. I was about to refuse; my first impulse was good,

I had been listening to Ernest for ten minutes, and something of his noble nature had infused itself into my mind, but my evil genius prevailed. What a crowning triumph this would be—now he must be jealous—now he must be miserable. I beheld him in imagination at my feet, beseeching me to restore him to my favour; such an opportunity might not again occur, and taking off my gloves, I walked deliberately to the pianoforte, and was soon engaged in decyphering a sweet and plaintive melody. Once I looked up to see if Ernest was listening, but he was not within my sight, and though I began to tremble a little at what I had done, I proceeded to the end of the air. On quitting the instrument I perceived Lord Beauvoir reading, my sister was bending over her embroidery frame; I could not be mistaken, a tear fell on it—and Lord Ernest was no longer in the room—half frantic I rushed into the vestibule, and was told that Lord Ernest had gone out to walk. I ran as fast as my trembling limbs would permit to the terrace, where we had so often walked together, and in the temple where the first words of love had passed our lips, where our troth had been plighted, I beheld Ernest. His hat was off, his face was buried in his hands, his arms resting on the table before which he was seated. I sprang forward, and ere he was aware of my approach, was on my knees imploring him to forgive me. He raised his head and looked at me with a look of such intense pity, that I became speechless with shame and contrition. ‘Clara,’ said he, ‘what is all this? One of us must be under some strange delusion—explain to me what it all means. You, who I left a short time since directing your attentions to Mr. Lister, hastening to fulfil his slightly expressed wish, though the same wish had been refused when urged by me—are now here in a position unbecoming a woman. For God’s sake, Clara, speak the truth; tell me

if you have found that it is on Mr. Lister, and not on me, that your happiness depends. The discovery will be a bitter one; but be candid, and fear not; I will be your friend though I may never be more.'

"Every word Ernest uttered was a dagger in my heart. Did he really talk of giving me up to another. Oh! the very thought was torture. I clung to his knees, I adjured him to hear me; I protested that I cared for no one but him—but that I had wanted to make him jealous.

"He started as though an adder had stung him. Never shall I forget his colourless face as he said—'Great God! can it be possible that such an unworthy, wicked thought existed in the heart I so fondly worshipped?'

"He seemed literally choked with emotion; the sight of his anguish was too much for me, and I fainted. On recovering my senses I found myself on a sofa in my sister's dressing-room, that dear sister and Ernest were bending over me; the latter still deadly pale. On my attempting to speak, he raised my hand to his lips, and said, very gently, 'Clara, for your sake and mine do not, I entreat, agitate yourself. Now that I see you restored to animation I can leave you; to-night we had best give to reflection, to-morrow we will talk.' I grasped his hand, and tried to retain him, but bidding my sister good night, he left the room.

"During many hours of that eventful night, did Mary try to soothe and comfort me. 'Oh, he is hurt, he is angry with me; had you but seen the look he bent on me just before I lost my senses, you would not wonder at my anguish.'

"Towards midnight, worn out by crying, I fell asleep, but Ernest's words, 'Is it on Mr. Lister that your happiness depends?' rung in my ears, and with a painful shriek I awoke. Thus passed the night, and in the morning I was too feverish to rise. My sister told me that after I had left the drawing-

room the preceding evening, Lord Beauvoir had received an express, summoning him and his brother to their mother's death-bed, and that they had left the castle without loss of time. This was a great relief to me; how could I have met them? besides, I had fancied that some dreadful scene might ensue between Ernest and Mr. Lister, if the latter continued to pay me those attentions my manner had drawn on me. In the afternoon I was able to leave my couch, and my sister led me into her dressing-room, where Ernest was awaiting me. I could but cast myself on his breast and weep in utter helplessness.

" 'My beloved Clara,' said Ernest, 'calm yourself I entreat, a few words will suffice for all we need ever say on this painful subject. You have thoughtlessly made a silly, forgive me, a wicked trial of your power—this time you have found it triumph over my better reason or I should not now be here; but beware of venturing on a second trial, for remember that I, loving you above all earthly beings, tell you, that it *would sever us for ever*.'

" For some days I could not recover from this scene. I fancied that Ernest's manner betrayed more of pity than of love. He was called away suddenly, and his daily letters formed my world; not one phrase, not one line, but made me feel his worth, and often did I ask myself, how I could have gained the affection of such a noble heart? His absence had been caused by the return of a widowed cousin from India, who with her baby, was shipwrecked off the Isle of Wight. No lives were lost, but the vessel sank, and every article of property went to the bottom; all Mrs. Murray's papers, her Cashmeres, her pearls, which were of great value, and which her straitened circumstances rendered doubly so, were engulfed. Ernest spoke constantly of his cousin, of the deep sorrows with which she had been visited, and of her noble and

high-minded sentiments; he hoped, he said, that we should be friends, he was sure I must like her. At first I felt disposed to do so, but the reiteration of her good qualities awoke some of my bad ones, till at length Ernest's praises of another became wormwood to my vanity, and I resolved on his return, which was daily expected, to show him by my manner that I was hurt by his warm commendations of his cousin. When he did return, the joy of again beholding him drove, for a time, all other thoughts from my mind. But ere he had been with us long, his frequent mention of Mrs. Murray piqued me, and when he spoke of her I either turned away, or hinted at some unworthy motive having, perhaps, prompted a line of conduct which he represented as perfect. One day he uttered something which my ill-disposed mind construed into a desire to hold his cousin up as an example to me, and this was an offence which neither my love nor my pride could tolerate. I spoke harshly and unguardedly. Ernest, who had not intended to offend, made no concession, and, but for my dear sister's interposition, we should have quarrelled seriously. She, who was candour and truth itself, could have no suspicion of the hidden deformities of my mind, and when she assured Ernest that it was my great affection which rendered me so sensitive, she dreamed not that the besetting sin of my youth was again rife within me. Her good offices dispersed the threatening storm, but from that hour I resolved once more to make trial of my power and force Ernest to expiate his offence. What, should I, the reigning beauty, the flattered idol of a little world, his own betrothed one too, be told to take pattern by a Mrs. Murray—by a woman whose name had never been heard of—whose beauty had never formed the dream of poet or painter. Forbid it vanity! Forbid it coquetry! In vain a remembrance of the scene which followed on my former trial recurred. I would be guarded. I would not give him





any real cause for umbrage, but once more I would see him harrassed with doubt and jealousy.

"My sister—my noble sister I dared not trust with my plan, and alone I could not execute it with effect. You, Harry, were selected as my innocent agent."

Captain Mortimer started—Lady Clara did not notice it, but continued—"One morning when all was prepared, I affected to have some business in the village, and requested Ernest to employ himself in my absence in answering a letter I had received from his cousin. 'I will send you the letter by Harry,' said I." Lady Clara paused.

"Oh I remember it all now," exclaimed Harry; "it all becomes present before my sight. You gave me a letter to take into the library; you bid me, on some pretence, entice Lord Ernest to the window; you also desired me not to say you were in the house, but as soon as he opened the letter to come softly and hold back the curtain in front of the window, that you might see him reading it. But dear Lady Clara——" and both her auditors rushed to her assistance—"you are ill—your hands are cold as marble. Oh! what have I said to affect you thus?"

It was some moments ere Lady Clara could speak, but when sufficiently recovered to do so, she replied—"You have only continued a relation my courage failed under."

"Do not distress yourself by adding another word," entreated both Captain Mortimer and Miss Dormer.

"Oh! yes," exclaimed Lady Clara, "the self-sacrifice shall be complete, and may the lesson not be thrown away. The letter I gave you to deliver to Ernest was not the one he expected, but one which I had cunningly and infamously fabricated as if addressed to me by some favoured admirer. No sooner was it out of my hand than I became terrified at what I had done; but it was too late to retract, and nerving

myself with all the courage I could assume, to watch the effect of my unworthy stratagem, I stole softly into the room where my sister was sitting—sat down by her, and, as a sort of refuge from my fears, leaned myself against her shoulder. The curtain was soon slowly raised, and I beheld Ernest standing at the window with the letter open in his hand. My heart beat tumultuously—my head grew giddy—the idea of treating it as a jest passed over my mind, and I burst into a loud laugh, which my discordant feelings rendered hoarse and frightful. Ernest suddenly turned, cast one withering look on me, and vanished. That look proclaimed that the *second trial had, indeed, severed us for ever!*"

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Early on a bright autumn morning a travelling carriage was seen rapidly traversing the sweep in front of Doringcourt. There was a bustle of servants, and the usual flutter attendant on a departure for a journey. Shortly a lady of grave aspect appears, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, who hands her into the carriage. She is followed by a lady much younger, in whose eyes there sits an expression of serene happiness, directed apparently towards a sleeping infant who has just been placed beside her in the carriage. The whole party are now seated—the postillions spring to their horses—there is a cracking of whips, and a murmur of voices from the domestics, who gather at the doors and windows to make their respectful adieus, and, amidst prayers and blessings, the carriage departs.

It is Lady Clara Nugent who leaves Doringcourt Park for a journey into Germany. She is accompanied by her nephew and his wife; and it is already whispered in the neighbourhood that her godson, Ernest Mortimer, the sleeping infant, is to be heir of Doringcourt.

TO THE FIRST LILY OF THE SEASON.

BY MAJOR MUNDY,

AUTHOR OF "PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES IN INDIA."

FIRST of the year, pale fragile Flower,
One balmy breeze, one sunny hour,
Has lured thee from Earth's bosom forth,
Unheedful of the chilling North,
Perhaps for one short fleeting day
To spread thy petals in the ray.
The air is bland, the morn is bright,
But fear'st thou not the coming Night?
See where above yon mountain high,
That ebon cloud invades the sky;
Full well I know its angry form
Comes freighted with the sleety storm—
Full well I know its icy breath
Shall lay thy beauties low in death.

Thus oft is innocence betrayed,
And trusting Love by Wrong repaid,
The honied word, the beaming smile,
Too well conceal the lurking guile—
Bright glows the Sun of Passion's morn,
Its Night is Ruin, Woe, and Scorn.

CLARICE DEVEREUX.

BY MRS. MICHEL.

NATURE had nowhere been more lavish of her favours than on the small, but surpassingly beauteous domain, belonging to the family of Devereux.

It was a lovely evening in the month of June, the sun had scarce sunk beneath the horizon, when, seated under a wide-spreading oak, in silence enjoying this scene of summer brightness, was one whose remains of beauty told, that that form had once been the cynosure of all eyes; brighter, alas! and better days had been hers, but deep sorrow had been there; the gaze of melancholy told she had quaffed the cup of misery to its dregs!

At her feet was seated a bright form, which could scarce have seen sixteen summers, whose arch look and buoyant laugh told she had yet to learn the harsh lesson of worldly wisdom, that wisdom which can alone be taught by painful experience! The world to her was a scene of happiness, and her flow of uncontrolled spirits, at times appeared as if they would overpower so fragile a frame, and snap the slender cord that bound her to existence. Each smile of joy, each sally of mirth, told that the spirit within was at peace with God and man, that nought but content and happiness reigned within that breast!

Her raven hair formed a striking contrast to the snowy whiteness of her skin, and the jetty lash added deeper expression to the full and brilliant eye, "so dark, so deep, so beautifully blue;" but on her cheek, alas! there dwelt that

tint of red which, ever wearing an unearthly appearance, suddenly mantles it, and as suddenly disappears, too truly telling the bitter tale, that death will early snatch its victim from the trials and miseries of a cold and heartless world!

The mother turned and looked upon her lovely child, and a glance of anxiety replaced the gaze of sorrow.

"No shawl! no cloak! Clarice, my own child, how is this? for my sake, for your poor mother's sake, cherish your health."

"Forgive me, mother," said the girl, as she threw herself upon the neck of Lady Devereux, and again and again kissed her cheek; then suddenly rising, bounded over the lawn, and returned muffled in a cloak, and carrying in her hand a shawl, which she threw over the shoulders of her mother.

"Look! yonder comes old Mary," she exclaimed, "poor thing! she can scarce walk! I will go and help her;" saying which she again crossed the lawn, and aided the decrepid woman in finding a seat.

With painful anxiety Lady Devereux's eye would watch every movement of her child, and now, as she followed her light step, and smiled upon that act of kindness, she sighed to think that she could not for ever keep her thus happy, thus free from anxiety and care.

Why should the sunshine of happiness ever forsake that breast? why should that step lose its lightness, that voice its tones of joy, that eye its flash of mirth, that smile its brightness? Oh! why should the

"Glow of early thought decline in feeling's dull decay?"

Clarice was again seated at her mother's feet.

"The idea even of your marriage makes me miserable, my child; when you are gone, I shall be a lone and wretched woman; but, indeed, I have overcome my selfishness, and you

shall ere long be a useful and ornamental member of society. Your life must not be spent by the fireside of your old mother; indeed, I am no longer the selfish being you have hitherto known; and yet I fear——"

"I would you were, my mother," replied Clarice, interrupting her; "for I will not leave you for all this world can offer."

"But, Clarice, you may soon think otherwise," said Lady Devereux, smiling.

"Oh! my dear, dear mother, how can you speak thus! indeed, you know not how few there are whom I could ever love."

"Time, my child, will tell us all; but the dew is heavy, you shall no longer stay without. I have most bitter reasons to dread the blasts of night!"

Sir Edward and Lady Devereux had mourned the death of no less than three children, who, ere attaining the age of maturity, had been carried off by that most deceitful and insidious of all diseases, consumption!

It was no wonder, therefore, that the only remaining link of their affection should have been loved with an almost painful intensity. Fate decreed that the father should never behold the ripening beauties of his child, for at an early age death deprived Clarice of her father, and the heartbroken mother directed every thought and feeling to the happiness of the only being who now cheered her widowed heart, and blessed her existence. Clarice deeply loved her mother, and strove to realise her most darling hopes; their disparity of age seemed forgotten; the thoughts, the hopes, the fears of mother and daughter grew as it were together, and became the same.

Clarice entered life, the admired of all who beheld her beauty, the esteemed of all who knew her worth! There was that poetry about her nature, that brightness of romance about her every thought and feeling, that is so seldom understood by

the heart of man, but when understood, is ever most highly appreciated, which elevating the object of his affections, far far above the common level of her sex, more truly approximates her to that spirit of virtue, grace, and beauty, for which he ever sighs, and which has been the minister of the most worldly philosopher's day-dreams. Nor is it a vain tale that such bright beings love with greater intensity, and are loved with greater devotion, than those whose feelings are cast in nature's ordinary mould; their happiness is greater, and, alas! so is their misery; for their very sensitiveness teaches them to weep with the wretched, and rejoice with the happy. By such natures is the cup of misery most deeply quaffed, their golden dreams are ever broken; their fond desire for true and eternal love; their fresh and lovely feelings of devotion, "run to waste, and water but the desert!" or chilled by the ingratitude of man, break the bursting heart, which finds no solace but in religion, no rest but in the grave!

Clarice had attained her seventeenth year, ere thoughts of her marriage had entered the mind of either mother or daughter.

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The eve was dark and louring, rain fell in torrents, though the dryness of the ground told that it had but just commenced, and a break in the clouds gave hope that it would be of no long continuance.

A horseman, muffled in a cloak, sought shelter in a cottage, in the lovely neighbourhood of ——. His tall and well-proportioned form, his mild and polished manner, bespoke nobility of birth. He started, on entering, to behold the figure of a surpassingly beauteous girl kneeling by the bedside of a dying woman. Her raven locks had strayed from the cheek to the shoulder, whilst her small hand clasped a Bible, from which she had evidently been reading to the invalid.

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The stranger paused, as if to gaze upon the bright scene before him—of beauty heightened by the act of piety! The voice of an elder woman offering him a chair, broke his reverie; Clarice turned round to ascertain to whom the offer had been made, and on beholding the form of the stranger she arose, slightly blushing.

"I greatly fear," he said, "I have interrupted your work of charity, fair lady; but let me assure you that I am not so hardened by the world's vanities, as to take no delight in witnessing acts of piety."

"You have in no way interrupted us," she replied, "in fact, my task was over ere you entered; but the rain has ceased, and I have other work ere night closes." Then turning, she addressed the invalid, and bowing to the stranger, quitted the hut. She had scarce departed when an impatient, "Who is she?" burst from his lips, and deeper and deeper grew the interest with which he questioned them concerning Clarice; but the extent of their information consisted in praising and blessing their angel, as by the poor of the village she was oft denominated.

He left the hut, and was soon joined by one whose dress betokened the soldier.

"Does not your sister, Lady Devereux, reside in this neighbourhood, Desmond?" said the stranger, after a pause of some minutes, "and her lovely daughter?"

"Yes," replied Desmond, "my sister, Lady Devereux, resides in this neighbourhood; and a lovelier or a better being exists not than Clarice Devereux—though, I fear, that both her beauty and worth are soon to be sadly thrown away."

"How!" anxiously exclaimed the other, his heart sickening at even the idea that the intelligence conveyed.

"First, then, let me know, why Lord Clifford is so deeply interested in the fate of Clarice Devereux?"

"The tale first," he replied, "and perhaps my reasons afterwards."

"Well, well, be it so," resumed Desmond. "You must know, then, that scarce eight months have elapsed, since I was called from England by military duties. Clarice, just then seventeen, cared for none, and no one seemed likely to satisfy the overflowing feelings of her young heart. Her mother seriously spoke to me of her daughter's marriage, as in case of her decease, Clarice would become an houseless orphan, the property being entailed on my elder brother, who is not on terms with Lady Devereux. My wandering life precludes my ever having a home to offer my niece, and Clarice, my sister said, was too weak in health, and too attractive in person, to be alone, exposed, at so early an age, to the trials and miseries of such a world. Lady Devereux, becoming nervous from long suffering and solitude, fancied her own health was on the decline, and that ere long she might be numbered with the dead. On my return, I learn that Clarice is engaged to the only man I despise, as well as dislike. Without heart or principle, or, in fact, aught that ennobles the character of our sex, he will soon replace her smiles of joy by the tear of misery. They tell me also that she cares not for this Sir Charles Everard; but having vainly sought the being of her dreams, one whose devotion she could appreciate, and to whom she could unrestrainedly offer every fond feeling of her young and pure mind, she forsakes the cherished hope, thus satisfying herself that this world *contains* not the intense love she had sighed for; that nought but heartlessness and vanity is to be found in this vale of tears! My sister seems quite fooled by the man, who pretends to worship her daughter, and has promised never to separate Clarice and her mother. The deed, I fear, is well nigh done; no power of mine can now

remedy the evil; but poor, poor Clarice, from my heart I pity!"

Lord Clifford spoke not, his heart was full; but ere they parted, it was agreed that on the morrow, Colonel Desmond should conduct Lord Clifford to the house of Lady Devereux. Ah! wherefore does man thus blindly seek temptation? which too often terminates in the irremediable misery of the only being he loves?

* * * *

The marriage was over. The honey-moon was past, and the health of Clarice was fast declining from the dissipation of London, into the midst of which her husband, ambitious to be himself known amongst the highest circles, and determined to make his wife's charms the passport, had cast her. She soon became the reigning beauty, and the desires of the selfish baronet were amply gratified. The season was scarce over when the physicians shook their head at Lady Everard's state of debility, and insisted upon her leaving England for the more salubrious air of sunny Italy. With his usual indifference the husband consented, and, as his duties kept him in town, Clarice departed, accompanied only by her mother.

The feelings of Clifford towards Lady Everard had daily become more rooted and strengthened; honour bade him shun her too fascinating society, as he could not but perceive that she preferred him to the many that offered incense at this shrine of beauty; but when chance threw them together, he seemed absorbed in her every word and action, and with the care of a mother, would forbid her encountering the air of night, or would shield her chest from its deadly influence; and when, amid the dance, the low short cough distressed her fragile frame, he would gaze upon her with a depth of melancholy that told he too clearly beheld the finger of death upon

that brow of marble; and then he would sigh and turn away, as if fearful lest that gaze might have been perceived by her all-seeing eye!

But the eye is keen, when love is in the heart; and Clarice reflected with delight upon the *heartfelt* conduct of Lord Clifford, which lost nought of its value, by being compared to the vain and foolish bearing of those who surrounded her. All was cold, save *his* kindness; "all vanity and vexation of spirit," save his society. She looked upon him, as a being superior to the common herd—as one who reflected and suffered, whilst others grew cold and hardened; and who possessed those intense feelings of love and devotion which she had imagined dwelt not in the heart of any Lord of the creation.

His manner was of that species which, by its captivating softness, deeply penetrates the inmost recess of woman's heart, and even engages the affections of that being to whom its homage is offered. There was a sweetness in his smile—a deep tone in his voice, which is ever endearing to woman's fond and wretched spirit.

Clarice had never repressed any feeling towards Lord Clifford. Assured of her own strength—scorning the idea of danger, she had never endeavoured to subdue the growing evil, when alone it was to be subdued!

"Why," she would reason to herself, "may not Lord Clifford be even as a brother to me? Why should I deprive myself of my kindest friend, my sagest counsellor? Why should not real friendship exist between us?" Alas! vain philosopher, thou leanest on a broken reed! 'Tis ever thus we deceive our hearts, ever too willing to be deceived. 'Tis ever thus we gloss over our feelings—banish the fatal truth from our minds, until sin or misery, too late, bids us, with severity, check the smallest beginning of evil—with

deep scrutiny examine the inmost feelings of our deceitful hearts, and with rapidity fly from the scene of danger!

The woman who loves her husband is ever safe; but she who does not must oft be beset by severe temptation, and, oh! who can say she will stand the trying hour?

* * * *

'Tis Italy—bright Italy! In solitude Clarice gazes from her casement upon a scene of surpassing beauty; her cheek has lost its bloom; her eye its brightness; her work lies untouched; her book unopened; her flowers die of neglect, and as she kneels in prayer one image stands between her soul and heaven! One form too dearly and too madly loved! Alas! she now felt how little her selfish husband had ever shared her fond and wretched heart! Her days of true happiness have past—her hours of pure joy have fled! But *he* (for he had followed her)—*he*—approaches, her colour mantles her cheek, the smile plays around her mouth, and happiness beams in every feature! Alas! how delusive. Absorbed in the ecstasy of the present, she forgets the evil and wretchedness such love must bring, and, for a while, even conscience sleeps!

* * * *

The sun's last rays gild a room which clearly demonstrates by its elegance and comfort, that the hand of woman has been there! The eve is soft and lovely! The balmy breath of summer plays o'er a couch where lies reclined the form of one, whose unconfined tresses hang in luxurious profusion around her shoulders, and whose dim eye tells the tale of suffering. But in her glance can be read that he who bends o'er her is dearer than existence itself; that for his sake she could endure all! The long concealed tale of *love* and of *misery* has been told—she has listened to the voice of the charmer, who now watches every change of her illness,

anticipates every desire of her mind. The tale of passion has been told, and the wretched woman now greedily devours those tones, breathing nought but that love which had so long burned within her breast !

"Do you love me, Clarice?" said Walter, as he smoothed her pillow. She answered not, but gazed upon his manly brow, and that gaze was sufficient !

"Bless you ! God bless you, mine own !" he replied.

A God bless you—that oft rang in her ears when he was not by ; that to her was sweeter than any earthly melody ! Who has not felt thus ? What woman has not cherished in her heart the loved one's deep-solemn "God bless you," even amid long years of misery and of absence ! Woman alone knows how deeply one unkind expression, or one affectionate regard may for ever influence her destiny !

A violent fall from her horse had brought on fever, and confined Lady Everard to her couch. At night the half-distracted mother never left her daughter's side, but during the day was obliged to seek that rest which her enfeebled frame so much required.

Lord Clifford was one whose early hopes and aspirations had been blasted by the world ; and who seemed to cling to *her* affection as his only, his last remaining hope of earthly happiness ; and oft as he had loved, or fancied he loved, he never loved as now ! Nought but her attachment could dispel his hours of darkness and gloom ; nought but her smile restore him to happiness !

The religion that had so adorned the youthful character of Clarice was not sufficient to resist such a temptation. Ah ! Woman too late learns how true, how great must be that sense of piety that will uphold her in the hour of trial,—that will snatch her undefiled from the burning furnace ! Religion alone can save her, when all combines to work her

fall! Nor can the strength of her piety be known until tried by severe temptation. The religion that teaches youth to do good, to practice charity, to solace the wretched, to attend the ordinances of its God, to love the Gospel of its Saviour, is oft too weak to stand against the temptation of the world, or to overcome in the hour of trial. 'Tis easier to do good than to avoid evil—'tis easier to practice the virtues that our hearts are not averse to, than to give up the evil that we love! Tell the young artless girl that the religion which taught her infancy to pray, and her youth to practice goodness, unless it strengthens with her strength, and grows with her growth, will nought avail when love guides her mind, or passion blinds her reason, and deceitful man appeals to the loving heart!

* * *

The sound of music and of revelry rent the air; mirth and laughter echoed through the spacious halls! Every countenance beamed with joy, and every mind seemed engaged in the soul-stirring scene. Every eye was directed to one spot, and curiosity was depicted on every face.

"Who is she?" said a lisping dandy to his companion.

"I would I knew," said the other, "for by my faith I ne'er gazed upon a lovelier form!"

"And her *tournure* is exquisite," said the first.

"This unknown beauty will drive me mad," said the young Lord de Carency. "Come, let's to our fair hostess, mayhap she can enlighten our minds!" The trio departed, but ere reaching the young Duchess de —, stopped on meeting one whose *distingué* appearance placed him far above his fellows.

"Clifford," said De Carency, "you can, perhaps, satisfy our curiosity; who is yonder lovely creature, who, angel like, has dropped from heaven, to teach our French belles the difference between dress and grace, paint and beauty?"

"Lady Everard," he coldly replied, "the daughter of the

late Sir Edward Devereux;" and passing on, stationed himself at a door where, unperceived, he could watch the dance. A superficial observer might have said, he was deeply plunged in meditation, but it required no very strict scrutiny to discover that his eye followed every movement of the being, whose beauty had caused so much inquiry; that he watched every word she uttered; and once their eyes met with an expression that spoke but of deep misery and deep devotion!

Lord Clifford sighed and turned away, and no where amid the festive scene was he to be found.

She heard that sigh—she watched his departure, and darkness to her impassioned eye overspread the brilliant apartment as his loved form vanished! Yet she laughed and talked, she smiled, and danced, as if a wretched feeling, or a sinful love had never gained entrance into that broken heart, that devoted spirit!

Clarice on this night looked her loveliest. Her hair formed a striking contrast to the wreath of white roses that encircled her brow; the full blue eye was unusually bright; the whiteness of her brow dazzling. Alas! as unearthly and as exquisite was the tint which so clearly, even amid revelry and mirth, told the tale of death.

The dance had ceased, and all had flown into another apartment, to listen to some famous singers. Clarice alone refused to move: one moment, and she was alone.

"You are tired," said a voice behind her.

"No, no," she replied. "But I am faint, and I would breathe the fresh air." They sought the garden.

"Walter, Walter," she exclaimed, "my heart is bursting! Where, how, can all this end?"

"*Be mine*," he replied, "and, forsaking the world, we will live for each other!"

"Oh! my mother, my poor dear mother, I cannot break

her heart; you know not the extent of her affection towards me, and did she but know one tenth part of her child's transgression, her lone and widowed heart would break."

The moon shone fully o'er her face; he turned and gazed upon it; emotion had choked her utterance, and tears sparkled in her eye.

"Clarice, Clarice, my own loved Clarice, you are young, the world is all before you! Felicity must await you. Oh! wherefore do you speak thus to your wretched Walter, whose every feeling is turned to bitterness, every hope blasted, and who clings to love as his remaining all of earthly happiness.

"Happiness," she, with bitterness exclaimed, "and where can I look for happiness; I love thee better than life itself, and fate has for ever divided us! Even at this parting for a few short days, my heart bleeds. Oh! what shall I feel when we part, perhaps never to meet again!"

He pressed her to his bosom, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead.

"Oh! Clarice, why did we not sooner meet, or never meet at all?"

"Alas! why!" she sighed, and then resumed; "You know not, Walter, all I now suffer, or how I valued my conscious feelings of purity—how I cherished my virtue; and now when I reflect I feel that I am a sinful woman; perhaps in the sight of heaven no better than the worst of my sex; my brain is maddened, and I feel as if my senses were forsaking me! May God forgive me!"

"And this, this is all my devilish work," he exclaimed. "Oh, ought I not to be accursed for thus blasting the feelings of such a heart! Wretch as I am, forgive me, Clarice, forgive me!"

"Speak not thus, Walter—think what, what should I be without thee?"

"A happy being," he replied; "for, though ignorant of that rapture of love, still, absence of misery is an apathetic species of happiness!"

"No! no! thou art all the world to me—all else is insipid and cold; thou hast taught me the power of love: thou didst first teach me the deep feelings this breast contained! Oh, Walter, Walter, how can I live without thee?"

She sunk upon his breast, and Lord Clifford felt there was no sacrifice too great for him to make that could conduce to her happiness.

"Clarice, my own blessed Clarice, let me solemnly ask thee whether any sacrifice on my part, any act of mine, can alleviate thy misery. Even separation for ever, though it be the death-knell to all my feelings and hopes of happiness, shall be endured! for my existence is thine; and though the deprivation of thy love will tear from me the last, the only thing I now cherish on earth, still be it so; I care not, as long as 'tis for thy welfare, that this too wretched heart be broken! Let me but feel that even by the sacrifice of all I love dearest on earth, I have contributed to thy happiness, and I shall die content! and then I shall no longer cling to this world of shadows; death——"

"Oh! do not talk of death, Walter," she interrupted him, "'tis I should talk upon such a subject, with so many examples before me; may I not——"

"Hush Clarice," he said, and with energy exclaimed, "God grant the same grave may cover us!"

The festive scene had passed away! Clarice lent upon her hand over a table, where the wreath of roses and the dress of gaiety lay neglected. By a small lamp she was attentively perusing the Book of God: absorbed in thought, she raised her head, and again her eye fell upon the Sacred

Word ! Repose had in vain been courted ; but sleepless nights were no novelty to the frame of Clarice. Approaching a couch upon which the moon's rays were brilliantly reflected, and sinking upon her knees, she invoked that God who is never deaf to the cry of faith ! She wrestled in spirit—she strove with her Maker in anguish of heart—again and again she fell upon her knees, and again and again prayed to her Saviour and her God ! Violent sobs at length relieved her overloaded bosom, and rising from her knees, she unclosed her desk, and wrote as follows :—

“ You will open this, Walter, when we are parted for ever ! when this guilty yet loving heart looks to Heaven alone for support ; to the grave alone for rest !

“ My brain is burning—my heart is breaking—and I feel as if my spirit would forsake its earthly tabernacle ere I could commit to paper the last few lines that you will ever receive from the wretched, heartbroken Clarice ! from one whom you have too dearly loved, and will, I fear, love for ever ! I have prayed to Heaven for guidance—Walter, I have given myself over to the mercy of the Most High ! My spirit has breathed in prayer : I rise from the throne of Grace, in the presumptuous hope that He will deign, in such an hour, to guide the pen, of even such a wretch as I am ! I write that, which I feel will break this bursting heart ; I bid thee—Walter, I, who have so fondly hung upon thy every look, so madly devoured thy every word,—I, who love thee better than existence' self, and would rather in wretchedness and poverty be thine, than amid happiness and affluence, the wife of a monarch ! Yes, Walter, I bid thee—I ask thee—to leave me for ever ! for ever ! 'Tis a cold, a harsh, a bitter sound ! but it must be ! Walter, we are parted, and for ever ! The spell is broken ! I tear thee from my soul, and vow to lay the fragments of my broken heart

before the throne of mercy and forgiveness, to be by His atoning blood purified and cleansed, ere death doth snatch me from this world of sin and misery! We are nothing to each other! I ne'er shall behold that loved form more! My God, my God, support me through this agonising task; Not from fear of the world's sneers, nor from any minor feeling do I thus act; think'st thou, to gain the approving smiles of a vicious world I could agonise myself, and the being whom I love better than self? believe me, religion alone thus forcibly strengthens its unworthy votary to fly temptation! To fly ere we irretrievably fall, ere guilt has for ever chained us as its victims! Before that fatal illness, Walter, the sound of affection was never heard between us, though looks and acts too clearly spoke to our senses; but since that period, since thou didst nurse me with a mother's care, the words of passion and of love have passed between us, and we have existed but for each other! The bright dream is past! and I am a lone and wretched being! I scarce can bid thee forget me, Walter, I feel it is impossible, that such love as thine should forget! but I bid thee pray for me, pray for me, whilst life inhabits this weak frame, and when I am gone, visit the spot where I lie, and pray, pray for our re-union hereafter. Pray that Heaven may forgive our sin, that God may forget our iniquity. Pray that my repentance may be sincere! And now, for the last time, I will call thee mine own, own love—my dear, dearest Walter—my first, my last, my 'only love! farewell; a long farewell! Farewell for ever!

“CLARICE.”

The deed was done; even then she felt that they *had* parted! The letter was sealed, directed, and the desk secured. Nothing could now turn that noble mind from its magnanimous resolve. Again she knelt, and poured out her

spirit in thanksgiving. The tears of misery soon exhausted her feeble frame, and sleep befriended that spirit, over which angels had kept watch, and the King of Heaven in mercy smiled upon the repentant sinner.

Clifford would of course appear to bid them "adieu" ere departing—'twas then she determined to place in his hands the letter.

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Three hours had elapsed since the dawn of day, and Lady Devereux, seated by the couch of her child, watched her slumbers.

"Clarice," said the mother, as she awoke, "your uncle Colonel Desmond, has just arrived from England; rise, and dress, my child, that you may be ready to see him on his return."

"Return!" said Clarice, "where is he gone?"

"To Lord Clifford's," said Lady Devereux, "who has so much to hear from James about England and his English friends, that he has deferred his departure until to-morrow."

"I shall be delighted to see my uncle," said Clarice; "but what brings him here?"

"Is it not natural," said Lady Devereux, "that he should pass his leisure in the society of his sister and niece?"

It was true—Colonel Desmond had arrived—but wherefore? To communicate to his sister the sudden death of Sir Charles Everard! He wished the event to be immediately broken to Clarice, but Lady Devereux loudly protested against the measure, as she wished nothing to be done until Dr. May had been consulted, fearing so great a shock might bring on a relapse.

"But supposing your physician agree with you, Emma," said Colonel Desmond, "when is Clarice to be told of her husband's death?"

"When her strength is greater;" replied Lady Devereux.

"How is it then that she was allowed only last night to attend a ball?"

"It is the opinion of Dr. May that mind has a great deal to do with the illness of my child, and he has recommended my allowing her to mix in society, and wishes me, by every means, to divert her mind."

To Lord Clifford the intelligence of that man's death, whom he scarcely knew, and had ever despised, conveyed but one thought, one idea; the season of mourning over, Clarice was—*his for ever!* New existence seemed to diffuse itself through his frame! joy danced within him! his future life would be a scene of happiness! he was no longer a lone and wretched being with nothing to look forward to, with every past hope blasted.

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The eve was calm—scarce a breath stirred—all nature seemed to foretel some coming storm. The sun was setting in unusual glory, when Clarice, complying with the request of Lord Clifford, had sallied forth: they sought a spot where, far from the "cruel of the cold," they might breathe their last vows. After ascending some rocky and undulating ground, they reached a large rock, by which was a curious cave, the lower part of which was filled with water. Weeping willows and other trees of equal beauty appeared to mourn around the melancholy spot, and the stillness of death was there! An unearthly feeling of cold, issued from the cave, and the frame of Clarice quivered as she sat on the water's edge.

"You are cold—Clarice, you are ill."

"'Tis nothing, nothing," she replied, nearly choked by a short and painful cough.

"Indeed, indeed, you are not well;" said Walter, "for the last few hours I have seen it; tell me what you feel."

"Nothing but a cough, from which I have so often suffered, and which, therefore, can be of no moment."

The father of Lord Clifford had, through Colonel Desmond, sent a verbal message to his son, to beg his immediate return to England, on account of some private business. He had also received a letter to the same effect; but the verbal message rendered non-compliance with the mandate impossible. His sanguine hopes and feelings of happiness soon vanished, as the time drew near that was to separate them for an indefinite period, perhaps, for ever! For, as this fatal hour approaches, the heart of man ever sinks within him, and

"Howe'er we promise, hope, believe, there breathes despair."

"We part, Clarice, perhaps, for ever!" said Walter.

She spoke not, but the tears of agony told how deep were her sufferings.

"Oh! to think," she at last faltered, "that the voice I so much love, the gaze I more than love, may, ere to-morrow's sun is set, be lost to me for ever."

The wretched woman lent upon his shoulder, and, in anguish, wept.

"You talk to me of happiness," she wildly exclaimed; "of the cares, of the pleasure that may engross my future existence—alas! alas! too well, you know, Walter, that I have but one source of happiness amongst the things of this life—where—oh, where, but to that heaven, whose laws I have spurned, dare I look now for solace?"

Man who ne'er sheds a tear at the world's joys and griefs, and who ever scorns to display his inward suffering amid the giddy crowd, is overcome, as he listens to the accents of misery wrung from the heart of the only being he loves,—as he gazes upon the young and lovely woman whose hopes and happiness he has for ever blasted!

Lord Clifford bent his head upon his hand, and wept from agony of spirit—aye, wept as a child might weep! Rising, he lent against a rock upon which their initials were engraved.

“There, Clarice,” he said, “may our love be as indelible as those letters! but, hark! it thunders! we must away! Let us part—let us here part—alone, and far from the gaze of man! We must here part, I must here leave you; grief, such as ours, brooks not the vulgar gaze! I have arranged all; ere ten minutes have elapsed my trusty Enrico will await you a few yards hence, and conduct you to your home.”

His arm was passed round her waist; she placed a letter in his hands, and falteringly said, “read it, when we are parted.”

“May God in Heaven bless and forgive you, Clarice,” he replied; but ere another word had issued from his lips, with one piercing shriek she sank within his arms. Again and again, was that dear form pressed to his bosom, whilst upon that forehead was imprinted the kiss of intense affection. The lurid lightning now shot across the cave, and was succeeded by peals of thunder. Rain fell in torrents; the storm raged, darkness covered the face of the earth; the lightning became dazzlingly vivid, the thunder drew awfully near!

Clarice, almost senseless, clung to her protector; his fears that she might suffer, and his consequent agony of mind was indescribable! His coat was thrown off and cast over her. Rain soon drenched them to the skin; and the cold air of night, struck with force upon the weak chest of Clarice. He felt her quiver in his grasp, and his feelings became insupportable.

At last, a faint light, gave hopes of shelter, and the exhausted Walter, hastened towards the cottage from whence the glimmer issued. Admission was soon gained, and every care bestowed upon the now senseless form of Clarice, for oft

had the inhabitants of this very cottage partaken of her bounty, and blessed her kindness.

She had watched by the sick couch of the very girl, who now, in sorrow knelt beside her, even as she had administered to the illness of the poor woman, by whose bed-side, the artless and happy Clarice Devereux first encountered that glance which had such an effect upon her future destiny!

Amid the darkness of the night and violence of the storm, it was evident that Walter had lost his way. He now distractedly hung over her lifeless form, using every method to restore animation.

She was ere long restored to feeling, but a raging fever succeeded, which soon brought on delirium. The midnight hour had passed, and medical aid at length arrived—the poor girl whom Clarice had, in sickness, succoured, ran to the abode of Lady Devereux.

Walter never left her, and, amid her most incoherent wanderings she ever recognised him; it was he who strove to warm her lifeless form; it was he who now sat with maddened gaze, and listened to the ravings of the only being he loved on earth! 'twas he who held the cool draught to her burning lips, and slaked her deadly thirst; 'twas his gaze alone she met as she looked around for earthly aid; 'twas his voice alone she recognised; 'twas his tones alone that conveyed any meaning to her wandering mind!

At last she slept, and Walter knelt in thanksgiving to Heaven; but the sound of a carriage approached; it stopped at the door, and the distracted mother rushed into the cottage!

Two hours elapsed, and Clarice woke in perfect possession of her senses; and, recognising her mother said,

"I feel I am dying; I know it, I feel it here (placing her hand upon her heart). May God bless and protect thee when I am gone, my own dear affectionate mother! Mother, bless thy child!"

Afterwards, she lowly muttered, "Yes, I have deeply sinned, but God has been gracious, and I have repented;" and turning to Lady Devereux, said aloud, "Mother, forgive, forgive thy child, for she has sinned against thee!"

"I have nothing to forgive," sobbed the wretched mother; "you are too good for this world, too good for me. Oh God! spare her, spare her, or let me perish likewise!"

"Kiss me, my mother, ere I die;" but Lady Devereux had swooned, and was removed to another part of the cottage.

Clarice watched every movement, and on seeing that her mother was gradually recovering, she turned to him who had never quitted her side.

"Kneel and pray, Walter," she said solemnly, and the wretched man, who in spirit had prayed ever since he beheld her danger, knelt by her bedside.

Lady Devereux approached and knelt also.

"Oh! that I could feel that I sin not in loving thee," she said, turning to Walter.

"Thou dost not, thou dost not, my child, my child!" exclaimed the mother.

"Oh! that I could think so! I should die a happier being!" and then, as if a thought flashed across her brain, she whispered in her mother's ear.

"Yes, yes, my child, and you may love freely, and without sin," replied Lady Devereux.

Clarice was silent—the murmur of prayer never left her lips, and Lady Devereux and Lord Clifford knelt by her side.

She slept no more; her spirit, absorbed in prayer, seemed dead to every earthly object; a low "pray, pray for me," once escaped her lips, and again she was silent.

The dawn of day now faintly appeared in the east, the breeze of morn was fresh and balmy,—the stillness of death pervaded the cottage.

With knit brow, and lips compressed with agony, the wretched Walter watched the first dawn of that day, which he felt might prove the most miserable on earth! He saw there was no future for him in this world; with her would vanish all his hopes of happiness. The deep agony of such moments; the inexpressible bitterness of such feelings, baffle the power of human pen.

*By those, that deepest feel, is ill express'd,
The indistinctness of the suffering breast,
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all eloquence to woe.*

For a few moments he had quitted the room that contained all he loved upon earth, imagining that his absence might for a short time be a relief; but anxiety, as long as she was out of sight, nearly maddened his brain, and he soon returned to the chamber of sickness.

Preparations had commenced for removing Clarice to her mother's house, so favourable had been her last two hours.

The sun was rising in universal splendour, and she requested to be removed to the window, that she might watch its rising beams. Her features brightened as she gazed upon this scene of glory. She clasped within hers, the hands of Walter, and her mother, and in silence gazed upon the orb of day.

After a few minutes, she faintly said, "Live, my mother,—live, Walter, to the glory of God, forgetting the world and its vanities;—serve Him! serve Him!" She appeared exhausted, but showed no symptom of suffering, save the cough which was frequent and distressing. Her hand burned—her cheek was flushed—her eye unusually bright—a holy calm overspread her features—a smile played around her mouth, and a few unintelligible words issued from her lips. Walter started up, and wildly looked upon her. Her lips moved as if in

prayer—her gaze was fixed upon the sky—she stirred not—he could bear no more; and in agony of spirit, pronounced the name of “Clarice.” His existence—his more than existence, depended upon the answer! She turned—thank God! she lived! “Heaven bless you both!” she feebly uttered. “Remember my last, my dying request.” A solemn reply in the affirmative issued from the lips of each, and all again was still.

An eloquent pressure of her hand—a slight dimness in the eye, again caused the heart of Walter to die within him. With distended eye-balls, he, in madness, watched every movement. Another pressure of the hand—the jaw fell; a wild unearthly shriek from the inmost recesses of the mother’s heart, rang through the cottage. He rose—he gazed, and wildly pressed that hand to his lips—he gazed again, and called aloud upon “that vainly echoed name.”

He threw himself upon that still lovely form!—he clasped the corpse of Clarice Everard! Her spirit had fled to the God who gave it, to adorn “a brighter mansion, and a better world!”

THE WOUNDED CONSCRIPT.

BY J. W. DENISON, ESQ., M. P.

"He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers;
Of the pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While merrily stood sideways, half cover'd with flowers,
And rustor'd ev'ry rose, but secreted the thorn."

MARINER'S DANCE.

In Scythian wilds, by Gallie phrenzy led,
Where frozen Moscow's dreary deserts spread—
Torn from the shelter of his humble cot,
To bear each hardship of a soldier's lot—
To raise some warrior to mighty fame
(Hopeless himself to leave a deathless name)—
The wounded conscript quite exhausted lay,
And felt kind Morpheus spread his gentle sway.
"Again he views his long-lost *Father-land*—
Rhone's rapid torrent, and its verdant strand—
The Loire, or Garonne, with their trickling rills—
His early playmates, and his pine-clad hills.
He views the poplar—under whose soft shade
His vows were whisper'd to the blushing maid—
Recals the festivals, when, hand in hand,
In mazy dance they led the mirthful band,
As sun-burnt labour in its best attire,
Join'd the gay chorus of some rustic lyre."

He starts, and sighing, hears the picquet's hum—
The sentry's challenge, and the distant drum ;
Views the bleak forest, and deserted plains,
Where sullen winter o'er creation reigns ;
Views want and famine, with terrific mein,
Scowl as they hover o'er the dismal scene ;
While soft reflection steals a manly tear,
'Till Hope, sweet cherub ! calms ignoble Fear—
Benignly whispers : " All your toils will cease,
And the gray vet'ran shall repose in peace ;—
His feats of arms with honest pride relate,
Tell of Smolensko, and the Kremlin's fate—
Charm his lov'd offspring o'er the winter's fire,
And youthful soldiers with delight inspire."
Vain, vain, alas ! by ceaseless pain oppress
A dire contagion soon invades his breast—
Unmans each nerve, and rages in each vein,
'Till reason, chac'd by fever, leaves his brain.
His faithful comrades some relief afford
From the poor relics of their scanty hoard—
With tenderness his lowly couch surround—
Cheer the lone hour, and soothe the rankling wound :
But all in vain !—the fatal dart is sped ;
And while recumbent on his moss-strew'd bed—
Far from his friends and venerated sire—
His native hamlet, and its ivied spire—
For France !—dear France ! he pours his latest breath,
And sinks, for ever, in the arms of Death.

CHARLES THE FIRST AT HAMPTON COURT.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ., M.P.

PART OF A CHARADE, ACTED AT CASTLE ASHBY,
ON LORD NORTHAMPTON'S BIRTH-DAY,

JANUARY 2, 1818.

Enter CHARLES, HENRIETTE, and Two LADIES.

CHARLES. This is our Court of Hampton, Henriette,
Such as it is, receive it for your own ;
Rest you, fair ladies ! though before your eye
I can spread out no mantle of rich view
Such as St. Germain's Terrace boasts to do,
(You must see Richmond to be matched with that)
Yet I would pray you not to scorn this scene,
Which hath its own familiar pleasantness,
And proper traits of noble English life ;
Therefore, perchance,—for it is scant in state,
I always have loved Hampton, and esteemed
The theft of my unscrupulous ancestor,
Who robbed it of the robbing Cardinal,
Less harshly than strict justice might demand.

HENRIETTE. Oh Sire ! how calm and peaceful is this place,
Yet hardly calmer—hardly more at peace
Than seems this happy kingdom—thine and mine,—
To one fresh-lighted from the moving world,
The hot cabals and bloody enmities
Of my poor court and city—De la Tremonille !
Dost thou not think so ?

FIRST LADY. I feel, dear madam, what a prize and power,
 How loved and loveable a thing it is
 To be an English Queen! How sweet and free
 May be the services and homages
 Not rendered by cold prescript and mere use,
 As to an idol gaudily enshrined,
 But springing upward from the popular heart;
 Like the unpurchased offering of a child.

CHARLES. You think too well of us; I fear, sweet wife!
 You will soon have to call on me to curb
 This over-fed, and rank, and humorous time;
 And, by God's aid, I'll do it—and that done,
 Or even while the doing, we will glide
 Out of the hubbub of these wilful men,
 Out of the jar of creeds and parliaments,
 And in these bosquets let the hours go by
 Until they know not how themselves have flown.
 But long ere that, dear ladies, we would trust
 That you will each have found some worthy knight,
 With whom to practice at this tilt at time,
 Though always, at your pleasures, welcome here.

THE QUEEN. Is there no masque to-day?

FIRST LADY. I heard one say
 It would be presently, and then came by
 Another one who said—"we only pray
 That the kind master of this royal house
 Be gracious to the weakness of our deeds
 And let them lean on our intentions."

CHARLES. I would I had, and always were to have,
 The good intentions of a faithful people
 To rest on—well for them, and well for me!
 Adieu! I will be with you ere the time.

[*Exit QUEEN and LADIES*]

What noble grace attends upon her steps !
Not only is her love my own, but others
Will love me in that I am loved by her ;
I will go walk, and let my natural thoughts
Play up and down at their own merry will.

[Going out sees the UNKNOWN approaching.]

Ah ! here's some masquing born before the time ;
Some private jest to flout my royal ear ;
I wager it is Villiers—

Enter the UNKNOWN.

No, not so—

But I will take the matter courteously.
Welcome to Hampton ; whosoe'er Thou be,
Most solemn Phantom !

UNKNOWN. *(With her hand on the King's shoulder.)*

King !

A jest is good
For youthful blood,
But ours is past the prime ;
A King should be cold,
And a fool should be bold,
And the dead-bells toll
For a sinner's soul
Just after the marriage-chime.

You are a King and I am a Queen ;
Better for both if neither had been !

But mine is a much larger kingdom than yours. I have come a weary long way from the East over land and over sea, and I find no break in it. I see no end to it. For my kingdom is mortal sorrow and my provinces are bloody hates and passionate rebellions—the laying low of proud heads and the breaking of gentle hearts, and my capital city is Remorse,

and the high palace where I live and feast and make merry is Evil Conscience.

CHARLES. This thing affects me strangely. Who art thou ?
If it be masquing I will have no more on't.

UNKNOWN. Do not speak ill of masks and mummerly ;
What is this Palace but a mask of dust,
Thy Courtiers' smiling looks but masks of flesh,
Thy subjects' clamours but a mask of sound,
And thine own heart a mask of pride and fear ?
Go—speak not ill of masks.

But if you will, I can show you a famous unmasking.
There is an old fellow whom we both know well who wears
not one or two masks, but a hundred, all different and ever-
changing, and he does it so well and we are so used to it,
that we look daily on his masks, just as if they were a true
face. This old churl is called Time—Time, Sir ! and would
it please your Majesty to see one of his best masks that he
will put on before very long ?

CHARLES. I dimly see the light through thy strange words,
But if the import be that thou hast power
To draw aside my future's folded veil,
Use it and fear not. I will hold you free
From churchly censure—show me all you can.

UNKNOWN (*in a low voice*). I will tell you a story about
this mirror in my hand : I have done a great crime, and I
must wander over the earth and bid all I meet look in it.
Wretched they who take my offer !

CHARLES. Ah ! Thou art some vile impostor ; some jail-
bird—I dare say. This all your glamour. No, no ; show
me something marvellous in your glass or to Bridewell with
you. Let me see it and in it.

UNKNOWN. Look !

CHARLES (*with the mirror.*) Is it your hand that trembles, or
mine eye? (*gazes fixedly a moment. The Unknown disappears.*)
Gone! let her go—be she from hell or Heaven!
Was it a presence from my heated brain,
Or some weird working of unlawful power?
The awe for me is *what* I felt—not *how*.
That pale—pale face so very like my own—
That gathered hair stretched tightly from the roots
As if by some one grasping it above—
The very eyes I gazed with blank and closed—
The black gouts dropping from my severed throat—
Is this the issue of my kingly life?
Is this the promise of my marriage hour?

[Exit.

TO A CHILD.

BY MISS ELLEN POWER.

GAZING on thee fair innocent,
My heart is filled with love;
Those timid eyelids downward cast,
Then softly raised above,
Show me what deep solicitude
Should guard thee from all care,
Lest aught unkind, or harsh, or cold,
Should blight a bud so fair.
May that fair cheek, those dove-like eyes,
Be ever bright, as now;
May grief ne'er chill thy glowing youth
Nor cloud thy sunny brow.





V. Smeets

W. J. M. J. J.

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THE PORTRAIT

OF MRS. ALFRED MONTGOMERY.

BY CHARLES HOWARD, ESQ.

THERE are lips that call forth laughter,

There are eyes that waken tears ;

There are tones that Music hears

And, like Echo, singeth after.

And thee celestial spirits

Surround like sunny air,

So the song thy beauty merits,

Is a blessing and a prayer !

For a calmness chaste and holy

On thy gentle brow is shrined,

Thou hast given to the wind

Every dream of pride and folly ;

Thou hast charms to bear thee scatheless,

Through the tempest and the snare,

So my rhyme were false and faithless,

Save it blessed thee with a prayer !

STANZAS.

BY ALEXANDER D. COCHRANE, ESQ., M.P.

WHEN the twilight of summer is passing away
And the still beams of starlight gleam over the dell,
Shall the spirit not mourn the decline of the day,
And our tears, like the dew-drops, express our Farewell?

When the rays of affection have played round the heart,
And dimples of feeling have brightened its swell,
Can we carelessly meet? is it easy to part?
Can we coldly and callously murmur—Farewell?

Not so will I leave thee, who sweetly and kindly,
Hast told me what gentleness only can tell;
That some few whom I turned from most darkly and blindly
Bid me welcome with joy, and with sorrow Farewell.

So grateful, tho' sadful, my heart shall entwine
Its tendrils round one who has trusted me well;
And the tear-drops which glisten for thee and for thine
Shall hallow the spot where I bid thee Farewell.

My heart, like my night-lamp, is fitful and low—
My verse lacks its cunning—my spirit its swell;
But in truth there's a magic—tho' simple their flow
Every word proves my grief when I utter—Farewell.

In boyhood how gaily and wildly we rove,
No matter the shore where the winds may impel;
But to anchor the spirit on those whom we love,
We must know all the sadness which follows—Farewell.

Oh, mayst thou be happy—and happy thou wilt be,
If kindness and gentleness harm can repel;
And many the years that thy friendship shall bless me
If it outlive the feelings which bid thee—Farewell.

SECRETS OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

A NEAPOLITAN TALE.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

SOME four winters ago, a considerable sensation was excited at Naples by the execution of a private in one of the infantry regiments for the murder of his superior officer, a young lieutenant, related to more than one ancient Calabrian family. Under ordinary circumstances such an event might have passed almost unnoticed, as one of not unfrequent occurrence among the hot-blooded Neapolitans, but the fact of the deed having been perpetrated in open day, and in one of the most public *cafés* in the city, invested the fate of the young officer with an additional, and for the time, all-absorbing, interest. Many speculations were hazarded as to the motive which could have impelled the murderer to commit the guilty act, but for a long while no satisfactory clue to the mystery could be obtained, the criminal himself obstinately refusing to say a word beyond a single exclamation of joy on hearing that his victim had expired.

On the evening before his trial, however, he delivered a paper to his confessor, with the strictest injunctions to divulge its contents to none until six months had elapsed from the period of his execution. Being convicted on the clearest evidence, he was condemned by martial law to be shot behind the barracks of his regiment, a little way out of the city on the road to Portici. Two days after, the sentence was carried into effect, and in less than a week public curiosity had so far abated, that few, except the immediate friends and connexions

of the lieutenant, evinced any anxiety to peruse the confession of his murderer.

The six months having at length expired, the paper was opened, and an autobiographical fragment discovered, the style and phraseology of which left no doubt of its having been written under the influence of delirium. With little difficulty I succeeded in procuring a copy of this singular document, and now lay a verbal translation of it, with some slight, unimportant omissions, before my readers.

"Yes, I am about to die! The bell that tolls from yonder chapel near my prison, the dark, hopeless countenance of my jailer, the still more hopeless dull beating of my heart, already half frozen into lethargy, all are signs of death. And to what end? to atone for a deed of just and righteous vengeance—to perish, exulting in the thought that *he* has preceded me to the tomb?

"I am young, yet have I heard men say it is hard to die, to leave the bright sun, the fruitful earth, and all the blessings Providence hath bestowed upon his creatures. What are sunshine and the verdant smile of Nature to one, who in life or death can never more know joy? Can they recal the past, or give back the vital spark to her whose angel loveliness could not redeem her from the spoiler?

"I loved Francesca—*loved*, nay, worshipped her as the beacon of my fate, the guide-star of my affections: young and pure-hearted, with no other dower than her virgin beauty, she was the idol of my fancy, the goal of my wishes, the one green oasis amid the stern desert of existence! We were playmates in our youth; our families had been long linked together by the tie of friendship, and my parents gladly looked forward to my union with their neighbour's only child. We were brought up almost together: our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows were, for a long

series of happy years, the same; nor did one doubt of the future dim the bright horizon of our love.

"A few months more, and I had left my home, in compliance with the wish of my father, to travel. I was then eighteen, and Francesca two years younger. Well, too well, do I remember the last evening we passed together; it was one of those delicious summer nights that a Neapolitan alone can enjoy: she sat beside me in her father's garden, and we listened to the chimes of the old convent bell, and sighed responsively to the cool sea-breeze breathing softly through the orange grove. Her guitar lay by her, and ere we parted, she sung with touching sweetness

* Nella costanza
Dolè è conforto,
Se la speranza
N'assisterà.*

"At length I tore myself away, and, dreading my own irresolution, left Naples without hazarding another interview: two years I remained absent, at the expiration of which I had visited every part of Italy. I had seen Rome, had lingered spell-bound at Florence, had wondered at the stately palaces of Genoa, and the gorgeous beauty of Venice. But yet I longed for Naples: when wandering amid the fertile gardens of Tuscany, or the desolate Campagna, I felt that I would give up all for one brief glance, that I might

* *Veder Napoli, e poi morir!* *

"And Francesca! would she love me still? Did the heart of the woman still cherish the affections of the girl? I grew ashamed of my doubts, and would have staked my life on her truth.

"I was at La Spezia, when a letter in an unknown handwriting reached me: it had been sent from place to place in search of me, so that the address was nearly obliterated. I

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opened it hastily; the first words told me that my father was dead—dead, and I not with him to receive his blessing! I could read no more, the characters swam before my eyes, and I sank motionless to the ground. On my recovery, I found myself lying on a bank of sand, and supported by some fishermen, who had succeeded in restoring me to consciousness. I grasped the letter and read on, but this time calmly, to the end: it was from the father of my Francesca, and the writing seemed blotted with tears. But not a word from *her*, not one fond remembrance to soften my affliction! Not even an assurance that she was well, nought save a few hurried lines, informing me of my loss, and bidding me return home without delay.

“I did so: ere four days had elapsed, I was at Naples. With what eagerness I flew up the steep height on whose summit in massive grandeur frowns St. Elmo, and threaded the vine-shaded lane adjoining our homes. *Our* homes! Better had it been for me if oceans had divided them.

“I saw before me the garden, the scene of our last meeting, and lightly bounded over the low wall that separated it from the lane: an unfamiliar object in the distance attracted my gaze; it was a simple white cross. ‘Blessed be they,’ I cried, ‘who have thus hallowed the memory of my father!’ With throbbing heart and tearful eye I approached the spot: the sacred symbol had been planted on a mound of raised earth, bordered with flowers. I knelt down beside the cross to read the inscription; it consisted but of one word,

FRANCESCA.

“I know not how long I lay insensible where I had fallen. My first recollections are, of being confined in a darkened chamber, my strength paralysed, and my senses wandering. He, her father, bade me be composed and tranquil. I asked

to see my mother, but she came not. Alas! I learnt afterwards that she, too, was no more. I pass over the wearisome days ere I recovered, suffice it that, before I was able to leave my couch, I prevailed on the old man to tell me all. His story was brief.

"In less than a year after my departure, my father had made the acquaintance of a young officer in the city, and had invited him to his house. Once admitted there, he speedily became intimate with both families, and even Francesca for a time appeared delighted with the new addition to their social circle. He was, as many who read this will know, a man well versed in those winning attentions which a woman, if she be not won by them, is at least sensible of; and his manners more resembled the courtesy of a Chevalier of the olden time than the less dignified bearing of an infantry officer. Struck with Francesca's loveliness, he chose, as he thought, a favourable moment for the avowal of his passion, doubting not that his affection was returned. Gently but firmly his offer was declined; in vain he pleaded for a less decisive answer, and intreated that he might at least be allowed to hope; he could obtain no other reply than a refusal.

"Incensed at his failure, and forgetting every tie of principle and honour, he resolved to profit by the temporary absence of her father, and force her to elope with him. His base scheme succeeded but too well; one morning Francesca was missing, and no clue to her flight could be obtained, save the testimony of a peasant, who averred that he had seen a carriage drive rapidly along the lane late on the previous night. Tidings of her disappearance were sent to her father, and every exertion made both by him, on his return home, and by my parents, to discover some trace of the fugitive. Letters were written to me, narrating the event, and urging

my immediate return, but from some unknown cause they never reached me.

"It was some weeks afterwards that the figure of a female, walking slowly, and with pain, was seen approaching the house; when almost at the door she staggered, apparently from weakness, and fell. It was Francesca. Faint from want of food and long suffering, she had fled from her betrayer, alas! but to reach her home and die. Ere she breathed her last, she related the above details with difficulty:—From her own account, the villain had carried her to a remote house situated in one of the gloomiest passes of Monte St. Angelo, several leagues from Naples. Every endeavour to restore her failing energies was in vain; her delicate frame sank beneath the hardships she had undergone, and in a few hours she was no more. In compliance with her own request, a white cross was erected shortly after her funeral, on the bank endeared to us both as the spot where we, for the last time, had pledged our loves, and her father's hand had planted around it the choicest blossoms of his garden.

"This was the substance of the old man's tale. I learnt from him that, shortly after the letter announcing to me my father's death was written, my mother had followed him to the grave; and that both with their dying breath had invoked heaven's blessing on their absent son. I learnt, too, that owing to the failure of a speculation in which my father had embarked nearly all his capital, I was almost a beggar; even the home of my childhood had been sold to strangers. What had I to bind me still to life? I was, save the old man, without a friend, alone in the world. I had no hope but one, that of vengeance on *her* betrayer.

"I offered myself as a recruit to the regiment in which he served, and was accepted. I then strove, by numerous offices of pretended goodwill and alacrity, to ingratiate myself with

him. He knew me not, nor guessed how little reason I had to love him; by constant assiduity I succeeded in rendering my attendance indispensable to him, and by the eagerness with which I anticipated his every wish became in time, as far as my military avocations would allow, his humble friend, his confidant. Gradually I wormed from him the secrets of his heart; he loved—yes, the vile seducer of Francesca, he who could wrong innocence so spotless as hers, he loved. With the exultation of hatred I listened, as he painted in glowing colours the perfections of her he adored. I discovered that he was an accepted, a welcome suitor, and that in a few short weeks he would lead an unsuspecting bride to the altar. 'T was a hard task to hear all this composedly, but secure in the hope of a more complete vengeance, I restrained myself.

"My tale is nearly at an end. By apparently careless enquiries, I ascertained the name and abode of his affianced one, and learnt that she was fair and wealthy; ere another day had expired, I had told her *all*. I watched him turn pale, as his eye glanced over the last letter she ever wrote him, forbidding him to see her more, and expressing her abhorrence of his perfidy. I still restrained myself, but his hour was at hand. Impatiently he rushed to the house of her he once deemed his own, but was denied admittance; and shortly after, enclosed in a blank envelope, a ring, the last link of love between him and his betrothed, was returned to him.

"Then it was that, alone with him in a public *café*, where he sought a brief oblivion in the fumes of wine—then it was that I discovered myself to him, and taxed him with his guilt. I saw the villain writhe conscience-stricken as I spoke; he read in my looks that he must die, and faintly implored mercy. Mercy! did he show it to *her*?"

Thus abruptly terminates the manuscript. A year after the execution of the criminal, an aged man requested permission of Fra Dominico to examine the confession of the murderer. He was observed to change colour and tremble during the perusal, and, after a vain effort to speak, fell back as if from exhaustion. Every attempt was made to restore him, but it was too late; the spirit had fled, and a lifeless corpse was all that remained of the father of Francesca.

PRAYER IN PARADISE.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A., CANTAB.

MORN, noontide, eve, thine orison for me
Arose : arose in anguish—yea, in death.
How should thy prayer have perish'd on the breath
That ended thy corporeal pangs, not thee,
But gave thee bliss and immortality?
Could'st thou remember me in prayer beneath
The mortal conflict, yet, when now the wreath
Is won, canst thou forget me? Can it be,
That in the home of Love thou lov'st me less?
Or is the holy privilege of prayer
Denied thee in the home of Holiness?
Could'st thou prevail on earth, yet canst not, where
No earth-stain is?—I knew thy prayer could bless
Below ; but feel that it doth bless me there.

RECTORY, WRINGTON,
Feb. 12, 1841.

THE OCCUPATION OF THE CONVENT AT ASPEIZIA

BY THE REBEL TROOPS IN 1839.

Written for the Spanish chaunt.

BY LORD JOHN MANNERS.

HARK, hark, o'er hill and dell,
From old Aspeizia's towers,
The convent's vesper bell
It's plaintive music pours.
List, list, for when again
Shall the music of that strain
Float o'er Ascoytia's plain
At the church's holy hours?

The last sons of our saint,
Who through long years have there
Pleased Heaven with fast and plaint,
And ceaseless chaunt and prayer,
Are quitting now their shrine,
Where the lights no longer shine,
And their altars, once divine,
Now desolate and bare.

The rebel-chief is now
Triumphant in their hall,
And the men of God must bow
Submission to his call;
But the hour is coming on
When, his race of rapine run,
Shall Loyola's poorest son
Mock at that upstart's fall!

THE POET'S CRIME.

BY MISS ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

I.

* * * But I! the blood of kings—
* * *
Kings! I had silent visions of deep bliss,
Leaving their thrones far distant.

HERMAN.

E'en he so sunk in wretchedness,
With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
Yet in this moment's pure caress,
In the wild eyes that shone before him:
Beaming that best assurance worth
All other transports known on earth;
That he was loved—well, warmly loved—
Oh! in this precious hour he proved
How deep, how thorough felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe!

LALLA ROOHL.

THE Ducal Palace of Florence was lighted up with unwonted splendour, for it was the birth-night of Costanza, Ferdinand's fairest and sole remaining sister. The brilliant and the beautiful were gathered there, and delicious music resounded through the glittering halls; nevertheless, in the midst of the festal scene, the chief object of attraction—the lovely princess herself—seemed ill at ease; a frequent blanching of the cheek and a quivering of the lip indicated powerful mental emotion, and marred the mirth of her courtly flatterers. None ventured to notice her discomposure within her hearing, for all too clearly divined the cause. Giovanni Fiesco was a young and gifted poet, and high in favour with the reigning Duke of Tuscany, a Prince of the

Medicean House, and who inherited his great progenitor, Lorenzo's taste for science and art. The bard, a Venetian by birth, poor in worldly wealth, but rich in intellect—was drawn to Florence by the patronage and encouragement the Duke held out to men of letters. He was not disappointed in the reception he met with; but, alas, for hapless Fiesco that human love will not be controlled by human will—he saw and loved the fair Costanza!—and in the excitement of the moment, interpreting the Duke's extraordinary favour and friendship into an encouragement of his attachment, he had, on the evening in question, dared to forget the wide distance between a poet and a princess, and piercing through the crowd of nobles that surrounded her, solicited the royal sister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany to honour him with her hand in the dance! For this bold offence he who had been hitherto courted and caressed, the idol of every circle in which he moved, was dismissed the palace, with a threat from the haughty lips of Ferdinand, that his punishment should not there end. All Florence knew the poet's ardent attachment to the Princess, and *half* Florence guessed that Fiesco could not love in vain. This night confirmed the supposition that Costanza deeply returned his devotion; from the moment of his departure mirth left her cheek; light left her eye! Many were rejoiced to see his seat vacant at the regal banquet, for the marked favour of Ferdinand had drawn upon the bard the envy and hatred of several of the courtiers; others, of kindlier natures, recalled with pity, the excited and expressive face that was wont to watch Costanza's to catch one precious smile, or one word of passing courtesy. What marvel then that *she* sorrowfully missed the voice that was sweeter than music to her ear; the eloquent eye that told its own tale as it met hers! As the hours wore on the shadow on her brow grew heavier—the paleness on her cheek grew

deadlier; and when the last guest had descended the marble staircase, the Princess flung herself at the feet of her exasperated brother, and besought pardon for Fiesco.

"Hear me, Ferdinand, hear me!" she exclaimed, "he meant not the offence; in the enthusiasm of the moment he forgot himself."

"Costanza!" cried the irritated Prince, "these are idle words! I cannot overlook the insult. What! does he dream of an alliance with royal blood, that makes him thus presumptuous? Does he dream that genius is so great a leveller; or that thou would'st condescend to feel aught save pity for his silly passion?" And the eyes of the stern brother would seem to search the soul of the loving-hearted sister. "Rise," he added, "thy entreaties are vain—to-morrow he quits Florence."

"Brother! brother! unsay the words!" murmured the Princess, hoarsely.

"How! Costanza! hast *thou*, too, forgotten thyself, that the fate of a beggar-poet is so dear to thee!" scornfully answered Ferdinand.

The lady sprung from her prostrate position, and stood proudly before her brother, and when next she spoke, her voice, though it trembled, was clear and distinct.

"Beggar-poet!" she repeated, "and is this the title thou conferrest on him whom kings delight to honour! Whose glorious genius has won for him a name and a fame that cannot perish! Is this the title thou conferrest on him whose grateful heart names *thee* his patron and his friend! Then, Ferdinand, beggar-poets must be greater than princes!"

The Duke, who paced the apartment with rapid and unequal steps, turned to reply to this touching rebuke, but he found himself alone.

Taking a lamp from an attendant, Costanza was hastening

to her chamber, when her page slipped a note into her hand. Why—as she gazed upon it—did the blood rush to her very temples, and then as rapidly recede, leaving cheek and lip yet whiter than before? Why did her heart beat till she grew sick with its violent motion? It has been said—and with unquestioned truth—that “there is magic in a name;” yet, methinks there is mightier magic still in a handwriting! The Princess unfolded the billet, it ran thus:—

“If thou hast not cast me from thy heart for my presumption in daring openly to place myself on a level with thee, give me one moment’s interview—perhaps our last! in the Palace gardens. I will wait thee beside the marble fountain when the banquet is ended, and thy faithful Guido will be thy conductor. Costanza, dearest Costanza, defer not thy coming—to-morrow *it may be too late!* Thou wilt not refuse this request if thou hast ever truly loved—and hast thou not sweetly said it?

“One who loves thee far better than his life.

“Thine for ever,

“GIOVANNI FIESCO.”

Whispering a few hurried words in the ear of her page, Costanza again took the way to her chamber. As soon as her women had disrobed her of her glittering attire, and unclasped the jewels that bound her hair, she dismissed them, and casting herself on her knees, “the flood-gates of her soul gave way,” the long-prisoned tears poured down her cheeks, and one ardent prayer rose up to heaven for the safety of Fiesco. Not Fiesco the Minstrel of Italy—the rising glory of his country—the idol of Florence—but Fiesco the beloved of her heart—the “light of her eyes;” whose love would be all the same to her did fickle fortune strip the bay from his

brow, and fickle fame cast him down from his seat amongst her elect! True, there was pride in winning the love of such a heart as Fiesco's—pride in being the chosen of one whose thrilling lays were on every lip, but the holy and unquenchable flame of true affection requires not the stimulus of pride to keep it alive. Fiesco scorned by Italy—discarded by her Princes, would still be as dear to the faithful heart of Costanza as in his hour of richest triumph! Her voice would not be the *last* to wish him joy of success, but it would *surely be the first* to cheer him in disappointment!

“ 'Tis the light of love that pierces where the shadows deepest lie,
Not in vain hath sung the Poet, love alone can never die!”

Soothed by the blessed influence of prayer, the Princess arose from her knees, and putting on a plainer suit than that which her women had just removed, and wrapping a mantle and veil around her, she sat for half an hour in an attitude of anxious expectancy, when a gentle knocking summoned her to her chamber door. She opened it softly, and her page presented himself.

“Has the Duke retired?” was her first agitated inquiry.

An answer in the affirmative, accompanied by an encouraging assurance that she might proceed with safety, somewhat calmed her, and, conducted by her light-footed and more collected guide, she found herself, in a short time, descending the flight of marble steps that led into the gardens. Another moment, and Fiesco was by her side! Neither spoke for several seconds; words were all too weak to give voice to their feelings.

“Breathless we grow when feeling most;
And silent we stand in thoughts too deep.”

“Costanza, Costanza!” murmured the poet at length—
“do I look on thee once again!” And he bent his earnest

eyes over the face which he had carried in his heart from the first hour that it meekly returned his timid smile in the ducal halls of Florence. "Do I see thee once again!" he repeated, and for some moments he appeared unmindful of everything, save *the happiness of her presence*. Oh, well might he forget, as he drew that fair form to his bosom, that "his song and his heart were his only heritage."

"Speak, Costanza," he added, at last, "speak, I fear me I've read a heavy punishment upon Ferdinand's indignant brow."

"Alas, he is inexorable!" faltered the Princess.

"And my doom?"

"Banishment from Florence!"

"And from thee!" he exclaimed, springing back a few paces. Cold drops stood upon his forehead.

"Costanza," he said, with solemn earnestness, "fly with me, or we are parted for ever!"

The Princess looked up bewildered. "Giovanni you talk wildly," she answered with a mournful smile.

"Yes, yes!" he cried, with fierce energy. "I talk wildly to ask a Princess to wed with a Minstrel! Yet, Costanza, was it well for thee, royal though thou art, to clip the eagle's wing, and chain him at thy feet, till he learned to dote upon the hand that enthralled him, if now thou would'st break his beloved bonds, and set him free, with a wounded heart and broken pinion! Was it well of thee to tell me that thy love was as fervent as mine, if now thou wilt permit the hand even of thy noble brother to tear us asunder for ever! I see it—I feel it all! My fatal error this evening has shown Ferdinand the dangerous extent of my passion for his royal sister, and though he has been to me the noblest of friends—the most generous of patrons, the last wrathful look he bent upon my face has told me that he never will pardon my pre-

sumption! And——" he drew her yet closer to him, and hoarsely whispered—"Costanza, *are we to part?*"

A low faint murmur broke from the lips of the Princess, and when next the bright moon stole out from behind the silver cloud that half veiled it, the marble fountain was desolate—princess, page, and poet—all were gone!

II.

—————"And we that met and parted
Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,
Woo back to childhood's trust, and fearless-hearted,
Breat the gladfulness of our thoughts that hour."

HERMAN.

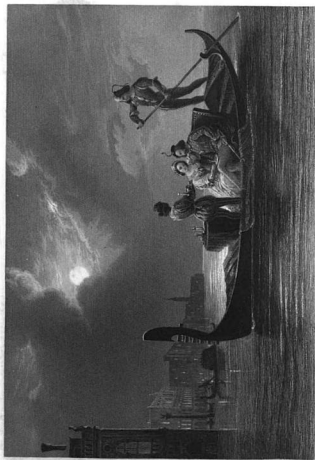
It was night; stars twinkled in the sky, and moon-beams quivered on the trembling waters of the Adriatic. "Beautiful Venice," with the lights streaming from her marble palaces, looked as if she had just sprung out of the ocean—

"From the stroke of the enchanter's wand."

Sweet was the song that floated over the waves from the lips of a gondolier, as he guided his fairy vessel, occupied by a young and happy pair, and a page who waited upon them with refreshments. A smile passed over the lady's face—a smile of mingled pride, affection, and delight, as she listened to the thrilling strain, and met the eyes of him who sat beside her.

"Ah, Giovanni," she whispered, "the Venetians know how to give true honour to their native bard! This nightly repetition of thy songs is a richer and dearer tribute to thy genius than aught that we have ever been able to pay to it! The seat at the royal banquet—the praises of royal lips, are but *vulgar* homage compared to this."

"Beware lest you betray too *deep* an interest, dearest Costanza," replied the poet, "for I have more than once observed the gondolier earnestly watching us. I fear we have





been unwise in removing our close mantles—or, at least, mine—trusting to the belief that he might never before have seen me. Yet," he added, seeing the expression of anxiety that crossed her features, "what should we apprehend? Five days have passed since our flight, and Ferdinand has not sought us; the hurried line that told him of our union has long since reached him, and 'tis evident he deems the bride of the minstrel no longer worthy of his thoughts or cares. Moreover, he will consider my native place to be the last I would take refuge in. But even did he discover our residence, what can we dread? Our marriage, though hasty, was not the less holy, and who would divide us now? Cheer up, my love, and recal that happy look which my ill-timed caution has driven away."

"True, true, we can have nothing to fear, for are not our fates *one*!" whispered the fond heart of Costanza, and again she smiled and was smiled upon; and who will marvel if the future was unrecked of in the sweet enjoyment of that blissful present? It was a happy hour—the happiest the poet had ever known. The joy which he had hitherto experienced, since his nuptials, was too hurried, too tumultuous,—I had almost said, too overwhelming,—to admit of his clearly estimating it, or trusting in its duration; there were moments when he could scarcely believe that she whose dear image he had so often, yet so vainly, endeavoured to tear from his breast—whose love it was presumptuous to hope for—that she had knelt with him before the altar, and vowed the holy vow that death alone could disannul. There were moments, I have said, when he found it difficult to convince himself of the *reality* of this, it appeared so like a blessed dream from which he trembled to awaken. But, to-night, the *sacredness* of the hour—the soft music of the rippling waters—the solemn stillness of the deep, clear sky—the fond and fervent words

that ever and anon stole from his lips, or were murmured in his ear—the language, yet more eloquent, of the “answering eyes” that were lifted to his—all conspired to fill his heart with a deep and *certain* sense of rare and unmixed happiness, and a prayer of ardent gratitude broke from his full bosom.

• • • • • •

“Know ye their names?” said a loiterer by the canal, as Fiesco, Costanza, and the page, now wrapped in ample mantles, and the lady closely veiled, disembarked, and hurried into a building hard by. “Know ye their names?” he said, addressing the gondolier, and pointing after their receding figures.

“*Know* them, I do not,” was the reply; “but, methinks I can guess the name of one.”

“And what may your guess be?” asked the interrogator, inquisitively, yet with an affectation of carelessness.

“That if ever I saw the poet Fiesco, he goes yonder.”

“Fiesco!” repeated the other eagerly,—“are you sure that is Fiesco? How often have you before seen him?”

“Only once, and that ten months ago, just before he quitted his native city for Florence.”

“Pshaw!” then it can be but a vague suspicion that—

“Nay, I could almost swear it!” interrupted the gondolier, somewhat irritated at his penetration being doubted, and proud of having recognized the bard; for Fiesco was regarded by his fellow-citizens with a species of idolatry. Perhaps the “too late remorse” of Florence for her ingratitude to the divine Dante had been a lesson to all Italy to do justice to her future bards. “I could almost swear it!” he repeated, impetuously.

“Why, how knew ye him?” asked the querist.

“By the lordly brow.”

“Folly! has no man a lordly brow but Fiesco?”

"Few. And, then, when I sung his own lays, he started suddenly, and the lady by his side smiled in his face with a proud, fond smile. But I wot not who she may be; for he has no sister, and, moreover, she seemed, methought, to love him better than even a sister loves."

"Ha! did she?" cried the stranger; "and they have a page too?"

"Yes, a comely youth."

The loiterer passed on, and the unconscious gondolier little dreamed of the evil his few words had wrought in the destiny of the poet. Ere next the silver moon showed her brightly pale face in the heavens, he was arrested, torn from his bride, and cast in a noisome dungeon. And Costanza, helpless in her woe, carried back to the ducal palace. The stranger, who had accosted the gondolier, was one of the spies employed by the cunning Duke of Tuscany, to search out the refuge of Fiesco and the Princess, because he wished not the flight of the latter to be bruited abroad by his taking a more open method for her recovery. It was kept a profound secret from all but these emissaries; pretended indisposition being the excuse given for her absence from the courtly circle; for Ferdinand had sternly resolved in the depths of his heart that she should be restored to her regal state, whatever the price, and that her name should never descend to posterity connected with that of the "beggar-poet."

She survived not long to mourn her worse than widowhood, for—

"Had she not her task fulfill'd and ended—
Lov'd and liv'd? What was there but to die?"

Whether it was the "dagger" or the "bowl" that hushed the harp of Fiesco, in his lonely cell, it boots but little. To the latter princes of the house of Medici, both were familiar instruments.

THE BRIDAL.

I HEARD the merry peal of bells, the solemn rite was o'er;
The vow that fixed the maiden's fate to change in life no more!
I looked upon the group which filled the venerable aisle,
Joy seemed enthroned on every brow and lent each lip a smile.

Save one—the fairest of them all—among whose tresses shone
Bright orange blossoms, like the stars upon night's curtain strown:
But darker than the hair or eye, I saw the shadow there
Of sorrow's silent apathy, and deep resigned despair.

Gaily and thoughtlessly they passed, in dazzling wealth's parade,
While friends were smiling round to see the wretchedness they made;
And o'er the victim sacrificed at splendour's heartless shrine,
No pitying eye shed sorrow's tear—no bosom heaved, but mine.

A few short months had passed, I trod that church-yard path again;
And nature wept lost summer's charms beneath a sterner reign.
What mean yon mourning forms that wait in livery of woe—
Those sighs that swell the wintry blast—those bitter tears that flow?

I joined the train—the faces were familiar, but they wore
Grief's leaden impress stamped, where light and mirth had reigned
before.

I saw it all: the Grave had closed on her so late a Bride—
The loathsome worm and beauty's cheek now rested side by side.
Death's pitying hand, with iron grasp, had broken suffering's chain—
The eyes that woke in life to tears would never weep again!

How strange, that friends around should grieve that peace at length
was given
To the freed spirit, which had flown to happiness and Heaven.

T. A. K.

FANTASIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONINGSBY."

I.

'Tis a scene of perpetual moonlight; never ceasing serenades; groups of gliding revellers; gardens, fountains, palaces!

There are four green vistas, and from each vista comes forth a damsel; each damsel in white raiment, each with a masque, fashioned and glittering like a star.

They meet and curtsy to the moon.

"O! Lady Artemis," the thrilling voices cried, "O! Lady Artemis, Endymion slumbers in thy bower; but why are we alone?"

There are four bright statues, bright heroic statues, mounted on emerald pedestals, around the plot where the star-faced ladies sing.

"O! Lady Artemis, why are we alone?"

Lo! each statue from its pedestal leaps upon the earth; bends before a maiden, extends to her his hand, and leads her with stately grace. Nymphs and heroes dance together.

Yes! 'tis a scene of perpetual moonlight; never ceasing serenades; groups of gliding revellers; gardens, fountains, palaces!

II.

A thousand bright-eyed pages, swinging baskets full of flowers, flit about in all directions, and present each shadowy reveller with a lily; asking and responding all the time in chorus.

"What is night like?"

"Like a lily."

"What is morn like?"

"Like a rose."

"Yes! night is like a lily, and morning like a rose."

Oh! 'tis a scene of perpetual moonlight; never ceasing serenades; groups of gliding revellers; gardens, fountains, palaces!

III.

It was a grove remote from the noisier part of the fantastic demesne; the music so distant that it was almost overpowered by the gentle voice of the fountain, by the side of which a hero whispered to one of the star-faced maidens.

"My heart is tender, my voice is hushed, my thoughts are wild and beautiful as the twilight. It is the hour of love!"

The maiden slowly removed her starry masque, and exhibited the crested head of a splendid serpent. Its eyes glittered with prismatic fire, and its tongue of blue and arrowy flame played between its delicate and ebon jaws.

"You are alarmed?" said the serpent.

"Only fascinated," said the hero.

"Yet yours is the common lot of premature passion," said the serpent; "you have fallen in love with a masque, and obtained a monster."

The hero, to cover his confusion, placed the masque to his face, but in a moment, an almost rude grasp tore the covering from his countenance.

"A maid of honour of Queen Artemis is missing," said a lusty Faun, "and you are found with her masque."

"But a masque is not a maid," expostulated the hero.

"That depends upon circumstances," said the Faun.

"Hark! her Majesty passes. We must follow."

They emerged from the grove. The advanced guard of the procession was passing over the lawn; bands of youth

blowing silver horns, their long hair dishevelled, or their tresses braided with lilies. Strange riders on white horses followed them, bearing mystic banners. A wild, yet subdued chorus, a clash of cymbals, and a chariot drawn by an extatic troop of nymphs and satyrs. Upon its lofty throne was a regal form, her melancholy beauty like the setting moon. As the chariot passed, the countless windows of the palaces were illumined by a bright blue flame, and tongues of pallid fire rose from the roofs—like the tongue of the maid of honour.

The route has passed; the tinkle of the guitars is again heard, and in the fair and undisturbed light, groups of dancers with twinkling yet soundless feet seem to sail over the ground. All is mystery; and so is Life. Whither do they go? And where do we?

Yet it was a scene of perpetual moonlight, never ceasing serenades; groups of gliding revellers; gardens, fountains, palaces!

THE FAITH OF LOVE.

BY MRS. TORRE HOLME.

I.

I BLAME thee not, my peerless bride,
Though envy hints in sneering tone,
That to thy beauty's graceful pride
More hearts are captive than my own ;
'Tis so perchance, yet not a pain
Or doubt, such idle taunts can move,
The force of calumny is vain
Before the stedfast *Faith of Love*.

II.

I blame thee not—Oh, who would blame
A lily's chaste and snowy flower,
Because some wanton breeze that came
To steal the soft and scented shower
Of its delicious breath, should claim
The treasure of that love-fraught sigh,
Regardless it bestowed the same
On every Zephyr wand'ring by.

III.

I blame thee not—Oh, who would blame
A star that glittered pure and bright,
If some enthusiast loved its flame,
And madly deemed the gentle light
Stole from the cold and distant sky
For his enamour'd glance alone,
Forgetting that to every eye
With equal charm its beauty shone.

IV.

I blame thee not, if some who meet
That gentle voice's magic tone
May vainly hope that sounds so sweet,
Must breathe a passion like their own—
Unconscious that a guardian spell
Some blessed angel casts o'er thee,
Within whose circle nought may dwell
Save *Honour* and *Fidelity*.

V.

I blame thee not—no thought of blame—
No coward doubt—no jealous fear
Sullies the brightness of a name
My inmost soul exults to hear;
No—if before my idol's shrine
The incense of the world is thrown,
There let it burn—the form divine
Is marble, save for me alone.

THE GLEN OF THE GRAVE.

BY D. SIMMONS, ESQ.

I.

It was an evening of summer in the year 1822. The sultry south wind that had been blowing steadily all day had died away, and the soft haze of twilight had already begun to tint with a deeper purple the lulled expanse of the Egean Sea. Star after star arose sparkingly bright in the firmament, yet scarce did they seem to surpass in number and beauty the gleaming islets of the Cyclades, whose white clusters studded like constellations that rival heaven of waters. Fairest among those islands rose Scio; conspicuous from afar even in the decline of day by the hues of rose-light that lingered long and late upon its green and terrace-like acclivities.

On one of the verdant hills of Scio at this beautiful hour, beneath the shadow of a rock overhung with pines and olives, a Greek maiden and her lover, who had for some time been slowly winding their way from the vale below, were now seated, apparently enjoying the influence of the peaceful and glorious scene. From the spot where they sat, the eye descended by grey cliffs and thickets of oleander and myrtle, to the delicious vale of Scio, purple with vineyards, musical with brooks, and crowded with the white villas and gardens of the principal merchants of the island. Beyond spread the wide sea, with its slumberous murmurs, for though the spot was in the vicinity of the city, neither the superb streets of Scio nor the blue waters of its bay were visible, being concealed by a continuation of the verdant steep already

mentioned, and which terminated only in a lofty promontory at the sea.

"And so," said Nicolo Sessini, half raising himself from the indolent posture of repose he had assumed at the feet of his mistress; "and so, Marina Orlandi, you, the daughter of the richest noble of Scio—the betrothed bride of (I say it mercifully) its handsomest cavalier,—with a form that rivals in grace the fairest sculptures of your father's palace, and in life and beauty surpasses the bright captives I have seen bought at Stamboul for a king's ransom—even *you*—within this the very month whose close gives you to the heart of him who has so long adored you—will persist in this peevish sadness—in wearing a dejection on that cheek, that hangs as heavily on its lustre as yonder cloudy streak upon the evening sky. My own Marina, does this proceed from caprice or coquetry? I dare not think it an omen of repent——"

"Dear Nicolo!" said the maiden, and she raised her hitherto drooping head, and turned on him her dark eyes whose light shone more largely through gathering tears, "do not chide me—would that this despondency I feel, proceeded from some cause I could trace—at least from some rational one—for then should I be sure it was transient as that twilight cloud. An omen I believe it to be—though not, foolish boy, of the disaster," she said with a languid smile, "to which you were about to attribute it, and which would be, doubtless, so terrible a misfortune to Nicolo Sessini."

"But Marina—my life! blest as we are in all the ties of existence, in friends, in fortune, and in youth, with such a heaven above, with such a land beneath us, what have we to apprehend, save indeed the ills that are inseparable from our humanity? Even in this late affair" (and he spoke more low), "in this revolt——"

"Ay—there—there," said the maiden with a shudder,

interrupting him; "*there* is the thought that smites me as with the glare of lightning; how, dearest Nicolo, can I smile and be light-hearted when we hear those dreadful rumours of all that is doing at Stamboul and Patras?"

"For Scio there is no fear. Her insular position will preserve her peace, while her contiguity to the Asian shore, her known allegiance to the Divan, and, above all, her commercial prosperity, are the strongest securities against any suspicion of participation in the present insurrection;—even in this affair of Boorna's, the nobles of Scio, the priests, the peasantry, have steadily maintained their fidelity to the Porte; and, by my faith," he added in a lighter tone, "the Sultana's Garden * is too productive not to be an especial object of her highness's favour and protection!"

"Nicolo, you talk lightly, to cheer the drooping spirits of a melancholy maiden; you speak of allegiance—of fidelity to the Porte. Ah, my own Nicolo, do you do so without reserve? alas! I fear not—at least I think not. My father has at times, fondly as he regards you, hinted to me his apprehensions that you were not altogether unconnected with that—that dream for the regeneration of our country—our Greece,—the Hetaeria; you once dropped a whisper of that fraternity to me, and your cheek coloured, and your eye kindled while you spoke of it as some noble——"

"Noble!" said the youth, springing to his feet, his whole frame dilated with energy and enthusiasm; "Yes—the noblest—the purest—the holiest brotherhood that ever banded brave men against intolerable oppression."

"In other days—in other circumstances, were my lot cast in such," said Marina rising also, her cheek flushing with the

* Scio was so called, as, from its wealth and beauty, it was generally an appanage in the settlement of the Sultanas. In 1822 its revenues belonged to the sister of Mahmoud II.

contagious emotion of her lover. "My Nicolo, I would not tremble at the generous enthusiasm you display; but when brave men engage in a hopeless enterprise, the glory of the lesson they exhibit is neutralised by the evil that results from failure; look at this Moldavian—this Ypsilanti."

"Yes;" replied Sessini, abstractedly; "Ypsilanti failed, for he was brave to no purpose—he had enterprise without foresight—valour without discretion—but a truce to these dismal allusions. *Here*, at all events, is neither war nor woe, and at such an hour as this, with such a being by my side," and he wound his arm tenderly around her, "why should I not wreath my brow with the roses that cluster o'er our heads? remember the beautiful injunction of your favourite poet—

"Cogliam d'Amor la rosa: amiamo or, quando
Esser si puote riamato amando."

"Be seated, my Marina," he said, "and I will repeat to you that exquisite song;" and flinging himself on the fragrant turf, he drew the fond girl to his side, and, with fervid looks and burning lips, recited the whole of that tender melody, that still breathes the very enchantments of the Bower of Bliss.

The silvery music of love's own language, from the lips of him she loved, seemed to wile away all sadness from the spirit of Marina, and the smile so familiar to the cheek of conscious loveliness returned. Occupied in the interchange of tender thought, the moon of the summer night had long brightened up the ocean ere the joyous pair prepared to retrace their steps to the valley. For a very considerable way their path lay along the natural and herbage-crowned terraces that skirted the brow of the chain of rocks which intercepted from their view the city and bay of Scio. The exceeding brightness and beauty of the night—the fragrance of the mountain flowers that every moment loaded the air with a richer incense

caused them to loiter long upon their way. They at length attained a spot where the path, turning abruptly through a gap or ravine in the cliffs, emerged upon soft uplands that overlooked the city. How often from that spot, under all the various lights of morn and noon, and "dewy eve," had they admired the world of gay gardens and groves, and white streets, and shining waters, that glittered below, interspersed with abrupt but verdant heights crowned by convent, and mosque, and citadel, adorned with their appropriate emblems of the crescent, the banner, and the cross. Some hours before, as they ascended, they had paused as usual, to feast their eyes on a scene endeared to them by all the loveliest associations of existence. But now, however, the moment it again met their gaze a sense of some terrible change arrested their steps. A red, an unusual, glare of light seemed to hover through the streets of the city. Rockets were constantly discharged from the citadel, and while the mosques were quite dark, the Christian churches appeared illuminated as if for some solemn rite. The sound of alarm-bells even reached their ear at that distance, and they fancied they could distinguish voices of lament and terror. Their excursion had led them to those parts of the environs remotest from the city, and they were now in the solitude of night, left to form the most serious conjectures of disaster. Hastening forward as rapidly as the uneven and circuitous path winding down from the heights permitted, they at last reached the suburbs. Here their worst apprehensions were realised. Groups of the terrified inhabitants crowded the approaches to Scio; there was but one wild and terrible exclamation upon the air. "The Turk! the Turk! Save! God and the Virgin, save!" In a word, the dreadful armament that had so long been fitting out at Constantinople (and whose destination was unknown), having sailed, under the command of the Capitan Pasha, Kara-ali, had descended

upon Scio, armed with an imperial mandate to lay waste with fire and sword that devoted island. Having borne up before the wind all day, as night fell the invading gallies anchored on the south coast of Scio. There the slaughter and rapine had commenced, and the merciless hordes of the Infidel were now in full march upon the fated capital.

Nicolo's first thought was to persuade his Marina to let him conduct her to an adjacent convent, remoter than most others from the public way, while he hurried to the city to gain intelligence, or join the nobles and citizens in their consultation at this dreadful crisis. But to this Marina would not listen. Her anxiety to reach her family, and her fears for their safety, were not to be overruled, and leaning on the arm of her lover, a creature more of the dead than of the living, through opposing crowds of fugitives, some seeking the town, and others flying from it—through streets resounding with the cries of helpless women, and the call to arms of despairing men—the maiden and Sessini gained her home. Every preparation that consternation and surprise could make for the defence of unwarlike streets had already been begun. Barriers were forming outside every door by piling before it all of available furniture within. The women of the higher order were placed in the most secret recesses of the palaces. The male domestics stood armed in the halls and at the thresholds. Their masters had assembled in the great square to hold a hasty consultation. Thither Nicolo repaired; but he was not destined to reach that last council. Before he could arrive, the Gerontes and other chief magistrates, with the noblest and wealthiest of the Sciote inhabitants, who composed it, were fired upon by the citadel, from whence at the same time a sally was made by the Turkish garrison, and the work of extermination began. Borne back by the retreating multitude, Sessini was about to retire to the Orlandi palace, and take his

last stand at its portals, when he was recognised by Count Orlandi and his sons, and informed that it had been unanimously determined to meet the invading force at every outlet ere they had entered the city, and there to die in its defence : assigning to the last survivors the duty of setting fire to the palaces, and by involving the women and children in the ruins, save them from the horrors and the shame of slaves.

Calling loudly, and not in vain, upon their brethren as they hurried onward, to strike one last blow for Christ and for their country, a desperate and dauntless band met the foe at every entrance, and it was many hours before the countless legions of the infidel overswept the masses of dead that blocked their way, and entered Scio unresisted.

We will not dwell upon the scene that ensued. The memorable outrage by which the loveliest, and, for its size, the richest island in the world, was in the space of a few days converted into a reeking wilderness of blood and ashes, will never be forgotten.*

A futile attempt had been made to carry the design of firing the palaces into execution, but, whether the hands were too few or too feeble, it had failed, and license reigned triumphant. A band of Illyrian soldiers, at the command of Hussein, Pasha of Volo, had burst into the Orlandi palace; the domestics were slaughtered in the vestibule, and the place given up to plunder. The Pasha was about to proceed in his destructive progress, when a loud cry of more than usual intensity caught his ear, he turned to behold the daughter of Orlandi, still matchless in her beauty, drop fainting, almost at his feet, in her attempt to elude the grasp of an Illyrian savage. Fascinated by the exquisite loveliness of the female,

* It has been computed that the island of Scio, at the time of this calamity, contained, besides the Turkish garrison, 100,000 native inhabitants; in the following autumn there were not quite 1800 Greeks surviving through its whole extent. A fact, whose frightful import defies all comment!

he at once interposed his authority, raised her from the ground, and claiming her as his share of the plunder, directed several of his own Thessalian guard, who attended him, to convey her at once on board his vessel.

Nicolo Sessini, maddened by anguish and despair, was among the earliest of those who had fallen upon a heap of slain, at the entrance to Scio.*

II.

Hussein, Pasha of Volo, the captor into whose hands Marina Orlandi had fallen, was a man in the middle age of life. Born among the lowest of the people, he had attained his distinguished rank by all the reckless daring and unscrupulous crimes, that rapid promotion under Turkish despotism implies. He was among the foremost in planning the expedition against Scio. It was seldom his ferocious disposition was afforded so ample a field for its display; accordingly, from the moment of landing, all through the hours of that terrible night, he had signalised himself by deeds of unexampled atrocity. He was not destined, however, to pursue this sanguinary career with impunity. After consigning the half lifeless form of Marina to his attendants, to be borne to the ships, he was about to proceed to join the Capitan-Pasha, who had already entered the citadel, when he fell, dangerously wounded by a random shot fired from some dwelling where the mad battle of despair had not yet subsided. He was immediately carried off by his soldiers, to whom he had endeared himself by his largesses and license, and conveyed to one of the ransacked convents without the town. The work of blood continued—in three

* Readers conversant with modern Greece will perceive that some little license has been taken with respect to the exact account of the surprise of Scio, the nomenclature of a Pashalic, &c., but so very trifling, as not to be worth pointing out.

days Scio was a desert; and though Hussein Pasha recovered of his wounds, it was many months before he was enabled to quit the convent, and when he did, it was but to join, in obedience to the Seraskier's command, the army employed before Messolonghi, in western Greece.

In the meantime he had never forgotten his beautiful captive. In the first days of his sufferings he had repeatedly inquired after her, and enjoined that she should be carefully watched and delicately attended. But when his wound assumed a more serious appearance, and life itself became doubtful, anxious to prevent all chance of his fair prize being rescued from him or ransomed, he directed a confidante, Mourad-Ali, one of his principal officers, to embark the most valuable portion of his plunder in the galley to which Marina had been consigned, and set sail for the gulf of Volo. In the city of his Pashalic the plague was then prevalent: it was therefore his desire that Mourad-Ali should convey the Sciote maiden to a strong castle among the surrounding hills of Thessaly, where he was himself wont to pass the months of summer-heat, and where the fair captive would have the advantages of serene air and undisturbed repose. To hear was to obey: Mourad-Ali weighed anchor, and ere the waning moon had expired, the breezes from Mount Pindus fanned the fading cheek of Marina.

III.

During the passage to Volo, and for several subsequent weeks, the daughter of Orlandi was insensible to her fate. For a few days after her capture a frenzied energy and determination lent her frame endurance to sustain the perils that beset her. This soon gave way to delirium and fever, nor was it until long after her arrival within the towers of her future prison, that expectations were formed of her recovery

But youth finally triumphed: her cheek once more exhibited signs of returning health, and ere the summer had died away she was enabled to avail herself of what exercise the narrow limits of the harem gardens admitted. The dull cold stupor that now blunted her feelings was to her a blessing—it hovered like a thick atmosphere around her life—and if for a moment it gave way to the intensity of pain, it was only when she dared to think of her captor's arrival at the fortress. Still, though she had received his messages and presents from time to time, that arrival was delayed.

The family of Hussein Pasha had not been removed from Volo, and Marina and a few attendant women were the only females confined within the mountain castle. Among her domestics was a young Syrian girl, in whom Marina became gradually much interested, from her tender attention towards herself—evident sympathy with her misfortunes, and her guileless and docile disposition. In time she began to regard Zaida less as a servant than a friend, and when the stormy days of winter set in—as the young creature was wholly unaccomplished, it became an amusement to Marina to give her lessons in needlework and embroidery, and occasionally to teach her a few sentences of her own favourite language, Italian. Her instructions were not bestowed upon an ungrateful object.

Christmas had passed. The Christian year was about to close, when, one morning Zaida entered the chamber of her mistress with a more than usually lively air, although a flush upon her brow and a trembling hand betokened that much of her vivacity was assumed. Stealing softly up to Marina, she said in a low whisper—

“Signora,” for so you tell me you have been called—“see, I am come to give you a lesson in that pretty language you have been so kind as to say I should soon speak correctly;”

and she laid before Marina a small scroll folded, though unsealed. It was written in Italian, and contained these words:—

“I have traced you at last, Beloved One ; and you are, as yet, not lost to me. To approach you is impossible—but I am here ;—a stranger, and happily unknown. Had I one friend, your escape might be practicable ; courage, however, my Marina !—be assured of the watchful faith of

“NICOLO.”

Clasping the billet to her heart, Marina fainted at the feet of her attendant.

IV.

Towards the close of the month of January, 1823, a few days before the Turkish forces raised the first of those sieges that have made the name of Messolonghi memorable while Freedom has a foot of resting-place on earth, Hussein Pasha was surprised in his tent before that town by an unlooked-for visit from Mourad-Ali. This officer, in whose fidelity and military skill the Pasha had the most implicit reliance, had, at his desire, remained in command at Graffiko, the mountain fortress in Thessaly, from the time Marina was removed there from the sack of Scio. Some occurrence, then, of more than ordinary moment must have caused the arrival of Mourad, particularly at a period when it was well known that the baffled forces of the Seraskier were about to retreat upon Prevyza. Drawing his conclusions from analogy, the Pasha anticipated at once some military disaster.

“God is great !” he exclaimed, “the Giaours are in Graffiko——”

“Not so, Highness !” replied the soldier ; “I left your horse-tails high upon its towers.”

"Then Volo has fallen—and my harem——"

"That dog, Odysseus, passed Volo without a blow. He is now under Ceta, with Kourschid and ten thousand men on his rear; all is safe in that quarter, Pasha."

"Allah Kebir! God is all powerful! then, why are you here? How fares the girl—the slave from Scio?"

"Highness, well; lovely as the wife of the Prophet—graceful—full of life as the antelope—but——"

The Pasha drew a long inspiration from his pipe, raised his eye, and nodded Mourad to proceed.

"The maiden has a lover!"

In an instant the hand of Hussein was on his yataghan—the thunder gathered—the lightning flashed in his glance.

"Son of Zatani!" he said, "you have spoken this to your peril."

"Pasha, be calm; the maiden has not seen man since she crossed the threshold of the women's tower, eight moons ago. So far all is well—but there is treachery—it may be danger—I have the traitors in the toils—but have come to know your pleasure concerning them. Mourad-Ali is your slave."

Hussein eagerly signed to him to proceed.

"Your Highness," continued Mourad, "has a female slave—a Syrian girl—on whom, doubtless, the light of your smile never fell; a thing reared from a child at Graffiko—and who has not been subjected either to confinement or control, but has at all times been allowed to move about the fortress unmolested. Hashil—an Armatole,* of your garrison, loves this girl. He has been bribed by some infidel (may clay be on his head!) to convey messages—nay, by the Tomb!—writing, to the Sciote maiden by the hands of this Gitangi—this Syrian gipsey. The Giaour who writes, must have loved the lady long—he is unaided—he confers with the Armatole,

* The Armatoles were native Greeks, a militia in the pay of the Divan.

their place of meeting, that savage pass beyond the fortress where it is night at noon-day. He designs her escape; but, if he and the females have kept the secret, the unbelieving dog who bears the letters has divulged it. He has told the affair to a comrade who, unlike himself, takes your Highness's paras and does *not* betray. I have directed a strict watch to be kept upon all, but have taken no steps that would indicate my knowledge of their plot. My tale has been brief—remembering the anxiety your Highness displayed about the maiden while suffering from your wound at Scio, and your subsequent instructions respecting her, I thought it my duty to see you face to face, and take your orders in this matter.”

“I will see them executed myself,” said Hussein rising, and summoning his attendants, he sought the presence of the Seraskier.

That night the wilds of Etolia rung wide to the clash of cavalry as Hussein Pasha winged his way to Thessaly.

V.

From the morning of the billet, the life of Marina was one tumult of hope and sadness, and joy and fear. To know, after all she had undergone—after all the dread recitals she was doomed to listen to, while detained in the Bay of Scio—that Nicolo still survived—that he was near her—and yet that they could not meet—to learn that the war in the West was about to disperse, and that the return of the Pasha could not much longer be deferred, were thoughts that filled her heart with wildness and dismay. By means of the communication, already described to Hussein by Mourad-Ali, she managed to receive frequent intelligence from Sessini. Often verbally—but more frequently in writing. His notes were brief—their contents obscure—as if he dared not trust himself fully to their bearers. He described himself as being still

alone, unassisted, undiscovered—with no object but to hover near the spot that contained her, burning for her safety. At length the news that the army was about to retire from Messolonghi left him hardly one further hope—and, in the most impassioned and affecting terms, he now besought Marina to hasten the attempt she had for some days contemplated of making her escape. There was, indeed, not an hour to be lost; preparations were already making in the fortress for Hussein's arrival—it was even reported he was at Volo.

"Beloved *Nicolo*," she wrote, "the die is cast—I am prepared to dare all, or perish in the attempt. Be in the glen where you have so often met our faithful *Armatole*, to-morrow an hour before sunrise. I have procured the dress and weapons of an *Arnaut* page. *Zaida* and her lover have determined to share our flight. If I succeed in reaching you, I care not—at the worst we can shelter in the mountains—farewell, then, for a few hours; my heart is more than usually heavy; the very paper on which I write seems darkened by some shadow——"

She raised her eyes—and never, indeed, did the Archfiend himself blast the sight with a blacker shade than that which fell upon her from the withering brow of the Being who stood at her side.

It was the Pasha—who, having entered the chamber by a secret door unobserved, had approached the table, and seizing the scroll, now confronted her—every passion of his evil nature overboiling in his breast.

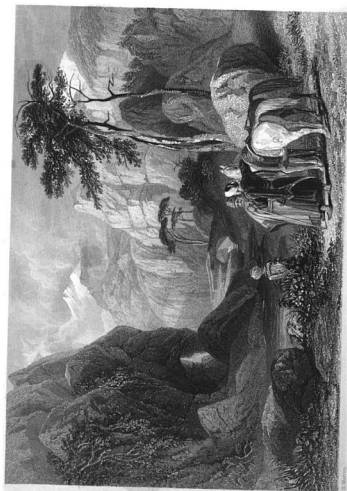
"Daughter of the Infidel," he said, with a tiger-like growl, when he had glanced through the writing, (for a knowledge of more than one language of the Franks was among the qualities that had raised him to power)—"follow thy perfidious race!" and, drawing his dagger, he grasped with one

hand the ivory neck of the paralysed maiden, and with the other was about to strike, when his arm was suddenly stayed—his eye was caught by a slender chain of gold that suspended some trinket concealed in the bosom of his victim; he drew it forth, it was merely a jewelled locket containing hair. Taking it from her neck, a smile of savage malice lit his features. He released his hold, and stamping with his foot, two female attendants, strangers, entered the apartment. To their charge he committed his hapless captive, and descending from the chamber, commanded Mourad-Ali to his presence.

"Give this billet to the soldier of my guard you know most faithful—let him seek the hut where this dog of a Giaour makes his kennel, let him swear to the Infidel that the writer has not been able to procure the services of her usual messenger, but that implicit trust may be placed in the person who now bears her letter; and in proof, let him produce to the Giaour this chain," and he consigned the trinket to Mourad, "with the lady's assurance she will be in the glen to-morrow, one hour before sunrise. When you have dispatched the business," he added, "give directions that a dozen Spahis attend me in the court-yard at that same hour to-morrow."

It was the biting dawn of a mountain winter when the gates of Graffiko, next morning, gave egress to Hussein Pasha and the cavalry he had ordered to attend him. But, besides the Pasha, there was an additional rider. This man bore before him the form of Marina Orlandi, but whether living or dead it was impossible to determine. They dashed rapidly onwards for a couple of miles, until they entered the gorge of a mighty ravine. Their way through this they were obliged to tread with caution, as beetling cliffs overhung the path at one side, while a deep and rapid stream undermined it on the other.





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At length they crossed the barrier by a rock and timber bridge, to a spot where the gorges, adorned and softened by the retrocession of the cliffs, and the happy neighbourhood by mighty palm-trees and ancient groves.

"Now, maiden," said the emperor, turning to the leader of the troop to halt, and speaking close to the ear of the first, "hold thy bridled steed," and he pointed to a group of knights, and almost at their feet, "as well as the bridegroom—for so gallant a hero, my daughter is fated."

"At bride or battle hour the Guelphs were my foe," said a voice of thunder, and a mounted cavalier issued from the thicket, and by one noble blow, he laid the emperor from his horse. At the same moment a volley of fire from the cliffs, with an adjoining aim that told they could only be fired by Greeks, brought fire of the thicket to the walls. The rest turned instantly for flight, but in vain, for they were met by foes. The mountain knights of the Alps charged upon them, and not a spur carried the hero of the day to Grailiko.

Huscin, though mortally wounded, did not quit the saddle of Scissini, had killed, and at last at the emperor's feet, but the odds were against him, and he fell beneath the dagger of his rival. He was buried in a grave, as he wished he had prepared for Mars, and he was buried in a grave several years after, when the emperor's daughter, who was that Mount-Ad (the daughter of the emperor), visited the resting-place of his father, and she was buried to his memory. The spot was the place of the emperor's death, and it was often sought out by the emperor's daughter, who was often to refresh themselves in the church, and there, in the church, at its limpid streams, and when from the emperor's daughter, peculiarities, have named it the church of the emperor.

We shall not attempt to describe the history of the



At length they crossed the torrent by a rude and narrow bridge, to a spot where the ground widened considerably by the retrocession of the cliffs, and was largely overshadowed by mighty palm-trees and ancient pines.

"Now, maiden," said the ruthless Hussein, waving to his troop to halt, and speaking close to his captive's ear, "behold thy bridal-bed," and he pointed to a grave, newly dug, and almost at their feet, "we only await the presence of the bridegroom—for so gallant a lover, he is somewhat late."

"At bridal or battle hour the Giaour is never late!" cried a voice of thunder, and a mounted cavalier dashed at a single bound from the thicket, and by one noble blow felled the Pasha from his horse. At the same moment a volley of rifles from the cliffs, with an unerring aim that told they could only be fired by Greeks, brought five of the Spahis to the earth. The rest turned instantly for flight, but at every avenue they were met by foes. The mountain horsemen of Thessaly thronged upon them, and not a spur carried the fate of the Pasha to Graffiko.

Hussein, though mortally wounded by the blow from the sabre of Sessini, had rallied, and on foot attacked the Giaour; but the odds were against him, and he sank beneath the dagger of his rival. He was buried on the spot in the grave he had prepared for Marina and her lover, nor was it until several years after, when the troubles of Greece had subsided, that Mourad-Ali (who chanced to survive them), had leisure to visit the resting-place of his patron and raise the turban-stone to his memory. The spot for its wild beauty and romance is often sought out by the tourist and the traveller, who halt to refresh themselves in its shades, and water their horses at its limpid stream, and who, from one of its impressive peculiarities, have named it **THE GLEN OF THE GRAVE**.

We shall not attempt to describe the feelings of Marina

when borne by her lover to the camp of the gallant band, now on its way to join the force under the chieftain Odysseus; nor shall we picture their interview when first left alone; when, with her fair head reclining on his breast, Nicolo recounted to her with many a tender interjection, his escape in the awful night of Scio—how he had been found faint from his wounds amid a heap of dead, and generously relieved by the Turkish soldier who had been attracted to plunder him by the costly materials of his weapons and dress, and by whom he was protected and concealed until he had recovered; how he had traced Marina by the aid of some Sciote sailors who were impressed on board the Pasha's galley—and finally, how, while lingering in the hills around Graffiko, he had roused the spirit and organised the strength of the mountaineers. From the unfinished billet—the chain—and above all, from the sinister conduct of their bearer, his suspicions were aroused the previous day, and he was thus led to form the ambush that had so fortunate a result.

When the Sultan passed the decree for repeopling Scio, and restoring their property to the few survivors of that terrible campaign, Nicolo Sessini claimed his lands, and, as heir, the estate of the family of Orlandi. But the island was hateful to the memories of him and of his bride. He therefore disposed of those possessions, and realised even by their sale an ample fortune. Urged by the entreaties of his bereaved Marina, he took no part in the war. They fixed their abode at Corfu, until Greece was declared independant. They finally settled near Athens, where, with a charming family, they were, a few years since, residing.

SOLILOQUY OF A MODERN FINE LADY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

I.

How dull it is to sit all day,
With nought on earth to do,
But think of concerts, balls, or routes,
At evening to go to.
Perplex'd between a robe of pink,
Or blue celeste, or white,
Or visits one is forced to pay,
Or little notes to write.

II.

How tedious in the Park to drive,
Each day the same dull round,
And see the stupid visages
That there are always found;
Come home a half an hour too late
For dinner, dress in haste,
While husband swears the fish is spoilt,
And ven'son lost its taste.

III.

How vexing 'tis to have such tastes
As thousands can't supply,
And ev'ry pretty thing one sees
To still be sure to buy;
Then meet one's husband's surly glance
At each new cap or robe,
As if into one's bills he'd pry,
Extravagance to probe.

IV.

How tiresome then at dinner too
To have no appetite,
Because a luncheon one has had,
Or *corset* laced too tight;
Then find a glass of iced champagne,
Though mix'd with water pure,
Has made one's nose a little red,
A misery to endure.

V.

How wearying at night to drive
To op'ra, route, or ball,
And find the last is sure to be
The dullest scene of all;
Then tired and cross, at last return
To home, with aching head,
And quarrel with one's yawning maid,
Before one gets to bed.

VI.

Then find one's couch a sleepless one,
The pillow all awry,
The downy bed uneven grown,
Enough to make one cry;
Then wake next morn at half-past twelve,
All languid and deprest,
And know that each succeeding day
Will dull be as the rest.

THE DISINHERITED.

BY MRS. ARDY.

SUNBEAMS are shining on thy native halls,
And flowers are decking thy ancestral land,
Rich roses cluster o'er the garden walls,
Ranged on the lawn the proud exotics stand,
And the clear fountain's low and silvery chime,
Tells of the soft and balmy summer-time.

And those fair lands are in the distance crowned
By spreading elms, whose venerable shade
Shelters the terrace-walk and sloping ground,
Where in thy sportive childhood thou hast played,
While the shy deer looked up to see thee pass
With flying step along the dewy grass.

And in the mansion, all remains unchanged;
There hang the portraits of thy noble race
In the dim gallery, which thou hast ranged
Often with spell-bound eyes, and stealing pace,
Exulting as thy ancestor to claim
Some stately chieftain, or some gracious dame.

There is the gay saloon, profusely hung
With rare embroidery, where in early days,
Thou oft would'st listen while the minstrels sung,
And watch the dancers in their airy maze,
Count the resplendent lamps that round thee shone,
And deem that all one day would be thy own.

The huntsman's horn still sounds upon the hill,
The snowy swans upon the river float,
And on its bright and rippling surface, still
Glides forth at eve the painted pleasure-boat,
While the soft dashing of the feathered oar
Echoes the sweet faint music from the shore.

Thy father in these scenes no more hath share,
But all to Death's fell grasp in turn must bow;
There is an heir, a young a gallant heir
To these broad lands—where is he? where art *thou*?
Gone—from thy early friends, thy native plains,
An alien from thy forefathers' domains.

And strangers in thy splendid chambers tread,
And sit within thy bowers of summer bloom,
Thy grey-haired faithful followers, these are fled,
A tribe of heartless hirelings fill their room,
Scarcely to decent show of zeal controlled,
By their employer's base and sordid gold.

Why is it thus? no slandering tongue hath tried,
Wandering or error on thy part to prove—
Why is it thus? could not a father's pride
Supply the lacking of a father's love?
Yet hold—the deed of cruel wrong is done,
Nor will I blame the parent to the son.

Suffice it, that thy thoughts reproach thee not,
From taint of filial disobedience free,
Suffice it, that the friends who mourn thy lot,
Avow that 'mid thy noble ancestry
None had a name more pure from stain than thine,
The injured sad survivor of their line.

Yet in this scene of darkness there is light—
Alas! the father, fickle and unjust,
He, who should firmly guard his first-born's right,
May prove perfidious to his sacred trust;
But though thus frail the earthly father's love,
A tenderer, truer Father dwells above.

Turn thou to Him—the treasures He can give,
None may invade, though ransomed thousands share,
And safely with his children may'st thou live,
Till by his voice commanded to repair
From a delusive world of change and chance,
To claim in Heaven thy bright inheritance.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

BY R. BERNAL, SENR. M.P.

THE machinations of the Court of Spain, under Philip V., or rather of his energetic minister, the Cardinal Alberoni, against the government of the Regent Orleans in France, form an interesting period in the history of the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Undoubtedly, many of the most celebrated personages of the French nobility, were either implicated in, or privy to the secret intrigues, which had been carried on, through the agency of the Spanish ambassador, the Prince de Cellamare. It required all the activity and talent of the Cardinal Dubois, the favourite and counsellor of the Regent, to counteract the varied and insidious projects, which had been put in motion, by the arts of an equally wily statesman. The high position, which the Duke du Maine then occupied, naturally rendered him the object of marked observation by all parties. Acknowledged by the will of his deceased parent, Louis XIV., as having a contingent right to the throne, in the event of the failure of the legitimate line; and specially entrusted with the superintendence of the education of the youthful monarch, Louis XV., the Duke du Maine could not fail to excite the distrust and suspicion of the Regent Orleans, and his party. The insults so grossly offered to the Duke, terminating in the deprivation of his privileges and rights, as a prince of the blood royal, must have formed a cause, sufficiently powerful, of have sorely embittered his feelings against the government to his connexion, the Regent. And when, in addition, the

resolute and impetuous character of the Duchess du Maine, inflamed by all the pride of the blood of Condé, was brought into action, it became the direct game of the scheming Court of Madrid, to use every effort to secure the co-operation of the Duke.

The Duke du Maine maintained a regal state of living, and was greatly looked up to, by a considerable body of friends, partisans, and dependants; many of whom were the possessors of rank and influence. Amongst those, connected particularly with the Duke, the Vicomte Jules de Martigny was prominent. Left an orphan, at an early period of infancy, he had been committed to the care and guardianship of the Duke du Maine, under the testamentary directions of his father, to whom, the Duke had been warmly attached. From his guardian the youth had ever received the most constant kindness and protection; and under his powerful patronage, Jules entered the bustling paths of life, and commenced his military career. The paternal fortune of de Martigny was small, and unequal to the station, which, the descent from an old and honourable race, entitled him to assume. The deficiency of his means had been amply compensated by the unvarying liberality of the Duke du Maine; and Jules de Martigny resided entirely in the Duke's hotel, as one of the family, his military duties being all but nominal. De Martigny was favoured by the intimate confidence of the Duke and Duchess; and his decided character for ability and sincerity, fully justified the trust reposed in him, over and above the ties of gratitude, and affection, by which, he was bound to them. At the period of our story, Jules de Martigny had attained his thirtieth year.

The city of Paris had become the centre of continual and unusual agitation and excitement. The new and wild plans of finance ventured upon, by the Council of the Regency,

and the extensive and fascinating spirit of gambling introduced by the adoption of the schemes of the too famous financier, Law, had already broken up the ordinary rules of common sense and prudence, by which society was controlled. The passions of men, of all conditions, and ranks, were excited to a state, approaching to utter recklessness; thereby affording a wide field, for the working of the political and daring intrigues of the period. The agents of Spain were on the alert, and plots and conspiracies were being fomented in every direction. Frequent and crowded entertainments were given at the Hotel du Maine, and more select and private meetings of many influential characters were occasionally held in that mansion.

On the morning following the day of one of these meetings, Jules de Martigny quitted Paris for Brittany, ostensibly, on some matter of business concerning an estate of the Duke, situated in that province. Attended by two or three domestics of the Duke's household, de Martigny proceeded to Nantes, at which city, he took up his quarters. For several days, he was fully occupied in paying visits to different *seigneurs* in the town and neighbourhood, and in entering into all the amusements incident to a provincial life. On his return, one night late, to his lodgings in Nantes, a stranger waited upon him, to deliver a letter bearing his address, and marked on the outside cover, "With all speed." The messenger, whose dress and general appearance betokened the hurry and fatigue of a long and rapid journey, offered no explanation, and only requested and received an acknowledgment of the safe delivery of his dispatch, in the simple form of a written communication, by the words, "All's well."

De Martigny, upon the departure of the stranger, anxiously broke the seal of the letter, the contents of which, were as follows—

"Your fidelity and discretion are fully relied upon. It is requested that you will, without delay, deliver into the hands of the Baron de Keratrelle the sealed packet, which had not any address, which was entrusted to you on your leaving Paris, and in respect whereof, you were to await farther instructions.—L. B."

The handwriting was that of the Duchess du Maine, and the initials of the signature were those of her baptismal names. Jules de Martigny was well aware of that lady being actively concerned in all the political intrigues then on foot, and he did not therefore feel the slightest hesitation, as to the authority, under which, he was to act, or as to the course, he was bound to follow. The night was too far advanced, to allow of De Martigny's taking any steps in consequence, but on the following morning, he made the necessary inquiries, and ascertained that the Baron de Keratrelle lived at the distance of four or five leagues from Nantes. De Martigny was unacquainted with the Baron, and did not even remember having heard of his name before, but he knew very little of the Province of Brittany, or of its numerous *noblesse*. The information, which he was able to obtain in the circles, which he frequented in Nantes, was but scanty. All he learned, was, that the Baron was considered a clever and active magistrate, who had passed the prime of his life, in civil, and provincial employments. Reports were also abroad, that the Baron was paying his addresses to a young and handsome widow, Madame la Comtesse de Merlancour, the owner of very extensive estates in the Tournaine, and to whose late husband, the Baron had been distantly related.

The Chateau de Keratrelle was within the limits of an easy ride from Nantes, and on De Martigny's arrival at its gates, he sent in his name, with a communication, requesting an interview with the Baron, upon urgent business. From

the bustle that prevailed in the domestic establishment of the chateau, it appeared that there were visitors staying in the house. An almost immediate answer was however received by De Martigny, to the effect, that the Baron would be happy to see him. Upon De Martigny's being ushered into a library, in which, the Baron was seated, a lady at the same moment quitted the apartment. De Martigny had only time to remark, that her form and carriage seemed graceful, though he had not an opportunity of catching the slightest glimpse of her features. The Baron received his visitor very politely, and De Martigny simply explained, without alluding to any name, or person whatever, that, in pursuance of a request, he then delivered to the Baron, the packet entrusted to his care, for such purpose. The Baron expressed his thanks, and on receiving the papers, did not address any question to his visitor, as to the quarter, from which, they had been sent. Wishes and requests were repeated, that De Martigny would, during his residence in the country, not fail to partake of the plain hospitality, which, a Breton gentleman could be bold enough, to offer to one, habituated to the gaiety and luxury of Paris. De Martigny took his leave, promising himself the pleasure of accepting the Baron's invitation, if his absence from Paris, were prolonged, and departing, favourably impressed by the manners, and general appearance of the Baron de Keratrelle.

Some few days elapsed, during which, De Martigny had been much engaged in communicating with various residents, in the country around Nantes, upon various matters of a private nature, as to which, he had been personally instructed by his patrons in Paris. The town itself, was more than usually full and stirring. The Breton nobles were resorting to Nantes, in numbers. The times were tumultuous and exciting; angry discontent pervaded the province, in conse-

quence of some unseasonable interference by the Council of the Regency, with its ancient and peculiar privileges. Many regiments, apparently in the anticipation of coming disturbances, had been marched into Brittany. All kinds of rumours were spread and encouraged, and amongst others, it was believed, that the loyalty of the colonels of several of these regiments, had been tampered with, and in some instances, successfully.

At this juncture, Jules de Martigny, received an invitation from the Baron de Keratrelle, to pass a few days at the chateau, and to join in a great *chasse*, which was to take place there. As De Martigny was making his arrangements, and preparations, for the acceptance of such invitation, a small billet was left at his lodgings, by a peasant, who went away at once, without asking for any reply or message. The note was in a female handwriting, the character of which was not familiar to De Martigny. It bore no signature, and might probably have been intended to have been delivered earlier—the date being three days old.—It simply contained this warning—

“For the sake and security of those, you love and respect—for the consideration of your own *life* and *welfare*, Viscount de Martigny!—beware of the Baron de Keratrelle! come not to the chateau—but quit Nantes, and even Brittany, without delay! You may be safe, for a time, at Tours.”

De Martigny, naturally surprised at the tenor of this communication, knew not what degree of credit, to attach to the counsel, thus, so emphatically tendered to him. Strange events, he foresaw, were in progress. Important results were likely to be approaching. He could not (as he reflected) err, in suspending his preparations for the visit to the Chateau de Keratrelle, and in endeavouring to procure some elucidation of the puzzling maze, in which, he was placed.

On De Martigny's proceeding to the usual place, in Nantes, where the supporters of the Duke du Maine's party habitually met, he found the streets and thoroughfares thickly thronged. Groups of persons, were conversing anxiously together, in mysterious and subdued tones. Intelligence had been received from Paris, of the arrest, by the order of the Regent, of both the Duke and Duchess du Maine, and also of many other persons attached to their party, and connected with their service. It was, in addition, related, that certain secret and momentous dispatches and papers, transmitted from Paris, by the Spanish ambassador, to Madrid, through the intervention of the Abbé Porto-Carrero, had been seized on their way. That the clue and details of a dangerous, and widely spreading conspiracy, against the government of the Regent Orleans, had been thereby discovered. That the Duke and Duchess du Maine were deeply implicated in the whole of the plot; and that the Duke, upon his arrest, had been sent to the Chateau de Dourlens, the Duchess to Dijon, whilst many others of those, who had been arrested, were imprisoned in the Bastille. De Martigny was overwhelmed with grief at the communication of this unexpected intelligence. He found all his friends depressed and irresolute, but unanimous in the opinion, that a final and ruinous blow had been given to a design, which had been as extensive in its objects, as it had been powerful in its organization.

Upon De Martigny's mentioning the name of the Baron de Keratrelle, and making farther inquiries respecting his position, the undoubted information of the meeting, was, that the Baron was a decided enemy of their party, and cause. Unfortunately, as it was stated, the Baron had carefully concealed his real sentiments, till very lately, in order, to concert his measures more secretly and effectually, for the suppression of the rising spirit of insurrection in

Brittany. It was, moreover, mentioned at the meeting, that the Baron was as active, as he was formidable, in his enmity—that domiciliary visits were then being made by the police, the civil and judicial authorities of Nantes, using every exertion, assisted by the valuable experience of the Baron, and by some private and extensive information, which he had obtained. Arrests of the chiefs of the party, were hourly expected—troops from more distant quarters were marching upon the town; and the general sentiment and advice of the meeting, was, that each individual should instantly adopt the most prudent measures for his own personal safety.

De Martigny's mind was distracted by all he heard, and by all he remembered. Although he had avoided communicating to any one, the facts of his delivery of the packet of papers to the Baron de Keratelle, and of the subsequent invitation, and mysterious warning, which he had received, yet he now, too painfully reflected on what had thus past, and he bitterly accused himself of having acted with unpardonable imprudence. The galling conviction oppressed him, that he had suffered himself to be deceived by a simulated letter of the Duchess du Maine. His conscience severely charged him, with having periled the liberties, if not indeed the lives, of those most dear to him, and, Heaven alone could know! the welfare and security of many other individuals. It was almost more, than his mental strength could support, to brood over the probability, that the very papers, he had so calamitously handed over to the Baron, had supplied that magistratè, with all the secret and material information, reported to be in his possession.

But time pressed; the consequences of his own indiscretion or ill-fortune, could not be averted by repentant thoughts or torturing self-accusation. De Martigny summoned up suffi-

cient resolution to take instant steps for his departure, or rather his escape, from Nantes, and to get together and properly caution the attendants, by whom, he was accompanied. He read, over and over again, the billet, by which he had been so singularly apprized of lurking danger at the Chateau de Kera-trelle; and more mature consideration induced him to repose unreserved confidence in its advice and directions. Accordingly, it became his determination to reach Tours, as speedily and as privately as possible.

It was at the close of the same evening, that De Martigny, with his servants, cautiously quitted the city of Nantes, on horseback, for his destination. He did not proceed, however, to any great distance without interruption; having fallen in with an outpost of one of the regiments, then recently arrived. Unable, of course, to give the *parole*, when challenged by the sentry in advance, the Viscount, together with his attendants, was taken by the guard, to the quarters of the commanding officer of the regiment. A slight gesture of recognition on the part of De Martigny, was quickly suppressed, on his noticing a significant expression in the countenance of that officer. The colonel, having dismissed the guard, and attendants, welcomed very cordially his unexpected visitor. He and De Martigny were old acquaintances; little was openly said, but enough was tacitly understood between them, upon the existing state of affairs. The colonel recommended circumspection and despatch to his friend, and communicated to him the *parole* and countersign, which would enable the travellers to avoid detention by any military parties, with whom they might fall in, on their journey. Having been officially released, from this temporary restraint, Jules de Martigny continued and accomplished his expedition to Tours, without material delay, taking up his residence in that city, at an hotel, generally frequented by the Du Maine

party, and to which, he had been recommended, by friends in Nantes.

The same degree of political tumult did not appear to prevail in the Touraine. The topics of the day, were discussed more quietly in the ease-loving city of Tours; no arrests, or trials had taken place, or were expected there; indeed, several sensible persons in the town, affected to make light of the plot and conspiracy, alleged to have been discovered. Some inhabitants of Tours, even went so far, as to express their belief, that the whole matter would, after the necessary judicial investigation, blow over, and that the term of confinement of the Duke and Duchess du Maine, would be but of short duration. Nothing occurring in the Touraine, to create new or increased apprehensions on the part of De Martigny, he remained very tranquilly in its capital, frequenting a limited society, to which, his name and connexions, easily afforded the means of introduction.

In the mean time, news arrived from Nantes, that the trials of several of the *seigneurs* who had been charged with traitorous designs, had been proceeded with, and that, in a few cases, some nobles had been sentenced to death. Still, the intelligence from Paris, continued to be of a more pacific and cheering nature, and the Viscount resolved on abiding at Tours, the further course of events.

Amongst the recent arrivals of guests at the hotel, at which De Martigny was staying, a Chevalier de Saint Prie made his appearance. He was slightly known to the Viscount, and that not very favourably, though a confirmed partisan of the Duke du Maine. The Chevalier was a *militaire* of considerable standing, but quick and quarrelsome in disposition, and overbearing and rude, occasionally in manners, and deportment. Upon the first occasion of their meeting at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel, De Martigny could not help being struck by the

ungracious and abrupt style, in which, the Chevalier, replied to his salutation. Perhaps, De Martigny, aware of the man's character and failings, might have been disposed, if it had rested only with himself, to have passed by the rather offensive greeting which he had experienced. But upon the separation of the company, the Chevalier de St. Prie and De Martigny happened to be left alone together, when St. Prie, without any qualification or introductory explanation, in strong and coarse terms, expressed his astonishment, that De Martigny could have the audacity to intrude himself into the society of men of honour, who were true to their friends and their engagements. De Martigny was thunderstruck at this unprovoked attack, and for a few moments, the feeling of irritation was absorbed in the complete wonder that pervaded his mind. Before the Viscount could utter more than a few words in angry demand of an explanation, St. Prie vehemently exclaimed,—"Yes! Monsieur de Martigny, I repeat, you have disgraced yourself for ever; who will hold intercourse with an underhand and cold-blooded traitor?"

"Monsieur le Chevalier!" the other replied, "your accusation is as unintelligible as your language is coarse and unjustifiable; you cannot expect that I will submit to——"

"Submit!" St. Prie retorted, in a very ironical tone, "*Ventre-bleu*, my delicate *muscadin*, chastisement must first precede submission. Though it were almost dishonour for any loyal gentleman, to measure weapons with an infamous spy, who has betrayed his friends, his patrons, and his party."

It is needless to detail the whole of the insulting language, addressed on this occasion, to De Martigny, or the furious replies returned by him, to St. Prie. The cause and point of this invective and accusation, appeared to be, that it had been discovered by some chance, that De Martigny had visited the Baron de Keratrelle, and had delivered over to him,

the fatal packet of papers. Those papers were of the utmost importance, as they contained particulars relating to many of the *noblesse* in Brittany, who were to be depended upon for their attachment to the party of the Duke du Maine, and also information concerning such of the military, who were believed to be well inclined towards the same cause. Arrests had been made in Nantes, upon the grounds afforded by these papers. It was generally credited in Nantes, that corrupt offers had been made by the Regent's ministry, through the Baron de Keratrelle, to De Martigny, and that the latter had, in consequence, basely betrayed his friends and party. The astute genius of the Regent's minister, Dubois, was fertile in resources; his agents were skilful and indefatigable. The proceedings, councils, and resolves that took their rise in the Hotel du Maine, were reported to that wary minister. The hand-writing of the Duchess du Maine was easily counterfeited, and a well-laid plan had been soon concerted for obtaining the possession of the documents, which, it was well known, had been committed to the custody of De Martigny. These papers had been intended for a nobleman of influence in Brittany, who was temporarily absent from that province. De Martigny, in fact, was ignorant, for whom they had been destined, he only having had instructions, to keep them in security, until he received further advices from Paris.

St. Prie and De Martigny were both in a state of ungovernable fury; explanations were neither listened to, or credited, and it was only by the positive interference of two or three strangers, who had been attracted by the loud and vehement conversation, that an immediate hostile meeting on the spot, was adjourned to the following day.

De Martigny retired to his apartment in a fever of rage and vexation—a spell—a cruel fatality, seemed to hang over him—it was his singular lot, to be the victim of letters. On

entering his chamber, he found a billet, which had been left for him some little time before. The writing, that of a female, was similar to that, by which, the former kind warning had been conveyed to him.

The letter ran thus:—

“ CHATEAU DE MERLANCOUR, NEAR TOURS.

“ When the Vicomte de Martigny is assured, that the friendly interest which dictated the serious communication, addressed to him at Nantes, is now, and must ever, be felt by the writer of these few lines, he will not, it is trusted, be surprised at the request hereby made, or hesitate in his compliance, which is, to be without fail, to-morrow morning, at eleven, at the *Trou du Daim*, near the road to Blois, to grant an interview on matters of moment, to

“ HORTENSE,

“ Comtesse de Merlancour.”

This singular and unexpected request quite mystified De Martigny. There could be no mistake; it was clear, from what had occurred, that the warning, which he had received before from his fair correspondent, had been given from disinterested and sincere feelings. No doubt, some casual circumstance, looking to the date of that former billet, had interfered, so as to have prevented its more timely delivery. Brought up in a school, where the laws of gallantry were omnipotent, he could not neglect the request so pointedly made, in addition to the consideration which influenced him, on the score of gratitude, for the services voluntarily rendered to him, at a season of peril and difficulty.

De Martigny determined (*coute qui coute*) to attend punctually at the *Trou du Daim*, at the appointed hour. Whilst he was pondering over the odd combination of circumstances, in which, he had been involuntarily entangled, a gentleman waited upon him, on the part of the Chevalier de St. Prie, to arrange the

details of the intended hostile meeting for the ensuing day. It was by no means consolatory to De Martigny, to find himself in the awkward situation of being without a friend, to whom, he might refer the party. Indeed, the opinions of such of the gentry in Tours, to whom he was known, had been so prejudiced against him, by St. Prie's unscrupulous charges, that he fully believed, no one, would be persuaded to attend on his behalf. He was obliged, therefore, to be under the necessity himself of discussing the preliminary arrangements. But De Martigny's confusion and vexation were intolerable, when he found that the Chevalier's friend came prepared to fix the meeting for the following morning, at the hour of eleven, at the same identical spot, the *Trou du Daim*.

What was to be done? The Chevalier de St. Prie, was as obstinate, as he was hot-headed. His friend and messenger, declared, that his instructions were most positive on these points. It was impossible for De Martigny to exhibit anything like reluctance, and it was equally difficult for him, to attempt any explanation of the dilemma, in which he was involved. All he proposed, in the way of alteration of the arrangement, was, the extension of the time of meeting to that of a quarter past eleven, which was acceded to, by the friend of St. Prie. De Martigny having, in his own mind, pre-determined to proceed to the place of rendezvous, somewhat earlier than the hour of eleven, upon the chance of meeting his fair correspondent, before her appointed time. One slightly compensating advantage resulted from the conflicting thoughts, and annoyances, over which De Martigny meditated, namely, that the serious and distressing feelings, naturally incident to his situation, were relieved by the excitement of imagination, and the speculations of curiosity.

When the eventful morning arrived, De Martigny having well reflected on the anticipated interview with the Countess

de Merlancour, determined upon rather an odd conceit. Being quite a stranger to that lady, he decided upon repairing to the interview, in the character of his own servant, prepared with an excuse for his non-attendance, by reason of an unexpected summons on business elsewhere. He could thus have an opportunity of conversing with the Countess, of ascertaining her personal merits and advantages, and he could also afterwards avail himself of the power and facility of quitting her, to wait the coming of St. Prie and his friend. De Martigny's favourite attendant, was a man much in his master's confidence. To him, the Viscount disclosed candidly, the whole of his difficulties and design. It was agreed that De Martigny should put on, the attire of another domestic, who was of the same height and make as himself; and, in fact, the dress of both master and man, on this occasion, was that of the splendid livery of the Duke du Maine.

Thus equipped, the Viscount and his servant set off on horseback, in good time, so as to enable them to reach the appointed place, some minutes before the hour of eleven. De Martigny riding foremost, (his servant following at a little distance behind,) looked out anxiously for the lady, whom he expected to meet. Turning round from a small hollow dell, in which a shallow pool had been formed by a water course, De Martigny beheld a female equestrian, on the rising ground, unattended, except by two hounds. The Viscount mentally made the observation, of the singularity of a lady of the rank and station of the Countess, venturing alone on horseback, without the presence of any one groom or servant. However, it was not for him to be too rigid a critic as to etiquette, or ceremony, and therefore, at once removing his hat in the most respectful manner, De Martigny pressed forward towards the lady and said, "*Madame la Comtesse*, my master, the Viscount de Martigny, has ordered me to express most





truly and respectfully his regrets, that affairs of a pressing nature have compelled his unwilling absence this day."

This speech, delivered in a submissive tone, was, greatly to the Viscount's confusion, met with a loud and hearty laugh from the lady, who replied in a cheerful and musical voice—

"How strange, Monsieur, we should both be so similarly situated! You but took the lead, for I was prepared already to make the same apology on behalf of my lady and mistress the Countess, whose humble hand-maiden I only am, and who, by sudden indisposition, has been prevented having the honour of making her appearance this morning."

De Martigny was greatly vexed at this disappointment, yet, at the same time, he could not refrain from smiling at this *contretemps*. Indeed, he felt pleased that he had adopted his disguise, as he was resolved, during the good quarter of an hour which remained for the interview, to extract all information about the Countess—her person, character, &c.

"Mademoiselle," the Viscount politely said, "will, perhaps, allow me to ride by her side a little part of the way back to the chateau. My fellow-servant will wait my return?"

"Oh, willingly, Monsieur," replied the merry maiden, as she sportively touched her horse on the flank, artfully displaying the paces of the animal, and the grace of her own perfect seat.

The Viscount, as he rode by her side, was much fascinated by the beauty of his fair companion. Her form was elegant, her voice charming, her manner lively and attractive, and her dress becoming, without superfluous finery.

If such be the maid, thought De Martigny, what can the mistress be?

The Viscount plied the communicative and graceful equestrian, with innumerable and minute questions touching the mistress, to all of which, the readiest answers were returned.

"Was the Countess handsome?"

"Oh no, unfortunately, she was very plain, her features had been terribly disfigured by the small pox, but she was very amiable."

"Was Madame de Merlancour young?"

"Alas! she once was!" replied the sprightly girl; "now, indeed, she is rather bent by infirmities; but she is very good and charitable."

"No doubt, the Countess is esteemed a clever and agreeable woman?" was the next interrogatory.

"*Mon Dieu!*" the maiden answered. "Madame is awfully deaf, and blind of the right eye, she talks little; but she is very rich."

These answers demolished all the romance, which, De Martigny's enthusiastic fancy had engendered. He heartily wished, that destiny, which plays such fantastic tricks occasionally, had, in this instance, deposited the blind, deaf, infirm, and pock-marked Countess within the walls and grating of some distant convent, and in her place, installed the elegant and blooming Annette, as mistress, in the *Salons* of the Chateau de Merlancour.

Under the influence of this sincere and beneficent wish, the Viscount took leave of his agreeable companion. As he was quitting her side, the lively maiden exclaimed—"Adieu! Monsieur, not one syllable have you been gallant enough to relate to me in return, about your master, but *n'importe*, we already know, that he is a little, hump-backed, spider-legged, conceited being, having a red nose, and wearing false hair and false teeth. My respects to your clever Adonis—adieu, Monsieur!" and with this parting and complimentary salutation, the laughing girl kissing her hand gracefully, and cantering away, was soon out of sight.

De Martigny had no time to spare, and with all the ease,

insouciance, and self-possession of a gentleman of the *ancien régime*, he deliberately turned from his mirth and gallantry to his more serious engagement. Riding rapidly back, he soon rejoined his servant at the place of rendezvous, the *Trou du Daim*, by the appointed time. He was there, before his adversary appeared. The ground selected was a smooth plot of old turf, to which, two or three bridle paths led from an adjoining wood. St. Prie and his friend soon afterwards approached and dismounted from their horses. Before the parties stripped off their coats for the encounter, De Martigny feigned an explanation for having adopted the disguise of a livery, stating the pretence, that he should thereby avoid, perhaps, being recognised. Some taunts were thrown out by St. Prie and his second, on the singular circumstance of the Viscount being unattended, except by a servant, and hot and eager as the Chevalier was for the affray, his friend started a strong difficulty on this account.

In the midst of this preliminary and unpleasant discussion, the meeting was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a party of the *maréchaussée*, accompanied by the Countess's maid, Annette, still seated on her horse, and by two or three mounted servants in livery.

Little ceremony was used by the *maréchaussée*. St. Prie, his friend, and the Viscount were peremptorily ordered to remount their horses, and to ride back again to Tours, under the escort of the detachment. The parties submitted, not with a very good grace, to the order. The Viscount, mortified and sulky as he felt, could not avoid stealing a sly look now and then at the fair Annette, who appeared perfectly at her ease, as she cantered on with the party, in their progress to Tours, the commandant of the *maréchaussée* riding by her side, and treating her with great deference and respect. In fact, the girl seemed to enjoy the adventure amazingly, much more so, than the hero De Martigny did, who conceived, that

he made but a very ridiculous figure, taking all things into consideration!

Upon their arrival in Tours, they were taken before the Chief of the Police. The authorities appeared disposed to treat the parties leniently. It was announced, that they would be discharged from all restraint, if any person of known condition and respectability in that country, would undertake to be responsible for their future peaceable and good conduct. Whatever St. Prie's prospects in this case might be, De Martigny had no hope of assistance or relief. But what was his surprise—his confusion and perplexity! when the maid, Annette, advancing, declared—"Monsieur le Magistrat, allow me to be responsible."

"Oh, Madame la Comtesse," the magistrate replied, with all the formal gallantry of the *Robe*, "your word, your influence are all powerful, who can withstand them? the gentlemen are free from all further arrest or hindrance."

Great was the amazement, and equally considerable, was the delight of the Viscount and his adversary, at the unexpected and fortunate turn of their affairs, for, to speak the truth, though both were resolute and valiant men, yet each secretly entertained no slight apprehension, that the probability existed, of their being detained and imprisoned, on the suspicion of being emissaries of the anti-Orleans party. The Viscount, feeling seriously grateful, but looking very embarrassed, in respectful but warm language, his acknowledgments to the Countess de Merlancour, at the same time apologizing for the mistakes he had committed, and for the little deception, which he had practised towards her, merely in consequence of the awkwardness of his situation, with respect to St. Prie, as he ingeniously pretended.

Even the rugged nature and feelings of the Chevalier were softened by the magical influence of beauty, grace, amiability, and goodness, all so harmoniously united in the young, rich,

and high-born lady, who, with many a smile and witty remark, received their homage and apologies.

The Chevalier was perfectly ready to listen to a candid explanation from De Martigny, or from any other Count or Viscount in Touraine; while De Martigny was quite as willing to detail with temperance, everything that had occurred, under the approving smiles of the Countess.

"No, no, *Messieurs*," said that lady, "we must adjourn all our tales, romances, and adventures, till we reach the chateau de Merlancour, when, I hope, you will condescend to patronize the *gentille Annette*, by partaking of her humble hospitality;" laughingly adding, "for her poor mistress, blind, deaf, and infirm, is unable herself, to do the honours of receiving such distinguished guests."

A merry party did they, indeed, form at the chateau. The Countess, to her love of fun and mischief, added the advantage of excellent sense, and the still more valuable advantage of a true and feeling heart. Explanations were mutually and fully given; all the little mysteries operating on De Martigny were elucidated, and St. Prie, when he listened to the recital of the facts of the forged order, under which, the Viscount had given up the papers to De Keratrelle, apologized in energetic terms to his former adversary, and vowed eternal friendship to him. It appeared, from the explanatory conversations which took place, that the Countess was a distant connexion of De Martigny's maternal family. That the lady, some eleven years back, a girl of fifteen, had been rescued from imminent danger by the Viscount, then a youth of nineteen years. Her maiden name was Hortense de Serville. She had been staying in a chateau in the country, where De Martigny was also a guest. In the course of the night, the mansion took fire, and Hortense having retired to rest, was surrounded by the flames in the upper part of the house, before any

attempt could be made to save her. At the hazard of his life, De Martigny ascended the burning staircase, and, after the most perilous and overpowering exertions, succeeded in preserving the young lady from a painful death. De Martigny was greatly injured by the flames and falling beams, and sustained a severe illness in consequence. The changing events of life separated him and Hortense de Serville completely. He entirely lost sight of her, and all memory of her features and appearance, and had even been ignorant of her subsequent alteration of station, and name. Hortense de Serville, afterwards marrying at an early age, went abroad with her husband, Monsieur de Merlancour, who held a government in one of the French Colonies. But the grateful and feeling Hortense never forgot her youthful and gallant preserver. The death of Merlancour, on his return to France, placed his widow in a very distinguished position. Her possessions and fortune were large. Suitors in abundance presented themselves in vain. Hortense de Merlancour was true to her first indelible impressions, and she secretly wished that the object of them, could be by some happy chance thrown in her way. Residing mostly in the Touraine, she could only inquire and occasionally hear of De Martigny, in whose welfare, she felt deeply and continually interested. The Baron de Keratrelle was one of her most devoted admirers. Through her influence over him, she had discovered the train of dangers which beset De Martigny, and she had with difficulty (for the Baron was cunning and vigilant), contrived to forward the important warning to the Viscount, the delivery of which, had been delayed by some unforeseen mischance.

Fortune now at last smiled upon De Martigny. A splendid alliance, and a lovely woman were literally to be obtained for the mere asking—and indeed, my fair readers, no gallant

Frenchman—no—not even a dull Esquimaux, I believe, would hesitate to take the trouble of asking, upon such an occasion. It is very agreeable, when a narrator can blend historical truth in the web of the issue of his story, therefore I feel rejoiced, to be enabled to state, that a speedy and happy marriage ensued between De Martigny and the charming Countess, St. Prie himself giving the bride away.

The gratifying intelligence, ere long, arrived from Paris, that the Duke and Duchess du Maine were released from confinement, a reconciliation having been arranged with the Regent, and that all events were tending to the restoration of confidence and tranquillity.

Now for the shortest possible time, my dear lady readers, I crave your attention. Just cast your radiant eyes, for one minute, over the engraving that illustrates this story. Skilful as the artist has proved, it was not in the power of mortal to portray all the fascinations and attractions of the Countess de Merlancour, the graceful equestrian in the foreground. Neither could any pencil or graver in the world, with all the highest talent and feeling for art, embody on canvas, steel, copper, or paper, the beauties, which, nature has so bountifully lavished on the banks of the glowing Loire. All the country on the right, extending to the eminence, on which, you will observe the distant spires and turrets appearing, formed part of the demesnes of Merlancour. Was not De Martigny a lucky man? and was not the Rendezvous a fortunate one? May then all the Rendezvous which attend, each and every one of you, respected ladies, ever be equally fortunate and agreeable! recollecting the old verse—

Le tems est doux—
Vite, rendons nous
Au rendez-vous.
Chers folles et fous,
Très joyeux tous.

MABEL'S DOVE.

BY MISS GARROW.

INTRODUCTION.

EACH lightly-scattered deed, takes root
 Upon the teeming soil of Time —
Our joyless age may cull the fruit
 Which germed amid our lavish prime.
When in the seed, minutely small,
 Yet perfect, lay the future tree,
Awaiting in its narrow thrall,
 The rain and sunshine's ministry.
Each passing moment is a link,
 Engraven with its secret sign ;
The chain unfinished—dare we think
 To read the long mysterious line ?
A word forth-starting here and there,
 A punished ill—a blessing blest,
Alone reward our curious care,
 And icy dimness clouds the rest.
But shall ye dream, vain-glorious few
 That haunt the summer paths of Life,
We see not beating hearts in you,
 As weak in love, as fierce in strife
 As ours who breast the hardy wind,
 In joy and suffering with our kind ?

Swathe as ye will your cherished lot,
Close, close, in perfumed prejudice;
One rose is sweeter to our thought,
Than all th' Embalmer's mysteries.
Moat as ye will your gorgeous home,
Veil your high names in clouds of breath;
We see—the grass-born insect's foam,
Which hides a trembling point beneath.
And ye, ambition's herd, that feed
On the rich offerings of his shrine,
Learn, that the victim *lives* to *bleed*,
Though garland-crowned, and sprent with wine.
O woman, who dost madly cast
The heart that weeps, the breast that feels,
The poisoned present, blighted past,
Beneath ambition's chariot wheels;
Better thou twirledst by the hearth,
A distaff in thy matron hand,
Spinning calm days of silent worth,
Than grasp the truncheon of command.
Leave to man's steadier eye and arm
The *force* of sway—be thine its *charm*;
And bind not with unhallowed tie
The separate tasks of destiny.
The forest oak—the wood-bine sweet,
Have each a fitting work to do;
That falls to build the ocean fleet,
This breathes kind thoughts the wild-wood through.

PROMISE.

Summer beams and girlish laughter—gems and flow'rs and tissues gay
 Glowing meet in Mabel's chamber, one bright morn of May—
 Thirteen years are gone, since cradled in that gilded chamber's space
 First she watched the light of Heaven steal through folds of costly
 lace.—

Her's is pure patrician beauty—blood of many a haughty name
 Swells the purple veins that wander through her fawn-like frame—
 Tresses rich of silken brown, an arching lip, a queenly hand
 Mark her for the choicest blossom of the choicest of the land—
 Springs the sapling, pruned and tended, straightly slender from the root
 Grows the maiden—every talent trained to bear its fruit;
 Matched with childhood's wayward fancies, shines her clear and tranquil
 grace

Like the garden's brodered splendours by the chance-sown wilderness;
 Somewhat staid, and somewhat prudent, if the blooming child we deem
 These are signs of *tact* and *judgment* which her rank bescem.

Thus 'mid set employments dwelling, never timid, never bold,

Mabel is a polished jewel, fitted to its round of gold;

'Tis her birthday, pleasure ripens light unwonted in her eyes,

As from courtier hands she welcomes, many a glistening prize,

Mantle, robe, and sash, and kerchief, pretty words she pays for all,

E'en for those poor garden-posies which her hand lets quickly fall.

" Warmest thanks for such sweet presents, yet one wonted gift I miss,

Where are Grace's early greetings on a morn like this?"

As she spoke, i' th' oriel window shone a modest childish face,

And a little bird-voice uttered words of birthday tenderness—

White and fragile as the moth that floats along the shades of eve,

Soft eyed as the guardian angel poets' fancies weave,

Last-born of a blighted circle, shadowed with untimely thought,

Grace's sense of young existence was the suffering that it brought;

Oft for her a dying mother prayed in earnest agony,
 " Let me take my babe to slumber where her sisters lie."
 Oft her sire at twilight musing by his homestead's joyless door,
 Wept to see the maiden daily wear the smile her mother wore:
 When the war-trump's brazen clamour, startling the Atlantic waste,
 Roused the soldier from his torpor of despairing rest,
 Almost with a cry of gladness sped he to the battle throng,
 And his lonely child responded, " Not for long ! oh, not for long !"
 Yet her voice in time grew cheerful, loving ever, sometimes gay,
 Though she saw men's pitying glances doom her day by day,
 Though she felt her weak existence dwindle to a summer night,
 Blithely talked she of the future, not to shadow others' light.
 " Cousin Mabel ! let me whisper something secret in your ear ;
 'Tis my birthday too. I would that none but you should hear—
 Costly gifts and 'customed wishes for some bright and distant day
 Well you know, to me are worthless, since—my father crossed the sea."
 God forgive the meek evasion trembling on that guileless tongue !
 God reward the early wisdom from affliction wrung !
 Charity, the best and highest, veiling the foreseen neglect,
 Faithful love, which mourneth ever where its all of peace was wrecked.
 " Guess now, cousin, what I bring you in my osier basket hid,
 Nay, you almost see it gleaming through the trelliced lid.
 Ah ! how oft I know you deemed me cold and selfish when you sighed
 For this very gift's possession—see, *delayed* is not *denied*."
 And amid a nest of roses, matched and wreathed with skilful love,
 Peered the eyes and satin plumage of a snow bright dove.
 Mabel's cheek grew warm with gladness, kisses, thanks, were all too weak,
 She would feed him, tend him, love him, all for darling Grace's sake.
 " Caro," sighed the little maiden, lifting him with lingering hands,
 " Farewell, Caro ! wilful creature ! see how dull he stands."
 Then, his ring of purple kissing, tearfully she whispered low,
 " I have nothing *now* to love me, *that* my cousin must not know."

* * * * *

Summer told his perfumed chaplet, wintry winds began to sigh,
 Wizard Time his mystic numbers muttered fatefully.
 Grace upon the hearth-side pining, wrestling singly with her pain,
 Mourned still her winged companion, like a lily on the wane.
 Months had passed since Mabel's fancy, climbing to some rarer thing,
 First mis-prized and then neglected, that poor gift of spring,
 From luxurious state degraded to the freaks of menial love,
 Sick with noise, from rude hands shrinking, daily drooped the cheerless
 dove.

* * * * *

Winter's icy beads were counted, bitter winds had ceased their strife,
 Flowers had budded, flowers had faded, with unquiet life;
 Swelled the tree and piped the cuckoo, gnawed the worm in rose leaves
 curled;

But, before the earliest snowdrops, Grace had withered from the world.
 Let her rest! no rich memorial mock the dust of such as she;
 Pride! what need have love and sorrow for thy heraldry?
 Pity! cease thy honeyed soothing, Grief! forbear thy tears and cries,—
 Let her rest! she hath but yielded one more patient sacrifice.
 Mabel for a passing moment shrank from barbed self-reproach,
 Rare, how rare, had been her presence by that dying couch:
 Pomp had dazzled, pride had chilled her, longing but for promised hours,
 When high revel should be holden 'neath her proud ancestral towers;
 But the world its worldling flatters, scarce a week of measured tears,
 Left her self-contentment lightened of the debt of years;
 Ere a month the furrow smoothened, and the memory stole aside;
 As dear names on sand engraven, faint beneath the creeping tide.
 Slowly comes awaited pleasure, yet its glories dawn at last,
 Mabel's pulse, 'neath courtly praises, hurries glad and fast.
 Four bright days of festal splendour twine her in their giddy ring;
 Crowned brows have deigned to glitter at that gorgeous banqueting.
 Slowly comes expected pleasure, transient is its longest stay
 'Mid a whirl of wheels the pageant swept along its way;

Silent drooped the park's broad shadows in the golden afternoon,
Save when shrilled the pheasant's crowing o'er the blackbird's sleepy
tune:

Towards a root-house coyly hidden by the oak-trees' yellow gleams
Listless Mabel idly sauntered, lost in changeful dreams:

Did they tell how last she wandered to that nest of sylvan charm
With her cousin's slender fingers clasped about her stronger arm?
Did they speak of her who softened with warm breath the harsher clay,
Her, who wreathed the golden circlet with a crown of May?

Now no glance for wood or river, no unbidden smile or tear,
Royal favours, royal praises cloud the eye and dim the ear!
Through wild vinewreaths jasmine-sprinkled, enters she the rustic door,
What is that so white and stirless on the mossy floor?

With a startled cry she gazes—even so, before her face,
Dead for want, by all forgotten, lies the ill-starred dove of Grace.
Four high days of festal splendour, four dark days of starving pain,
Wistful looked the famished captive through his bars in vain,
Saw the fresh leaves dance in sunshine, saw the flies glance through the
beam,

Heard the merry brooklet murmur falsely tempting words to him.

"*They shall rue the deed that wrought it,*" quoth the maiden's cheek of
flame,

Mabel! Mabel! tax not others, hide thine eyes for shame;
Aye! lay down thy meagre victim, 'twixt the fern-stems close and high,
And beneath the swaying branches, tremble at a fancied sigh,
Homewards, discontented, stealing at the prayerful close of day,
Let a sound of airy sobbings chill thy blood away;
Thou hast sown the promise, maiden! time shall bring fulfilment back
When thy soul is faint with toil, and eager passions on thy track;
Then the shame of late remembrance, the remorse of long neglect,
Wailing past shall cloud thine evening with the good thou didst reject,
Sure and still the seedling germeth, it shall thrive though thou forget,
Let the world the worldling pamper, Nature champions Nature yet!

FULFILMENT.

Weary and long was the sultry day,
Heavy and dull was the evening's close,
In dim huge scales of serpent gray,
From the hot west the storm cloud rose ;
And fitful drops dashed headlong down
To the dry earth like anger-tears,
As if in each were fiercely sown
The pent up wrath of silent years.
On came the storm ! one billowy blast
Struck the tall trees, which, anguish-driven,
Stretched their rough hands in suppliant haste
Towards the unthreatening side of heaven ;
In the broad blaze from north to south
Loomed giant clouds, head over head,
As from a cavern's gaping mouth,
Planning their destined work of dread ;
Then iron-wheeled, in ponderous charge,
Crashed past the awful thunder-wain,
And from the hills' resounding targe,
Clanged back an answering battle-strain ;
And gust on gust, flash after flash,
Shock after shock, the trembling air
Split, rend, and pierce, with ruthless gash,
Strong as the furies of Despair.
In such wild hour of darkling strife,
Such din of elemental life !
The lady of a house of pride
Flings her porch-like window wide,
And forth amid the lightning's glare
Bends her face of ashy care ;

The heavy curtains round her blow,
Like blood-red shadows, to and fro ;
And her cold hands are clasped on high,
In the tight knot of agony,
As hurrying forms, and torches bright,
Stream forth into the angry night,
From the gateway far beneath,
And spreading over wood and heath,
Leave trains of sparkles far behind,
Flickering on the furious wind,
Amid whose eddies strangling rise
Eager many-voic'd cries ;
Now by the slippery river side,
They throw red gleams across the tide ;
Now pause, and turn, and mount the hill,
Like men who seek an answer still ;
Anon, the shouts are distant grown,
And on her heart, with feet of stone,
Settles down the dull suspense,
Whose touch is palsy to the sense ;
And a chill whisper stirs her hair,
Above the storm blast strong and wild :
" Countess ! they seek thine earldom's heir,
Mabel ! they seek thine only child !"
There is a phase of suffering,
Which lends to each surrounding thing,
To voice and gesture, act and mein,
The likeness of some former scene
When fettered in a hideous thrall,
We watch the bolt, or ere it fall,
And hear the words ere they be said,
Which blight the heart and blanch the head.

In such strange vision standeth she,
Bowed o'er her marble balcony;
And still, as erst in Margaret's ear,
The demon-whisper soundeth clear:
" *Mabel! thy harvest days begin,
The first ripe sheaf is gathering in:*
It needed many years to fill
The fruits of thine imperious will;
But sure as life outlasts its bloom,
So surely dawns the harvest home.
I saw thee, that last eventide,
Ere thou, unloving, wast a bride;
None else was near—before thee strown
Lay gems that might outvie a crown;
Then didst thou lift them one by one,
And at thy mirror try their light
On arm, and neck, and forehead white;
The price of blood, the withering brand,
Of a decrepit bridegroom's hand.
I saw, entangled in a chain,
That glittered as with sapphire rain,
A little crystal heart, which bare
Twin letters and a lock of hair.
I saw thee, without sigh or smile,
Unloose it from the gorgeous coil,
And heartless cast it on the blaze,
That lover-gift of simpler days!
*The harvest seed, long cold in earth,
Quickened that moment into birth.*
I stood by thee, I heard thee speak,
When thy dull partner idly told
Of one who, in impatience weak,
Sought death, because the world grew cold.

Thou knewest 'twas thy false love which drave
 The victim to his unblest grave ;
 Yet not a heartbeat shook the tone
 Of thy cold answer—' Dastards they,
 Who fling for spite the world away,
 If one chance footstep cross their own.'
That moment, piercing through the clod
The harvest blade looked up to God.
 I was about thee, when thy boy
 Enwreathed thy steps with baby joy,
 And thou, in widow's wimple veiled,
 Didst check and fret the eager child ;
 But still a teaching, more divine,
 Countess ! than all that lore of thine,
 Stirred his warm heart to twine and cling
 Round every loving living thing,
 And as he grew, the starry sky,
 The voiceful breeze, the forest high,
 For him with pleasant music rung,
 And rocked his fancies yet unsung.—
 I heard him, leaning on thy knee
 Question thee soft of poesy,
 What holy wisdom it might be ?
 And ask if poets sometimes deign
 To be, and do like other men,
 For he had read that heaven's decree
 Upraised them o'er humanity ?
 I heard thee laugh among thy words
 ' Child ! poesy so ill accords
 With wisdom's truth—that crazy brains
 Give forth alone its heated strains ;
 How far extends its vaunted power
 But o'er an empty leisure hour ?—

And we as well might deify
The clown that wrought yon gilded toy
As bind with stars the poet's head
Whose subtle dreams are paid with bread'—
Then—as the boy's deep trustful eyes
Filled with the dew of pained surprise
*The green blade 'neath their silent tear
Scelled forth that moment into ear—*
With slow design I watched thee thwart
Each impulse of his poet heart,
Which, like a tree in gloom confined,
Strained upwards to the sun and wind,
And though the rod of briery scorn
Wrung tears with every venomed thorn,
Still, still, amid their cadenced fall
The burning drops were musical.
I saw him—(his elastic prime
Sicklied by grief's ungenial rime)
Stand with a creature pure as he
Beneath the forest canopy—
In concert sweet their years had run
Fond as the dial and the sun,
Till thou, for thy proud lineage sake,
The linked calm didst harshly break—
I saw the question on her face
Die 'neath his chill desponding gaze.
'No hope,' he said, 'a curse alone
Would be our bridal gift mine own!
And ne'er on that beloved head
Shall drop its ruin of molten lead.
Yet—mother, oh! thou little know'st
The heart's blood thy command hath cost!'

With one cold kiss of silent pain
Slowly asunder passed the twain,
That moment, like a bright July
Gilded the harvest rich and high.
To-day, I saw his footsteps turn
Along the upland gorse and fern.
When thou with mockery's trenchant knife
Hadst bared for sport his throbbing life,
Torturing the meek and tuneful brood
Which are the poet's flesh and blood—
I heard his self-distrusting cry,
'Fame crowns not mediocrity!
As well the marsh-light may aspire
To the great stars' eternal fire.'
Then prone he stretched him at the side
At that grey chasm profound and wide,
From whose dark depth the ash-trees tall
Scarce midway range the rocky wall,
There did he watch the tempest's breath
Rise curdling through the leaves beneath,
There rent and strewed with bitter mirth
His sweet thoughts on the thankless earth,
And wrestled with the gust that bore
Their fragments to the loud sea-shore.
That moment, flashing in thy scorn
The reaper's sickle bowed the corn.
Sudden the demon-murmur sank,
By pouring rains the storm was laid,
And on the grass path soft and dank
The lady heard a heavy tread—
Assembled torches spiry flame
Full on her trembling vigil came.

Dark bearers with a formless load
 Gloomed on the threshold of the wood.
 And as in terror's stifling press
 She sickened to unconsciousness;
 That icy whisper seemed to run
 Through the dull chambers of her breast.
Countess! they veil thy glory's crest.
Mabel! they bring thine only son."

The worldling's sorrow killeth not—
 And they that saw her after-lot
 Within a cage of gilded wires
 Imprisoning her pale desires—
 Might deem th' unholy greed (which flung
 True love aside for wrinkled state,
 And sneered upon the heart it wrung)
 Unwritten on the page of Fate.
 But still high projects, strand by strand,
 Slipped hair-like from her braiding hand,
 And each new hope ere fully grown,
 Rotting at heart, fell lifeless down,
 Till she who might have dwelt at ease
 'Mid thousand golden sympathies
 Yet rather chose to starve and pine—
 A miser o'er the precious mine—
 With sapless husks of worldly skill
 Her craving soul was forced to fill
 And waste away 'mid glare and noise
 Too trivial e'en for childish joys.
 Unlike the radiant Prince of Day
 Goes such existence to decay;
 No loving tribe of rosy clouds
 Its dying brilliancy enshrouds,

No after-glory lingers on
When the paternal orb is gone ;
But as departs the smoky light
Of lamps that lit a banquet night,
So goes it to unhonoured death,
Sped by an heir's impatient breath,
And in the dust doth still reclaim
The marble cloak of lying Fame,
Rejecting nature's latest grace—
A flower upon its resting place !

THE VINE-DRESSER'S COTTAGE.

A STORY OF NAPLES.

BY RICHARD WESTMACOTT, ESQ.

THERE is, or was in 1824, a house situated on the ascent of the Mergellina, at the end of the Chiaja, in Naples, which some years before had been the scene of one of those lawless, and at the same time romantic dramas, which seem to occur more frequently in Italy than in any other country. They are too often characterized by fearful acts of violence; but they sometimes are accompanied by circumstances that give them an unusual degree of interest, and the tale-collector is almost cheated out of his natural horror of the crime, by the fixed purpose and energy of the actors, and by the picturesque scenery and accompaniments amidst which the events, shocking in themselves, take place. The reader shall judge how far the following little story, which is founded on a fact, is one of those to which the above observations apply.

Though the more prominent actors in the scene about to be exhibited were in an inferior walk of life, the incidents which give their interest to the house in the Mergellina, had their origin from a more elevated source. Two nobles, who had considerable possessions in the mountain district on the east of the beautiful territory of Amalfi, had long been at feud; and what, in former times, would have burst into regular acts of violence and petty warfare, was still carried on, in a minor degree, by every kind of enmity and annoyance that could be exercised. The name of one of these parties was Serrani, the other was a branch of the Bolognese house of Cesarotti.

Amongst the most daring and zealous of the adherents of Serrani—for the servants on each side took an active part in the disputes of their respective masters—was a man called Matteo. He was a native of Sicily, where he had a wife, and a son and daughter. He had been obliged to effect his escape thence, owing to the breaking up of a desperate band of smugglers, of which he was one; and he had contrived to recommend himself to Serrani, to whom he was entirely devoted, in gratitude for his protection, often extended to him when his crimes would otherwise have been visited with condign punishment. As may be supposed, he was a reckless and unscrupulous instrument in carrying into effect any plan of annoyance that could injure or irritate his lord's hated neighbour. Opportunities were not wanting on either side, and none were ever lost for the commission of acts of aggression and vexation. On one occasion, however, the Cesarotti party had gained an advantage, by securing Matteo on the spot. He had been caught by the foresters of Cesarotti trespassing at night on his domain, and he was accused, on no doubtful proof, of having instigated some of his fellows, who were discovered in the act of maiming cattle.

Those who know Italy well, and have had opportunities of judging of the condition of the tribunals, know how irregularly and uncertainly the law there is administered, especially when interest can be brought to bear upon the decisions. This is one of the fruitful causes of the great demoralization of the people. There is no confidence in the honesty and purity of the courts, and it cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprise that individuals, feeling how little they can reckon on justice and legal forms, so often take the law into their own hands. In the instance before us, the interest of the parties was pretty nearly equal. Cesarotti considered the matter well, and felt it would be striking an important blow, if he could secure the legal

punishment of a servant of the Serrani; and as he knew the evidence against Matteo was insurmountable, he expressed his submission to, and his confidence in, the high authority of the law, and carried the case before a court of justice. Serrani's interest was exerted in the usual (that is, the most shameless) manner; but on this occasion it was in vain, the facts were glaring; justice triumphed. A conviction was gained, and the sentence was, that Matteo should be publicly whipped, and subjected to two years close imprisonment.

Serrani's hostility to Cesarotti could scarcely be increased, even by this defeat, but Matteo had now a private injury, in addition to his enmity as a servant of the Serrani's, to what his rancour, and stimulate his hatred against Cesarotti. He swore never to forgive him, nor to rest till he had satisfied his revenge.

Soon after this, and while the convict was fulfilling his term of imprisonment, political disturbances broke out in Italy. Cesarotti was engaged in these; and having taken an active part on the popular and unsuccessful side, found himself obliged, on their partial suppression, to fly the country. Considerable exertions were made to arrest him, but they failed; and as a last resource a reward was offered for his apprehension, in the event of his making his appearance within the Neapolitan territory.

* * * *

At the end of the stated period Matteo was liberated from prison. He returned to the service of Serrani, burning with revenge against Cesarotti, and determined to let slip no opportunity to make him; and, if possible, those connected with him, pay the full penalty for the pain and indignity he had suffered. The absence of Cesarotti placed him personally out of reach of Matteo's vengeance; but the circumstances under which he was expatriated suggested a new means of annoyance.

Hitherto no steps had been taken by the government to interfere with the property of Cesarotti, and his family still resided on the estate, and managed his affairs. Matteo urged his master to endeavour to have the estate of Cesarotti confiscated, as that of an outlaw and rebel. Serrani, quite as ready as heretofore to injure his enemy, either directly or indirectly, lent a willing ear to this counsel, and communications were held with the authorities upon the subject. By some means or other a suspicion of this villainous plot reached the representatives of Cesarotti, and they lost no time in sending a trusty messenger to him, to apprise him of what they apprehended. They implored him therefore to take immediate steps, by securing the services of some powerful advocate, to frustrate the intentions of his enemy; especially as endeavours were being made by his own influential friends to obtain a remission of the sentence against himself, so as eventually to allow of his returning to reside on his property. Cesarotti saw how necessary it was to act with decision; but he knew that till he could get the judgment against himself modified or withdrawn, he scarcely could hope to take such steps as should prevent foul play in the matter of confiscation.

During his exile he had attached to him a servant in whom he placed the greatest confidence, and he resolved to trust this person, though he was very young, with the correspondence that was necessary to effect the great object he had in view. By the care, caution, and assiduity of this youth, whose name was Ignazio, Cesarotti established a communication with some valued friends, and secured the assistance and co-operation of one of the most distinguished advocates in Naples. As there were great difficulties in the way of Cesarotti being freed from the sentence that had been passed against him, the first object at present was to create delays

in the process for effecting the seizure of his property. Ignazio was the medium through which all the correspondence upon these vital matters passed, and some time had now elapsed since it first commenced. The lawyer had established a place of meeting in a retired cottage of a Vignarolo, or Vine-dresser, a humble client of his, close to Naples; and it was thither that the parties usually repaired, either to converse or to leave letters, as the case might require. Ignazio was unremitting in his attention to his master's interests, but he also had found attraction for himself in the Vignarolo's dwelling. It was the house already alluded to on the Mergellina. It was a few yards off the path leading up the hill, on a part of which stands the, so-called, *Tomba di Virgilio*: and was approached by a steep paved ascent. A wall, with two or three arched openings, formed a protection on the side of the precipitous hill, and from these a commanding view was afforded of the beautiful bay of Naples. Ignazio, who often had to wait many hours for meetings or answers to letters of which he was the bearer, became acquainted with the pretty daughter of the Vine-dresser, and was not long in creating an interest for himself in the breast of the fair Lucilla. The Vignarolo had lost his wife; and, as he was engaged during the day in his occupation, and old Margarita, who managed his house for him also had her cares, there was plenty of opportunity for the young people to increase their intimacy, and quietly and deliberately to fall in love with each other. Ignazio was a handsome young fellow, good tempered, and played well upon the guitar, so that his having gained Lucilla's good opinion is not much to be wondered at. There was something attractive, too, in the air of mystery with which he came and went; his desire to remain concealed as much as possible; and in the sort of consideration that was paid him by the Signor Avvocato and others who

came to him. He seemed also to be in some sort of danger, and Lucilla felt or fancied that she was, to a degree, trusted, and had his safety in her keeping—a powerful tie, and one that was sure to make a woman's heart soft and sympathizing. It must also be added, that in the midst of his many cares, he always seemed to remember Lucilla, and generally contrived to bring her some pretty little present, for which she could not but feel grateful.

Matters had gone on so satisfactorily, as far as concealment of their designs and intercourse went, that, at one of their meetings, it was resolved to have Cesarotti himself into Naples. His place of concealment was on the frontier, at the house of a friend, and there seemed to be every chance of his being able to have a personal conference with his supporters, and get back to his place of refuge before any one could be apprised of his having entered the Neapolitan dominions. Ignazio received his instructions accordingly, and to his ingenuity and courage the enterprise was intrusted. He took leave of Lucilla and her father, and set out on his journey to join his master.

It is now time to return to Serrani and Matteo. These worthies had not been idle; but somehow or other all their plans for precipitating the confiscation of Cesarotti's estate had hitherto been baffled, and they could not discover by what means these delays had been effected. At length, by great watchfulness on the part of Matteo, and well-directed bribery, through his agency, of one of the subordinates of the Court in which the process was being conducted, Matteo contrived to discover that there was a powerful interest at work to assist the Cesarotti, and to secure not only his estate, but also to gain a commutation of his sentence. He had a new object of interest in tracing out how this was being ex-

exercised, and as it was important that he should be on the spot, he easily gained permission of his master to take up his quarters permanently at Naples. Through his purchased friend and informer in the Court, he easily learned who were the leading advocates likely to be consulted upon cases of the kind, and, after long watching, he did, unhappily, discover the communication that took place between one of them and some person or persons in the house on the Mergellina. He now had to ascertain whether this intercourse was connected with the object in which he and his master had so great an interest. He contrived to gain admittance to the house, and made a sort of acquaintance with its inmates. He was too wary to put any leading questions, and trusted to his own acute observation to discover the purpose of the Advocate's visits to the Vignarolo. Nothing, however, occurred to throw light upon what he was so anxious to find out, till the very evening on which it had been determined to invite Cesarotti to hold a personal conference with his advisers. On that evening Matteo was strolling, as if accidentally, towards the Vignarolo's house; and had just reached the corner near the paved ascent, when a young man, muffled up in his cloak, passed him. The sun had just set, and it was too dark to make out anything of the figure of the person. Matteo looked after him—watched him on his way down the hill—and would have followed, had not the light step of the stranger carried him already too far from Matteo for him to overtake him without running, and thus attracting attention. He turned, and proceeded to the house, and knocked gently at the door, which was immediately opened by the smiling Lucilla, who, not seeing at first who it was, and supposing Ignazio had returned, said, in a hurried voice, "What! something forgotten?" Matteo let fall his cloak; appeared to take no notice of her observation; apologised for troubling

her, but said that being near, he had turned up to their house to ask a "*bicchier' di vino*," for he had been walking all day and was tired.

"Certainly," said old Margarita, who was present, "certainly,—the *padrone* is gone to bed; but a glass of wine you shall have forthwith, and welcome, and then—*felicissima notte*."

Matteo heard whispering in an adjoining room.

The wine was brought.

"*Eccelente*," said Matteo, taking a draught, "I dare say you have many a request for a glass of such good vintage?"

"*Oibó!* we are in an out-of-the-way corner,—but few find their way up here."

"But you have visitors sometimes, I suppose,—and the charming Lucilla would attract some, I doubt not?"

"Do not put nonsense into the child's head,—come, 'tis growing late, and had you not strolled up this way, both Lucilla and I had been in bed."

Matteo drained his glass, wished them good night, and left the house.

He had gained a point. There was a mystery; and it was now his business to find out what it was. He could have no doubt whatever, that persons, who desired not to be known, were concealed in the house. Would they issue forth from their hiding place? He was determined to wait for a time where he could not be seen, and, if possible, discover who they were, and whither they went. He hummed a tune as he descended the steps of the door, and appeared to be carelessly pursuing his road home. After turning the corner that led up to the Vignarolo's house, he stopped. He knew that whoever came thence, must pass by that corner; so he threw himself behind some low shrubs that grew there, and remained quiet, watching like the hyæna for her prey. After

some time, he heard footsteps. Two figures descended the path. Both were unknown to him. As they passed close by him, one of them observed to the other that they had better separate at the bottom of the hill, as, if any one should meet them, their being seen together at that time, and in such a place, might excite suspicion.

"Right!" said the other, "we must meet again on Friday night, when Cesarotti——"

Matteo could hear no more, for the voice was lost in the distance. He crept out from his place of concealment, and gained the *strada* just as the two friends parted. Matteo kept one of them in his eye, and followed him at a careful distance. He succeeded in watching him to the house of the Advocate. It was indeed Cesarotti's legal adviser.

Matteo took care to inform his employer of all he knew, save his suspicion that Cesarotti himself was to be at the house on the following Friday. The few words spoken in his hearing seemed to convey that intimation, and he resolved, at any rate, to be ready to make a masterly stroke, if it should turn out to be so. The reward offered by government for Cesarotti's apprehension would be his, and he would also be carrying out his own and his master's scheme of vengeance. Still, he would not commit himself beforehand by reporting what, after all, might not be the fact.

There were four days to pass before the Friday night that was so pregnant with events not only affecting Cesarotti and Serrani, but also Matteo. His suspicion, as we have seen, was correct. It had been arranged, that if Cesarotti could disguise himself, and would dare the peril, he was to meet his friends at the Vignarolo's house on the Friday night; as his attested signature was essential to some papers which the Advocate meant to use in his client's favour.

Matteo, in the first place, secured the assistance of some

trusty fellow-rascals to make Cesarotti his prisoner. He ordered them to be in attendance below, in the *strada*, after nightfall—and to be ready at a notice agreed upon, to seize upon those who should descend from the Vignarolo's house; but on no account to molest any one till they heard his signal. He himself was to be in his former hiding-place, where he could see those who arrived, as well as departed.

So far his plan was excellently well laid.

Friday arrived. Ignazio had stolen into Naples early in the morning, long before Matteo dreamed that anything was passing; and was safely lodged in the Vinedresser's house. Here he was to remain, ready to receive his master, who would be conducted thither by one of the persons whom Matteo had seen. The Advocate was to meet him at an appointed hour.

Soon after sunset Matteo, who had long been hanging about the spot, stole to his hiding-place. His fellows were to be at their posts about two hours later, as he did not mean Cesarotti to be seized till he left the house. He scarcely had waited half an hour, when he heard footsteps approaching. Two figures came close to where he was lying. In one of them he recognised Cesarotti: the other was the companion of the Advocate, whom he had noticed on the former occasion.

"Now," said Cesarotti, "we may speak—where is the house?"

"Close by; we are safe thus far."

"Have you heard anything more of Serrani's agent, who, I strongly suspect, is that villain Matteo?"

"No; but the information you gave has been acted upon, and the police are watching for him—the galleys will settle his business for him, even if he should escape with his life; the murder——"

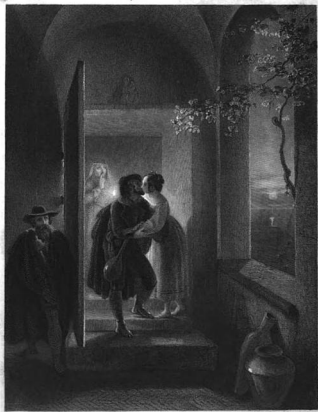
Matteo could distinguish no more. He had heard enough,

however, to convince him that he was in imminent danger, and that Cesarotti had the means of destroying him. His case was desperate, and a dark thought crossed his mind. "Is it so?" he muttered to himself. He brought his stiletto higher up in his vest, so that he could the more easily grasp its handle.

Cesarotti and his friend had scarcely reached the house before Matteo was aware that some one else approached the ascent. It was the advocate. He stepped softly, and looked about him cautiously, as he turned out of the path to reach the Vignarolo's door.

After waiting nearly two hours, two figures enveloped in cloaks, descended from the house. Matteo had his whistle ready, for he was no match for two; but, as they came near him, he perceived they were the Advocate and his friend. This was well, and answered Matteo's purpose. He let them pass. He then crept out of his hiding-place. He put aside his whistle, and played nervously with the hilt of his dagger. Cesarotti had not quitted the house, and Matteo stealthily approached the door. It had been arranged that the Advocate and the friend of Cesarotti should leave the house first, and when sufficient time had elapsed, that Ignazio and his master should issue forth, gain the pass of Posilippo, at the further end of which there was a carriage in waiting, and that Cesarotti should make his way back to his conductor through the mountain pass. Ignazio was to return, and sleep that night in the Vignarolo's house. After a short time, the door was gently opened by Lucilla, who looked out; Margarita holding a light, to see that the path was clear. She went back to tell Ignazio he might proceed. He was to walk a few paces a-head, to secure his master's passage, and to give notice in case of danger. Lucilla accompanied her lover to the door. Ignazio turned to wish her good night, and, as





Claude Lorrain

Claude Lorrain

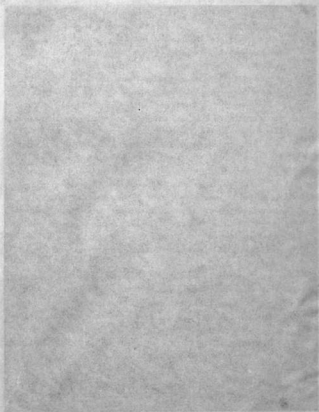
old Margrita was present, poor little Lucilla could not refuse him what his eyes so eloquently asked for. That long day and all its gossiping, had settled their love speculations, and she had consented to be his, as soon as the present momentous business, in which his master required his constant services, should be completed. Ignazio kissed her affectionately, and then, as happy as a prince—happier than most princes—he descended the steps.

Mattio believed there was but one way now, and to leave the house that night, and that was his opportunity to carry him. He waited till Ignazio reached the gate, then rushed upon him—and plunged his knife, with the first blow, into the youth's neck—he reeled, and fell without a groan.

Lucilla had turned back to comfort Cesurotti, who came to the door as Mattio was embracing his victim himself from the convulsive grasp of that young man, who had fallen upon the assassin. Cesurotti rushed forward after him, and asked loudly for help. The door opened, and a lighted Mattio stared wildly on the youth, who lay in the strong grasp of Cesurotti, and then, as if he were a dead man, he turned.

Lucilla uttered a wild shriek, and looked round in vain for Ignazio. She knelt down by his side, and raised his face to see if he still lived. Mattio, who had in vain endeavored to shake off the firm hold of Cesurotti, saw the contenance of his victim, and suddenly became agitated with emotion. He gazed with a look of astonishment at the form before him, and, as he fell back, he uttered the words—*"What is—this?"*

He turned back at his own. He had quitted his home, and his father's employment, had been taken into the service of Cesurotti, who soon distinguished him for his skill and industry, and, unhappily for the poor youth, for his strength.



Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title, located below the large dark area.

old Margarita was present, poor little Lucilla could not refuse him what his eyes so eloquently asked for. That long day and all its gossiping, had settled their love speculations, and she had consented to be his, as soon as the present momentous business, in which his master required his constant services, should be completed. Ignazio kissed her affectionately, and then, as happy as a prince—happier than most princes—he descended the steps.

Matteo believed there was but one man who had to leave the house that night, and that man had the power to destroy him. He waited till Ignazio reached the pavement—rushed upon him—and plunged his knife, with too true an aim, into the youth's neck!—he reeled, and fell without a groan.

Lucilla had turned back to conduct Cesarotti, who came to the door as Matteo was endeavouring to extricate himself from the convulsive grasp of the dying man, who had fallen upon his assassin. Cesarotti in a moment rushed upon him, and called loudly for help. The women came forward with a light, and Matteo stared wildly when he found himself in the strong grasp of Cesarotti, and beheld an unknown man lying dead before him.

Lucilla uttered a wild shriek, and hastened to the assistance of Ignazio. She knelt down by his side and turned his face round to see if he still lived. Matteo, who had in vain endeavoured to shake off the firm hold of Cesarotti, saw the countenance of his victim, and suddenly became convulsed with emotion. He gazed with a look of the utmost horror at the form before him, and, as he fell flat to the earth, cried, "It is—it is—my son!"

It was indeed his son. He had quitted his native place, and seeking employment, had been taken into the service of Cesarotti, who soon distinguished him for his zeal and affection; and, unhappily for the poor youth, had chosen him for

the delicate and dangerous service in which we have found him engaged.

The screams of Lucilla brought some persons to the spot. The Vignarolo, who had likewise been alarmed, appeared at the same moment. Matteo was secured, and the lifeless body of Ignazio was carried by his distressed master and the two women into the house. Cesarotti, whispering a few words to the Vignarolo, and giving him a paper on which he hastily wrote something, directed that the murderer Matteo should be conveyed to the nearest guard-house. He then felt the necessity of looking to his own safety, for many persons had now collected about the house; and taking advantage of the confusion, he escaped unobserved from the city.

It need only be added, that there being no doubt of Matteo's guilt, he expiated his crime with his life. In his confession he did not hesitate to disclose in what degree his master was implicated in the affair which led to the unintentional murder of Ignazio; and Serrani was so far compromised by it that he was glad to escape further notice, and withdrew from all interference in effecting the confiscation of Cesarotti's property. A considerable time elapsed before the representations of that nobleman's friends were listened to by the government; but eventually he received his pardon, and was suffered, on the payment of a heavy fine, to return to his estates.

FAITH.

BY T. DOVLY, ESQ.

As the worn traveller from day to day
Through arid deserts takes his lonely way,
Wearied and faint, there falls upon his ear
No welcome sound of gushing waters near.

Thus mortal man from infancy to age,
Drags on through life a weary pilgrimage ;
No glimpse of joy, no soft and cheering light
Breaks through the gloom upon his anxious sight.

But look again, where pois'd on azure wings,
Mounting in air a bright-plumed Phoenix springs ;
It soars aloft, and see, a golden ray
Dispels the darkness, and turns night to day.

Reader, its name is FAITH and Heavenly trust,
God's choicest gift to creatures of the dust ;
When the drawn features and thick coming breath
Too surely herald the approach of death,

FAITH soothes the sufferer's pangs, and bids him see
Beyond the grave a Bright Eternity ;
'Tis Faith can cause the bitterest tears to cease,
And to the hopeless mourner whisper PEACE.

THE FALSE GRAVE.

THE STORY TOLD BY OUR HOST OF ALLER HEILIGEN.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF A RELIETTER IN DREAMS.

"It was easy enough to find a retirement at the time when we spent our first autumn on the Rhine; which railways and steam-boats had not yet made as busy as a public street. Since then, the shores have become a mere inn for summer guests: the language, money, everything—even to cookery and dress—speaks of foreign influence; and the traveller in search of the German people, must not now expect to find them on the travelled way of the German river. But its scenery is not so easily sophisticated. Amidst the alterations endured by other things, the hills, covered with ruins, and fringed with vines; the valleys, where yellow harvests are shaded by fruit trees bending under their abundance; the frequent villages, each embowered in its own nest of green, over which rises the ancient spire; the relics of the strength of ruder times; the legends which live amongst them; the bright suns and cheerful air of the Rhineland—remain unchanged. To enjoy these, however, it is best to avoid the frequented highways, on either side of which may be found many quiet places, even now seldom disturbed by the army of tourists that invade all the common stations between Cologne and Mannheim. In one of these retreats, then quite unfrequented, we passed the August and September of this year, (1827,) at Aller-Heiligen, under the Petrusberg, the northermost of the Seven Mountains.

Crossing the river from Bonn, the way is more than six

miles long; and the view of the left bank uninteresting, owing to the width of the flat plain, which here extends for two miles or more landwards, unvaried by any striking object but the towered hill of Godesberg. It is better, therefore, to follow the Coblenz road to the foot of that hill, and thence, crossing the cornfields to Blidersdorf, get ferried over to Dollendorf, on the opposite bank. From this village the road winds upwards amongst the hills, overhung with vines and plum trees, all purple with their load of fruit; and gradually turning southwards, ascends by the course of a mountain rivulet. At last you leave the vineyards, and enter a luxuriant beech wood, on emerging from which, to the right, you come upon high cornfields, which swell up on each side of the path, and then sink gently into the green valley of Heisterbach, overlooked by the steep and woody Petrusberg. So completely covered on all sides is the little village, that it is only on reaching the highest ridge of the fields, you discover it, a few furlongs distant, at your feet; and above it, relieved by the dark mountain foliage, the ruins of Aller Heiligen, standing amidst its melancholy gardens.

Before the days of the French Revolution, this was a rich abbey, one of the proudest in the district; and claimed all the saints for its patrons. The church, of which there now only remains the fragment of a choir, was of unusual size, and great architectural beauty: but this was no protection in evil times,—it was destroyed by the French, and the materials sold for building, in 1806. But when the main building was thus torn down, the gate-house, the mill, the manciple's house, and the orchards, with their ancient enclosure, and many tombs scattered under the trees, were suffered to remain: all further devastation is now guarded against by the Count von der Lippe, the present owner, who has raised a mausoleum for his family in the abbey woods, and keeps a

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tenant, who acts as bailiff, in the spacious house which was once the convent grange.

The site formerly covered by the sacred building is now a grassy croft, at the western end of which stands the remnant of a choir; a beautiful rounded apse, or concave, vaulted above, and curving behind a screen, once belonging to the high altar, which is formed of double arcades in the Eastern Gothic style. Arched recesses running all round the lower sweep of the wall, have once been occupied as chapels or shrines, and the effect of all these graceful curves, even in ruin, is quite charming to the eye. Although the groining of the vaulted roof has been riven by gunpowder, and most of the keystones wrenched from the arches, so admirable is their structure, that they still remain erect, and may probably continue for years, standing amidst the whispering orchards, and half-buried tombs; the last and loveliest ruin in the lower Rhineland. In the bailiff's house we found a lodging, and three or four rooms fitted up with a comfort, and even elegance, which surprized us, in so remote a situation. A stiller place than this dwelling you would hardly imagine. It is entirely shut in by the old wall, and the view bounded on every side by the abundance of fruit and forest trees, over which only the highest slope of the Petrusberg is visible, and the jagged ridge of the Emmerich. Even at mid-day, the air is so quiet that the voices of the Rhine boatmen may be distinguished from the river two miles off; and after sunset, if a stray breeze happens to creep into the sheltered solitude, you can hear the grass waving amongst the tombs, or the fall of an apple, from the farthest end of the old garden.

Our host was not a native Rhinelander, but a Westphalian, born near Minden; and answered to the ill-sounding name of Stiegler. Service in the Prussian army, from which he had been invalided, brought him into this land, and procured

him a pension, which he still enjoyed, besides his earnings as tenant to the Count. He was a singular old man, with more general information and knowledge of the world, than his rough exterior promised; and I used to find amusement in making him relate his adventures: or, still better, his accounts of the wonders of the district. How much of his faith he owed to the influence of this haunted neighbourhood, I cannot say; but, early or late, he had acquired a marvellous stock of fears and presentiments; believed in the strangest legends current for twenty miles round; and finding me a willing listener, took delight in repeating, or inventing for my entertainment, the most unaccountable stories, of some of which he affirmed the truth on his own personal experience. One of these, the communication of which, however, was owing to a mere accident, has left a stronger impression on my mind than the rest, owing to my own previous knowledge of some of the circumstances, which really had taken place during my residence at Coblenz, eleven years before.

My wife fancied one day that it would be more pleasant to have her dressing room on the other side of the passage, as the windows on our side looked into the farm yard. There was an unoccupied chamber, with a southern aspect, immediately opposite to mine, and I asked Stiegler to let us have this for the purpose; but he objected, saying that it was damp and ill-furnished. Clarence, on the contrary, said she had seen the room, one day when Frau Stiegler had been airing it, and that it was quite habitable—more so, indeed, than the one which she wished to give up. The man, however, still made difficulties; at length, when I told him that, if necessary, I would make some additional payment for the room, to please my wife, who just then required humouring, he answered, quite seriously, that he was afraid of any one's using this apartment, on account of circumstances that had

happened in it, since he came to the house. This excuse vexed me by its absurdity; and I replied in such a manner, that Stiegler, to prevent me, as he said, from taking causeless offence, detailed at full length the occurrence which had induced him to condemn the room. I must say that I was struck to find some of them connected with my own remembrances. The abstract of Stiegler's story, for this reason, I have thought worth setting down here: it seems strange to be reminded, after an interval of several years, in this unexpected way, of circumstances which I had myself witnessed, and events that, at the time, had excited my curiosity strongly.

"Walther Freiherr von Wallenroth, was the last direct heir of the family, whose possessions lay near Coblentz, in the valley of the Mosel. He had served, while young, with the Austrians, but quitted the army at the peace of Vienna, in 1809; and from that time led a desultory life: wavering between study, change of place, and dissipation, each of which was successively pursued and abandoned as insipid. In his twenty-eighth year he was still unoccupied, and unmarried, with all his cheerfulness, and half his fortune already expended. But as the remaining half left him far from poor, and *mann* had not impaired his good looks, he was always a welcome guest to those of his neighbours who had daughters to dispose of; and he was not frowned upon by the gentle Fräulein themselves. He was prone to sentimental love, in spite of the early follies of his life, and far from indifferent to the preservation of the family name; yet, for all this, was long unable to choose himself a bride. There was an infirmity in his temper, which broke even his strongest passions into irregular gusts, and made his mind waver under any casual impulse, with a sensitiveness that might be called a disease. In the midst of a prosperous suit, the slightest accident

would turn him back. He fancied changes and reproaches where nothing but love was meant. He was subject to strange fits of jealousy or self distrust; and often, without any assignable cause, would fly from his amazed mistress, at the very moment when a declaration seemed trembling on his lips, to ramble alone for months in the then secluded bye-ways of the Rhine. This river seemed to exercise a spell over him: his love for it was the only one which he had never changed or lost. In his frequent wanderings he had explored every nook to be found on its shores between Bonn and Mayence: living with the peasants in their villages, or the forrester in the woodlands, or floating down the stream in the fishermen's boats, he had imbibed many of their peculiar notions, and was familiar with every superstition that belongs to this legendary river.

"At last his choice was fixed on Sophie von Altinger, the orphan of an old family friend, whose lands encompassed his own. The heiress, a fair and kind-hearted girl, had long been on amicable terms with her handsome neighbour; and if she listened readily to his love, it was because she had already wished in secret for such a lover. Her guardians approved of the match; and she gave her heart up without a sigh, almost as soon as the siege was laid to it. The lovers exchanged rings; a few months only delayed the marriage until the Fräulein should be of legal age to bestow her property with her hand. During this interval the fit of rambling again fell upon Walther; and though he did not now think of flying from his mistress, he persuaded her aunt, the widowed Generalin von Düring, to come with her on a summer visit to a favourite retreat of his at Heisterbach. It was in Stiegler's house, where he had long been used to reside at intervals, and had caused rooms to be fitted up for his special accommodation. Others were now prepared for

the party of ladies and handmaids, which arrived in the beginning of August. It was in the year 1819. The freedom which Germany allows between persons betrothed, quite sanctioned the arrangement; all liked the beauty of the regions, and only the Aunt complained of its solitude. The Freiherr was enchanted to revisit the scenes which he loved in the company of his mistress: he rarely left her side, and seemed the happiest as well as the most tender of lovers. To Sophie, of course, the place was a paradise, where she was living, in the first glow of the only sunshine in woman's existence which is really cloudless, without a fear of a chill or a change. In this dream of happiness, weeks passed over the lovers' heads, without an event to disturb its tranquillity.

As you stand in front of the ruins of Aller Heiligen, there may still be seen to the left, nearly facing the Abbot's tomb, a flat stone raised on four small pillars into a seat; from which the evening view of the building, when the sun is still looking over the trees, is very charming. The double-jointed pillars which support the screen then cast their shadows on the sweep of the outer wall, in which the circular niches are marked with a deeper tone of shade; while the sharp ribs of the vault, and every projecting cornice and carving of the ruin glitters with the warm hue so often happily imitated by Claude. In this light the ruin almost looks cheerful, and the exceeding stillness of the spot becomes less oppressive at the close of day, when the ear is accustomed to silence. The stone slab which has been above described was Sophie's favourite seat; when the sun was low she would repair thither with some pretence of needlework in her hands; and there Walther might usually be found lying in the grass at her feet, and mingling some new legend or story of the Seven Mountains with the never-wearying tale of his love. One evening he was thus employed, when he





1844

Charles Bell



observed the Fräulein smile at his assertion, that every rock in his favourite region had its tradition. "You may think me an enthusiast," said he, "but this is no more than the bare truth: even the stone on which you are now seated, has its story."

"O tell me, then;" cried Sophie.

"It was removed, as the peasants will inform you, from the tomb of a wife of the Knight of Wolfshaide, one of whose ruined castles we saw yesterday under the Oelberg. No one knew her family name, or where the marriage had taken place; the Ritter was absent for many months, and returned with this lady as his wife. A small woman she was, but very beautiful and wise; and from the time of her appearance at Wolfshaide, the husband's wealth increased so much that he built three new castles, and bought all the valley under the Emmerich as far as the village yonder, to the great displeasure of the Abbot here, who maintained that the fee of right belonged to the Church. This was a very holy place in former days; and it was the custom in the Ember weeks, every spring and autumn, for the noble ladies for many miles around to assemble in procession and make offerings at certain shrines which it possessed, for the good of the harvest and vintage to come. For a long time, while the Knight of Wolfshaide and the Abbot were at variance, no one wondered at the absence of his lady from these ceremonies; but at last it became necessary that the knight should make his peace with the Church; and after the difference had been composed, he entreated his wife to go that year with the other Lent pilgrims; but she begged him to excuse her. When this was known, it began to be whispered about that the lady was no true Christian; and the scandal came to the Knight's ears, who insisted upon her joining the autumn acts of devotion. She wept sorely on setting out; saying that mischance would befall her for leav-

ing home that day, and that the Knight would repent having forced her will. After this warning she went forth, with her maidens, in rich array, and joined the procession, which was met at the portal by the Abbot and Sub-Prior, and conducted with great honour to the cloister. As they entered the precincts of the holy place the lady was seized with a great trembling; and at the moment when the choristers came up, with the priest carrying the Host, preceded by the cross-bearers—(you know that the festival at this season begins with the feast of Holy Cross) she stumbled, and fell along the path. One of the train, bearing holy water, took some and sprinkled it over her face, whereupon she shivered, and gave a faint cry, and swooned away. She was carried home dying; and at her last hour was seen by no one but the Knight, the bower women being forbidden the chamber; nor was any one afterwards allowed to enter it; but the coffin being brought into the ante-room, the Knight himself did all the funeral offices to the body, which had to be buried unshriven, there being no priest at hand when the lady passed away. It was said that had not the Abbot been bribed by the Knight with a promise of restoring the disputed fief, he would surely have refused to inter the corpse, especially in the church; where it was laid beneath the wall yonder, of which most part has been torn away. The bearers wondered to find the coffin so light; and said that the body had been removed; but for the time the matter was not further spoken of. But shortly afterwards, the Knight dying in a sudden manner, and strange accidents having befallen his newly-built castles, these suspicions were again brought to mind; and it became a general belief that the unknown lady was the cause of all these misfortunes. Many even were persuaded that she was no real woman, but one of the mountain spirits dwelling in the heart of these hills, which are known to be

condemned at certain seasons to assume the human shape, and seek the love of men. Thus, it was said, she had wasted away into air after the holy water had touched her, and left no body whatever for burial. Now, when the French destroyed the building some years since, and ransacked the vaults for jewels or golden ornaments, the coffins of the Knight and of the Lady of the Wolfshaide were found. In the first lay the remains of a skeleton and fragments of armour (for the knights of this race were buried in their harness); but the other, which was as fresh within as if it had been newly made, contained neither dust nor relic of any kind, except a black scarf, quite perfect, of silk curiously worked with gold. This, a soldier, who was looking on, took and hid in his bosom, as I was told by an eye-witness, who assured me that on the next morning the body of this man was found, dashed to pieces, at the foot of the Emmerich, beneath that dangerous crag which overlooks the wood yonder. Altogether, the circumstance was thought to confirm the old tradition, which was still remembered in this valley; and, to come back to the point where I began this long story, the stone which now serves you for a seat was taken from the lady's tomb, and bears to this day the name of the *False Grave*. The spirit, I am told, still wanders about the place where her connexion with life was so suddenly broken, and cannot return to cloud-land or cave until another son of earth has been tempted to make her a wife for the remaining term of her original penance. Bachelors are warned not to sit upon her monument for three days after either of the feasts of St. David or St. Matthew, when her influence is supposed to be most dangerous: and you see," he concluded, laughing, "as we are now but one day past the latter, I must keep at a distance from the charm which at present occupies it."

The turn with which the Freiherr ended his story was the

only part of it that produced much impression on the ear of Sophie, whose thoughts were all busied with the harmless dalliance and coquetries that flourish in the holiday season of love. She affected to consider it a mere excuse for avoiding her, and added many other pretty taunts and provocations, which soon produced the intended effect, of making Walther forget everything else in the charming looks of his mistress, and seat himself at her side close enough to silence her attacks in a very sweet and effectual manner. Indeed, she was soon reduced to the necessity of defending herself; when, in the midst of their playful contest, Walther gave a start, and growing instantly serious, looked anxiously at his mistress, and asked if she was ill.

"Your hand," he said, "is like ice!"

"What a fancy, Walther," she answered, laying both her soft warm hands on his forehead; "do I freeze you now?"

"No! but a moment since, you quite startled me when you put your hand on mine; I am sure it chilled me to the bone. Tell me what you touched me with that felt so cold."

"I did not touch your hand at all," replied Sophie; "you know I could not, for you were holding both my arms at the moment."

"It is strange," said Walther, looking grave.

At this moment, the appearance of the Generalin at the entrance of the enclosure reminded them to return to the house.

On undressing at night, the Freiherr discovered that he had lost the *trawing*, which had been given him by Sophie on their betrothal. The loss of this pledge is considered an unlucky omen in Germany, and it is an accident which the giver does not willingly pardon. It was mortifying and unaccountable; he could not imagine how it had slipped from his

finger without being intentionally taken off, as the ring was by no means too large for it. After searching repeatedly in every corner of the room and every part of his dress in vain, compelled at last to give up the pursuit as hopeless, he felt vexed and confused, and for many hours lay awake, straining his thoughts to recal every place in which he had been throughout the day, and when he had last been aware of seeing the trinket on his finger. By degrees he passed into an uneasy slumber, harrassed by a continual sense of trouble and distress, and perplexed by the wildest apparitions, from which he in vain attempted to fly, with feet that fell on the ground like lead. Amidst the fantastic images that whirled past him in incessant crowds, there constantly reappeared a distorted figure with the features of Sophie. He wished to call her to him, but could not make himself heard; and, whenever he gasped out her name, her face grew white, and stared at him with a strange, vacant look, that he could not endure to dwell upon. After he had long remained in this confusion, his hand suddenly shrank from the touch of something very soft and cold, and in the motion of withdrawing it he started awake, or fancied that he was so. The moon was shining brightly through the windows, and in the midst of the light there stood, leaning over him and smiling in his eyes with a most winning look of kindness, a female of exquisite beauty. He had never seen the features before; but pleasure unmingled with surprise was the only emotion which the strange presence seemed to awaken in him. The soft and yet eager brightness of the gaze which fascinated his, penetrated every sense and melted every feeling into a rapturous langour. He lay, utterly absorbed in the charming vision, without a wish to speak or move, entranced with a passionate admiration which he had never felt before. For awhile the charm remained unbroken, until a cloud passed over the moon,

and in the dimness he lost sight of the visitant's features. Then, for the first time, he stretched out his hand to touch her; but the figure retired from his approach, and a slight moving sound passed by the foot of his bed. When the moonlight shone out again the appearance was no longer there. Walther felt no disquiet at the loss: the vision had left him in a state which seemed incapable of displeasure or impatience; a dreamy feeling of calm and enjoyment lulled every sense to rest; and he pleasantly sank away into forgetfulness.

In the morning, however, he was restless and exhausted; the dream lay before his mind's eye like a reality, and the remembrance of all that was strange in it excited no feeling of wonder or doubt. His daily life seemed to have passed away at once to an infinite distance, and his last waking objects of care and interest were forgotten in musings on the vision that seemed to have brought him the sense of a new existence. He lingered in dressing; and when playfully chidden by Sophie for being the last at table, replied with an absent manner that surprised, and, on its continuance, offended her in no common degree. The signs of her displeasure made no impression on his reverie. He barely answered her inquiries, and seemed almost unconscious of what was passing around him—the influence that Sophie's voice had lately exercised over him was no longer felt, and his tone when he spoke to her was as cold as that of an entire stranger. Whenever he looked upon her, the idiotic gaze which had presented itself in his dream recurred to his fancy, and he turned away his eyes, almost with aversion. The poor young creature, whose whole heart was given up to his love, was utterly amazed at the cloud which had suddenly come over it; and having fruitlessly exhausted all her little armoury of glances, sighs, and friendly words, could not endure his coldness any longer, but left the room in tears. Madame von Düring was

not an indifferent witness of this scene, and pressed to know what had happened; but Walther fled from her reproaches to the woods, and only returned from his ramble late in the evening, as absent and impassive as before. This untoward state of things continued for a day or two, every hour seeming to estrange the lovers further; it soon became intolerable to both. In such a solitude the want of external distractions, by turning the feelings back on themselves, heightens their effect; love grows warmer, but dislike, once implanted, every moment strikes a deeper root. Sophie entreated an explanation;—Walther could only reply with frigid denials of what was evident enough. Not that he concealed from himself the revolution which his feelings had undergone, but as he could neither explain nor excuse it, in the absence of any just cause, he deemed himself bound in honour to adhere, in form at least, to the engagement which no longer promised any happiness to either party. Sophie, unwilling to admit the reality of what she could not avoid feeling, tried to persuade herself that her lover's unkind behaviour was owing to some pressure on his spirits caused by illness, or the want of a more varied way of life; and flattered herself with a hope that a change of scene would restore all she had lost. The Generalin willingly consented to their departure from Aller Heiligen. Walther escorted them to Mannheim, where the aunt resided; but immediately afterwards left them, on the pretext of business at home, and returned to his solitary quarters at Heisterbach.

"Here," said Stiegler, "he would pass whole days, seated on the old gravestone, with arms folded, and half-shut eyes; like one that is dreaming awake. He had laid by all his habits of sport and exercise; if you spoke to him he started, and asked what you had said? and before your answer was finished, he was lost in his reverie again. Every post day the

messenger from Königswinter brought letters, which had been forwarded from Coblenz, with the Fräulein's lozenge on the seal; but he seldom wrote to any one. We thought this a strange way of living for a gentleman promised to so gracious a young lady, and wondered what could have altered his nature so suddenly."

Although Sophie was cut to the heart by this neglect, she loved too well to bear the idea of breaking the engagement; and hoped, against hope, that the unkindness was only a passing cloud, and that the coldness which afflicted her would melt away under the endearments of a fond bride. The Freiherr professed no intention of withdrawing his promise, or deferring the marriage-day; but still he lingered amongst the Siebengebirge until the last moment, and reluctantly left them for Mayence, where it was arranged that the betrothed pair were to meet, and, after a short residence, be married in the cathedral. He found Sophie and her aunt already arrived.

A few days after their meeting, which was less cold on Walther's part than the last farewell had been, both appeared in public, as partners at a ball, in the Deutsche Haus, given by the Austrian commandant,—which I well remember, having myself been one of the company on that occasion. Walther had gone through the first waltz, and was leading his partner to a sofa, when another lady rose from it at the same moment, and turning, as she retired, gave him, as he thought, a singular glance, and instantly casting her eyes down again, passed on. There was something in the look which at once confused and attracted him;—it might have been meant for a timid recognition, or a complaint that he had not noticed her, or an invitation to follow and address her; although the face was a stranger's, and he had no recollection of having ever contracted any debt of recognition to those beautiful dark eyes before. As her slight figure vanished in the crowd, he

pursued it with a mixture of perplexity and interest, half fancying that he might have committed a rudeness in neglecting to accost her, although how, he could not imagine. Instead of remaining at Sophie's side, he barely waited until she had taken a seat, and then, making some trifling excuse, left her, without a reply to the question which rose to her lips, in pursuit of the fair incognita. He inquired of every one whom he knew, but none of them could tell who she might be; until an aide in waiting informed him, that she had been presented with the Count Ulyieni, an aged Hungarian officer lately arrived, to whom Walther had been already introduced. In an instant he found the Count; learned that the stranger was the Gräfin von Elfenstein, widow of a Bohemian officer killed in the late war; requested to be presented to her, and in an instant was at her side. She looked too young for a widow; but, although low in stature, the spirit and haughty expression of her countenance gave her an air almost imposing. I remember that from the moment of her entrance, all eyes were turned upon her, although there were many other women at the ball of exceeding beauty. Her person was rather full, but graceful, with hands and feet of great delicacy; the deep black of her hair, and a rich complexion, clear and yet dark, gave her a foreign appearance, which was aided by the peculiar form of her eyes. They were almond-shaped, and being slightly inclined towards the temples, the expression, when the lids were dropped, was languid, and almost Asiatic, but when raised it assumed an arch brightness, which it almost made you shrink to gaze upon. Her lips, though finely cut, were perhaps a thought too swelling, but their play when she spoke was so beautiful, that one could hardly have wished them less. Altogether she was one of the most remarkable appearances I have ever beheld; lovelier faces I may have seen, but none that fasci-

nated the curiosity of the admirer like hers. She received the Freiherr's address with a gracious smile, in which, however, there was not the slightest trace of the expression which he had seen or fancied in her passing glance; they conversed for a few moments on the most indifferent topics, but the way in which she turned even common-place, seemed to promise so much wit and spirit, that Walther was almost sorry to be interrupted by the signal for the waltz. Yet her dancing struck every one with admiration; she bent to every change of the figure as if the music were in her own buoyant limbs, and flew round on the very tips of her tiny feet like a creature borne on wings. One by one the other couples ceased dancing, and stood by to admire the beautiful exhibition, until the Freiherr and his partner were left the only performers; but he was looking at her alone, and was not aware of the circumstance until the Gräfin begged him to stop. Amongst the witnesses of her triumph was poor Sophie, whom the buzz of the delighted crowd, and Walther's absence, had drawn back to the ball-room, in one corner of which she sate, with all her heart in her eyes, while the animated couple flew past her, and the looks of one of them betrayed an animation which she felt she had lost the power to awaken. When the measure was ended, and the Freiherr, in eager conversation, stayed leaning on the Gräfin's chair, too much occupied with her to be aware of the wistful glances of Sophie, who sate nearly opposite, she lost all self-control, and rose in the utmost agitation. Scarcely knowing what she did, she crossed the room alone, and with a flushed cheek and streaming eyes approached the window in which the Countess was now reclining. Walther had changed his place, and, standing in front of the lady, did not perceive that Sophie was near him, until a sudden contraction of the Gräfin's countenance which, though it passed in an instant, startled him by its strange

expression, made him hastily turn round to discover the cause of her frown, and he beheld Sophie at his side, white and trembling, with fixed eyes, from which the tears were still flowing, and every feature set with the dull stare of idiocy, pointing with raised forefinger at the Gräfin. Shocked beyond measure he cried out, and seized the hands of the unhappy girl, calling her soothingly by the tenderest names; she made no reply, but remained unmoved, still gazing fearfully at the stranger. All sense and power of motion seemed to have at once forsaken her. The Gräfin was terribly shocked, and hastened to withdraw from the spot, where all were crowding round, and increasing the confusion in the desire to offer help to the insensible girl, who now lay, scarcely breathing, in Walther's arms. She was carried home, and the assembly soon dispersed. Few of us had any heart to remain and dance, after seeing the sweet young creature, who had entered the ball-room so lately, in innocent delight at her beautiful dress, leaning fondly on her bridegroom's arm, carried out, with her hair all dishevelled, and her diamonds glittering on a brow as pale and rigid as a corpse's. After a few days of careful treatment, the physicians declared her case hopeless—paralysis of the brain, they called it, produced by some violent and sudden emotion—a mental disease, from which few are known to recover. She was removed to a private retreat, and curators were appointed to take charge of her estates, when she should come of age.

The Freiherr, who for the moment seemed overcome with sorrow and remorse, was for some time in close attendance on the invalid; but when all hope was relinquished of her recovery, he took his leave, with at least a decent appearance of grief, and for months was not again seen in his usual haunts. The Gräfin von Elfenstein, we learned, had departed from Mayence on the morning after the unlucky ball;—and I still

remember the interest with which its lamentable close, and the beautiful female apparition, which, scarcely seen at so untoward a moment, was in an instant gone again,—were discussed in every society for many weeks afterwards.

A part, at least, of the period of Walther's absence, was neither passed in seclusion, nor busied with regrets over his crossed marriage. Early in the following summer, the brilliant Countess von Elfenstein had appeared in Baden, and shortly after, (whether by accident, or previous information of her movements, is not known,) the Freiherr was led thither. In this feverish scene she at once became the mark of open adoration;—admirers of every rank, even the highest, successively fell into her train; and her beauty and witty sayings were the favourite theme of fashionable discourse. It was observed, however, that every one who ventured upon more than general professions of homage, was received in a manner which at once subdued all courage to renew the attempt. She had a wonderful power, when she chose to repel familiarity, of throwing the most self-possessed pretensions to a distance; and was something in her look at times, which made even the daring and insensible quail before her. The Freiherr, on the contrary, always found her gracious, and even timid to him; every day seemed to discover in her a new fascination; the charm of variety and graces unimagined before, with the pride of being the only favoured admirer, completed the conquest of his heart. He offered the Countess his hand, and was accepted; but to his surprise, from this moment, a gloom seemed to have overclouded the spirit of his mistress. So bright and self-possessed as she had hitherto been, she now appeared thoughtful and anxious, entirely withdrew from public amusements, and insisted on being left for the greatest part of every day alone. Whenever Walther spoke of his love, she regarded him with a look

of unaccountable sadness; she refused to be consulted in any arrangement respecting the marriage, although she consented that it should take place soon; and whenever her lover besought her to tell him the reason of this reluctance, and name some wish that he might have the pleasure of gratifying, she only shook her head, and turned to some other subject.

The wedding was hurried on without any of the usual delays, and the Freiherr's impatience made him take no thought of inquiring into the property or connexions of his bride, who, herself, made no allusion to either. The ceremony was performed at Coblenz, but at so short a warning, that none of his relations could arrive in time to be present; and his uncle, the Canon of St. Martins, being at the Töplitz baths, the blessing was given by a foreign priest, who happened to be the nearest substitute at hand. At the Freiherr's own house, no apartments were in a state of preparation to receive a bride; for the first time, after the marriage was over, the question arose, whither the pair should proceed for the moment? The Countess declared her dread of being exposed to the stare of a public inn; and Walther, as eager for seclusion as herself, at once thought of the lonely house at Aller Heiligen, where the rooms once destined for Sophie and her guardian, were still tenable. The proposal was willingly agreed to by the smiling bride, who added, to the surprise of her husband, that she knew the place well, and had often visited it in former years. The carriages were at once ordered thither; and on the evening of the wedding-day, Walther carried his lovely wife over the threshold of Stiegler's house, in obedience to a pretty superstition, which forbade her, she said, to cross it on foot. From the moment of the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, all trace of the anxiety which had lately overclouded her spirits seemed to

have passed away; and she repeatedly exclaimed, "Now I am at peace! Now all is ended!" with an animation which bespoke everything delightful to the heart of a lover. As they approached the mountainous district, the view increased her rapture at every moment, and at last the vivacity of her enjoyment of each romantic scene, rose to a point that almost alarmed her bridegroom. Her lively imagination seemed to overcome all control; fancies of the strangest complexion, varying between the extremes of gaiety and sadness, fell, or rather came flying from her lips, amidst gushes of the sweetest toned laughter, and snatches of some foreign language which she sung to melodies equally wild and charming. As she tossed her beautiful head, and threw her arms around her bridegroom's neck, while she sang, with her eyes glistening in the twilight until they almost seemed to dart fire, the Freiherr was lost in a mingled feeling of wonder and delight, not wholly untinged with something of uneasiness:—and he welcomed her at last, as she sprang from his arms on the floor of their temporary home, with a feeling, in which a certain unwonted anxiety coloured his bridegroom's rapture.

They arrived late. After so long a journey, the Countess might well be fatigued; she retired at once to her room, from which, at length, the waiting woman was dismissed, and, to take up the narrative here in Stiegler's words:—"My wife," he said, "when she lighted the Freiherr Walther up stairs, saw the lady, to her great wonder, come out on the landing to meet him, still dressed from head to foot; having only, as it seemed, laid aside her travelling cloak and veil, and not even taken off both her wedding-gloves:—for, when the Freiherr, chiding her for this frowardness, came playfully up to her, meaning to draw the glove from her left hand, she slipped it off herself, (still standing outside the door,) and laid the hand over his eyes, laughing like a child when it is studying

some plan of mischief. The Freiherr seized, as if he would have kissed it, but as he drew it near his lips, he stopped, and cried out, with some displeasure in his voice :

“ ‘Where is your wedding ring, love? This is not the one I gave you?’ ”

“ ‘Not the last,’ she answered.

“ ‘Let me see,’ he said eagerly, looking at the finger again.—‘Not the last! *this* I never gave you?’ ”

“ ‘O yes!—how soon men forget!’ ”

“ ‘Where?—when?—had you this ring from me?’ ”

“ ‘Fye!’ the Countess exclaimed, and looked at him in a singular manner, and smiled again, and then added,—‘think of your wooing in the garden—yonder,’—and she slightly turned her finger, as if pointing towards the Abbey Croft. The Freiherr started! She offered her hand—but he let it fall, as if a sudden fit of absence had come over him; and my wife fancied that he frowned, and turned pale; but he made no further remark, as he took the light from her, and followed his lady into the chamber.

“I had that day been watching, in the hope of getting a shot at a very large hawk that was circling about the grange: and it happened that my gun had been left in the ruin, from whence, in the bustle of the Freiherr’s late and sudden arrival, I had forgotten to bring it into the house at night. The evening had been dry and still, but overclouded; and the night came on so black, that even out of doors you could hardly see the length of your hand. But towards midnight, the clouds broke up with a great wind, that came sweeping down the mountain passes on every side, the ruin for a while fell like a flood, and then ceased; the wind even growing louder, till it wakened me. I bethought me of the gun, which would be ruined if left out until morning; and though it is a venturesome thing to go amongst the old walls so late,

one fear made me think less of the other; so I put on some clothes, and ran out to fetch the rifle in. There was now a kind of grey watery half light (*halblicht*) abroad, as soon as you got beyond the shadow of the trees, for the clouds were all flying scattered into rack, and the moon, it being only one day after St. Matthew's, had not yet dropped below the wood. As I turned to run home again, glad to have found the gun, and get out of the rain, I was aware of something white at a short distance before me, on the right; and the first thought I had was, that it must be the great owl which always haunts this place at night; but in a moment I saw that it was larger, and had a different motion altogether. Now, I began to feel all over cold, but as I must pass it to get into the house, I took heart perforce and determined to see what the appearance might be. It was a woman's figure, and, Lord protect us! as I came nearer and heard the strange sound it was making, something between laughing and wailing, the very marrow of my bones seemed to melt with fear; and I should rather have run into the wood than passed it, had I not perceived, at the same instant, that it was the Countess herself,—all undressed to her white night-clothes, which were blowing about her, as she sate on the stone we call the False Grave, moving her head, and clapping her hands, as if she were singing, and keeping time to her song, or to the terrible wind, who can tell? I made no doubt that something must have turned her brain; and though I trembled all over, meant to take her hand to get her back to the house; but before I could reach her, she bent down, and slipped under the stone, as I thought, and in a twinkling was on the opposite side of it, laughing and pointing at me with her finger; which convinced me that she was really out of her mind. I called to her, in God's name, to be more calm, and come back with me; but, as I spoke, she started

back, and at one bound, as it were, for it seemed more like flying than running, was under the shade of the ruin. Before I could follow her thither, she was again before me, laughing, and tripping with her delicate feet, which I saw were bare, over the wet grass; and ran into the house, up the stair, and into the bride chamber. I hastened after her as fast as I could, but found the door fastened within, although there could hardly have been time, I thought, to turn the key, and I heard no sound. I knocked loudly at the door; whereupon the Freiherr called out from within, in an angry voice, asking what was the matter? as if surprised that I had disturbed him. This took me quite short up, and I made some confused answer about the lady having been out in the storm; to which he replied in still more impatient tone,—sending me to the devil for a drunkard or a sleep-walker, and bidding me get to bed; while he spoke thus, I heard the Countess whispering some words, and tittering, which continued as I crept down stairs, troubled and perplexed beyond measure. After fastening the house door, I hastened to my own bed, where I slept little that night, and prayed more than I had done in all my life until then.

“After what had passed, you may suppose I did not venture to wake the Freiherr at his usual hour on the following day; but noon came, and the bell had not yet been rung. At last, the silence continuing, we knocked at the door, but could get no answer; and the key being on the inside, there was no entering but by force. So, when we had waited for another hour in great perplexity, after knocking and calling, without effect, we determined to break open the room, and see what had happened. I had prepared myself for some unwelcome sight, but you may believe I felt as if it was all over with me, and could hardly trust my eyes, when I saw that the chamber was empty! The coffer

containing the Freiherr's wardrobe was there, but locked; besides this, not a trace appeared of any one having entered the room for months; the bed unruffled; everything belonging to the Countess gone; it was like the breaking up of a dream as we stood looking at each other, my wife and I, and asked ourselves—had they really been with us last night, or was not all a mere imagination? The waiting woman, too, was missing; we had not thought of her until now; she had not been seen since she left the bed-room overnight. Her chamber we found empty like the other. What was to be done? The first suggestion was to report the whole business to the authorities; but, again, we asked, to what end? There could be no thought of violence, not a straw in the house seemed to have been moved; and how would the affair look to the *landrichter*, if we related it as it had happened? I determined to hold my tongue, until I saw further how matters stood; but I got a horse saddled, and went across the river to Friesdorf, where Baron Hellweg, the Freiherr's next of kin, and former guardian, was living; to find out what was known of his marriage there, and if it was likely that I should be questioned concerning this strange disappearance. On the pretence of asking for news of the wedding, I got to see the Baron, and discovered that he had no idea of the course which the Freiherr had taken from Coblenz, but supposed it would be towards Bohemia, for which kingdom he had actually obtained a pass on the day of his marriage. But, said the Baron, he knew too well the idle ways of his cousin to look for any account of his rambles, and should probably hear nothing of him for months, unless he was earlier tired of his new toy. Hearing this, I resolved to keep my own counsel, and let things take their course. We had no servant in the house; and, as the travellers had arrived long after the people in the village were gone to rest, the postillions return-

ing at once to the next station, we were able to prevent the business from being talked of; and, in fact, nothing more was heard of it. All had vanished like a night mist; and, at times, looking back, I could hardly believe that events so distracting and unnatural had, in fact, been anything more real."

To resume my own abstract. I may here remark that I can only confirm the truth of this strange account, so far as to attest that, about the time mentioned by Stiegler, the disappearance from Baden of the Countess and of her admirer, certainly took place, and gave rise to much scandal. Nothing, indeed, was said of any marriage; but the intimacy had been notorious there, and the general conclusion, as a matter of course, was, that the lovers had eloped. In the still unsettled state of the country, it was easy to conceal the traces of such a flight; but had this not been the case, the *Freiherr* had no near relations interested; and so, after the event had furnished conversation for a week or two, it was gradually forgotten.

Singularly enough, about the same time, the *Fräulein* von Altinger began gradually to recover the use of her reason, and before the end of the year her intellect seemed perfectly restored. But the past disease had left its mark upon her in more ways than one; the brightness of her eye and the bloom of her cheek were both fled; and with them, as it appeared, all memory of her former love, and of her fickle lover. No one, of course, was cruel enough to question her on the subject; but, if she still dwelt upon the past, no allusion to it ever fell from her lips. Early in the ensuing year it became evident that her life was rapidly waning, her body had begun to waste by degrees as her mind grew clearer; and when the summer came at last, the physicians declared that she could not hope to survive the approaching

winter. In the meantime, though visibly growing weaker, and as she was still able to go from place to place, short excursions in the open air were recommended as likely to soothe and occupy her mind. The fine days of autumn had not yet departed when, one day, being consulted as to the choice of another residence, she astonished her aunt, the Generalin, by expressing her wish to visit the Lower Rhine before the weather became cold; and, still more, by proposing that the resting-place of the journey should be the station of Heisterbach. The doctor, whom Madame von Düring, in great perplexity, consulted, was of opinion that it would be better not to make any objection, as the slight fatigue could not affect the bodily disease, and a refusal might only excite a dangerous irritation in the present state of her mind.

"An easy carriage brought them in three days," says Stiegler, "to my house, where I had received notice to make ready for them; but little pleasure had I, God knows, in their arrival. The Friulein was sadly changed and broken; yet she seemed wonderfully calm, greeted me kindly and quietly, as if nothing had happened since we last met; and preserved the same composure all day, although she wandered all over the house, and then through every part of the gardens and burial ground, visiting with great exactness each of her former haunts. At times, however, I observed, as I watched her from a distance, that she would stand still, and raising one hand to her forehead, gaze intently before her, like one absent, or trying to recover a broken chain of thought; then she would shake her head and wander on. After a full hour spent in this manner, she returned to the house, and fell asleep, but awoke again before it was quite dark, and begged that she might be let to go once more into the Abbey Croft, and see the moon over the Petrusberg. It was then in the first quarter, being the 22d of September. As the night was

still, and the weather dry and soft, the Generalin said she might, if she liked; upon which, rising up suddenly, as if something called her, with a speed quite wonderful in one so weak, she almost ran into the close, not waiting for any one. The Generalin followed as fast as she could, but, being infirm, had not yet reached the inclosure, when she heard something like a cry, that quickened her steps, and hastening up to the place which Fräulein Sophie had reached some minutes before, found her like one brain-struck, standing looking at the False Grave-stone, on which the wasted figure of a man was stretched out at full length, with the face turned upwards. I heard loud cries for help, and ran from the house, followed by my wife, who took the poor young lady in her arms—the aunt had fallen into hysterics—and tried to bring her to herself. My first look was to the body, wondering what miserable creature it could be that had crawled thither, and lain down to sleep. But as soon as the light fell on the face, I saw that it was death's; and discovered to my amazement the haggard features of Von Wallenroth. Quite cold he was, and seemed as if he had lain there for hours; a strange and unlooked-for return! and at a strange time!

“Where he had been since his disappearance from my house, on that very day twelve months since, no one but the All-seeing can tell. But early on the morning of the day on which we found him, he had been at the door of the Baron's house at Friesdorf; but the master being from home, the servant, frightened at his wild appearance, would not let him in, and he turned away in silence. How he had crossed the river, and dragged himself hither, will always remain a wonder to me; no one had seen him either on the Rhine, or in this neighbourhood, although, in every field, the people were harvesting corn, and the girls cutting grass all over the mountain paths. There he lay, at the feet of his first

betrothed; a pale, miserable corpse, at the same hour, and in the same place which, two years since, had heard the last words of kindness he ever spoke to her.

"We carried *her* into the room yonder," said Stiegler; "she was trembling all over, and the tears seemed frozen in her eyes; she lay without sobbing or speaking, and so remained, not even uttering a sigh, until she passed away, poor, gentle, broken-hearted thing! about an hour after midnight, before the moon had set.

"The Freiherr's corpse was taken for burial to Coblenz; but the old people here say that it could not have been his body, after all, that we found lying on the False Grave: because, men who used to attend him in his shooting or fishing rambles, have since met him at various times, in his common hunting dress, upon the Oelberg, and down that path on the Drachenfels that leads to the Dombuch; and now and then, they say, with a lady on his arm, small and dark-eyed, like the Countess. I have never myself seen any such appearance; but some, that will swear to it on the gospels, I know; and they are honest, God-fearing people. It is altogether a strange and grievous story, in which all was not as it should be. (*ging nicht mit guten Dingen zu.*) I had the room yonder shut up, after the priest of the Petrus Kapelle had crossed the sill, and sprinkled it with holy water: in short, you now know why I would not willingly have it used again."

"And the Countess?" I asked.

"After the burial," answered Stiegler, "when the Baron Hellweg came back, and heard what had happened, there were inquiries concerning her made in every direction; but nothing came of them. There had been no Count of Elfenstein for centuries; the last of the name was killed in the Thirty years' war. In Bohemia the lady was unknown;

the old general with whom she had first appeared was dead; not even the priest who performed the marriage, if priest he was, could be found. Every thing belonging to her had vanished, and no clue was left to the mystery."

"And what is your explanation of it?" said L. "She had perhaps some other name?"

"I know no more," the man replied, "than I do who was that lady of the Wolfshaide, in old times, whose remains are unburied in Christian ground until this day. But were I the Count von der Lippe, that unlucky stone should not remain overground here for many hours longer."

I laughed: but it was more to conceal a strange feeling that began to creep over me, than from any real mirth at this unaccountable story. Enough: the room remained undisturbed, and so may be, for aught I know, at the present moment. The False Grave is still to be seen in its place at Aller Heiligen, but our credulous host has long since been gathered, with all his fancies, to the world of shadows.

V.

THE ALPS,

SEEN FROM MARENGO.

THE glory of a cloud—without its wane ;
The stillness of the earth—but not its gloom ;
The loveliness of life—without its pain ;
The peace—but not the hunger of the tomb !
Ye Pyramids of God ! around whose bases
The sea foams noteless in his narrow cup ;
And the unseen movements of the earth send up
A murmur which your lulling snow effaces
Like the deer's footsteps. Thrones imperishable !
About whose adamant steps the breath
Of dying generations vanisheth,
Less cognizable than clouds ; and dynasties,
Less glorious and more feeble than the array
Of your frail glaciers, unregarded rise,
Totter and vanish. In the uncounted day,
When earth shall tremble as the trump unwraps
Their sheets of slumber from the crumbling dead,
And the quick, thirsty fire of judgment laps
The loud sea from the hollow of his bed —
Shall not your God spare *you*, to whom He gave
No share nor shadow of man's crime, or fate ;
Nothing to render, nor to expiate ;
Untainted by his life—untrusted with his grave ?

CHRIST CHURCH,
OXFORD.

J. R.





4 1 2 3

THE BOY PYGMALION.

BY MISS ANNA SAVAGE.

Thus she stood amid the flowers, fairest of the blushing things;
To that face of sunny childhood, still my worn heart fondly clings.
Well the limner's art pourtrays her, yet to me how coldly fair
Is the form my boyhood worshipped—than my memory loves to wear.

I could dream, beside the terrace watching for my step she stands,
With her store of summer blossoms, fairy gifts from fairy hands;
Heeding not the dove, half tangled in her dark hair's silken tress,
Fluttering with impatient movement for her fingers' light caress.

Still I see her lip half chiding, and her glance of girlish pride,
That, our graver studies over, I should linger from her side;
Like a smile of heaven she seemeth luring me from sullen mood,
As her fawn-like footstep stealeth softly to my solitude.

Oft I turn me from the picture, yet I pause to gaze again,
Murmuring, with a thrill of anguish, "blessed time, she loved me
then!"

Youth, a heavy debt I paid thee; for thy chalice swiftly quaffed
All the pearls that life could bring me, mingled in one costly draught.

Who hath e'er from earth-born Eden watch'd love's brightest beam
withdrawn,

And with calm untroubled spirit pondered on its earliest dawn?
Years passed on—our sunny childhood glided all too swiftly by—
Years that knew no harsh distinction blindly formed by destiny.

Thou wert gone in beauty's triumph, happy in its heartless glare ;
I amid the world's wild struggles to forget thine image there.
Thou hast wealth more dearly valued than thy birds and flowers now :
What to thee thy guileless girlhood ? what thy long forgotten vow ?

Tell me, was the sculptor-stripling severed from thy love so far ?—
Stars shine forth from yon high heaven, yet the stream reflects the
star ;—

What to me thy lofty lineage ? think'st thou that the wild dove clings
Closer to its mistress's bosom—that it boasts the blood of kings ?

For I loved thee !—how I loved thee ! e'en thy lightest accent came
Like sweet music heard in slumber, flushing my pale brow with flame :
Yes, I loved thee e'en in boyhood, for my mind was old in thought,
And with that mind's matured expansion thou didst grow, with genius
fraught :

Sharing with me every study, every gift of heavenly art,
'Till the child became the woman in the fated dreamer's heart.
Thus I sunned me in thy beauty,—gazing on thy face alone—
Calling forth thy matchless features prisoned in the Parian stone.

Thus the marble 'neath my fingers grew to forms of beauty rare ;
For my spirit felt thy sweet smile beaming on me everywhere.
By my pulse in rapture beating 'neath thy dark eye's magic ray ;
By the death-like chill that smote me, when thy step had died away :

All hath told me thou wert dearer than another e'er could be ;
All hath whispered in my madness—it were death to think of thee.
Oh ! come back, my happy visions,—let thy early joy restore
Borrowed light, and in the Present live, my happy youth once more.



